The Best Plays of 1920-1921

BURNS MANTLE

66

Martin S. Rosenblatt
66 - 27th Ave

The Deluge
or
The Sin Flood

Dear Brutus, J M Barry
Aren't We All

Given to Richard Rosenblatt on
October 11, 1939.

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THE BEST PLAYS OF 1920–1921

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1920-21

AND THE

YEAR BOOK OF THE DRAMA IN AMERICA

Edited by

BURNS MANTLE

Dramatic Critic of the New York Evening Mail

BOSTON

SMALL, MAYNARD & COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

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INTRODUCTION

WITH the publication a year ago of the first volume of *The Best Plays* series we expressed the hope that we would find the playgoing public interested in a year book of the theater in America containing excerpts from the ten best plays of that year. The success of that issue has been most gratifying. Now, therefore, we present the second volume of the series with added confidence and a pardonable pride in having supplied a record of American theatrical activities that has proved, our reviewers have been kind enough to assure us, both helpful and entertaining.

In a general way we have held to the original form and purpose of the first volume. To those who have expressed regret that we have not tried to cover the field completely, in that we have not included a record of the little theaters, we repeat that it is our purpose to deal only with the regular theatrical season in this particular compilation. Little theater activities are largely experimental and, achieving success in their own field, they are not only promptly brought by their sponsors to the attention of the public interested in them, but are immediately taken over by the alert producers of the so-called commercial theater. The Theatre Guild, for example, which most perfectly represents the progressives of the theater, has within two seasons firmly established itself as an important factor in the play-producing field, and the work of the Provincetown Players is being carried steadily forward by the individual achievements of its dramatists, notably by the plays of Eugene G. O'Neill, who has

for two seasons been represented in the commercial theater by plays written for the little band of experimenters with whom he is associated.

Again in the selection of the preferred plays included in this volume we have been guided by our own best judgment, in applying which we have not hesitated to compromise with the public's indorsement of any particular play which may not have proved completely satisfying to us. If we are to select the best plays for a reading public of average playgoers we must, obviously, include such plays as best represent the taste and preferences of those who support the theater by their attendance upon it, rather than by writing essays about it. Therefore, while personally we believe the Hungarian play, "Liliom," is distinctly a play for a special public interested in dramatic novelties, and doubt that it will ever achieve a country-wide popularity, we have included it in this volume, first, because it does represent the choice of a considerable public and, second, because its literary quality as a readable play and the standing of its author, Franz Molnar, we believe entitle it to inclusion. Also because we could not find another of equal merit in the list with which to replace it.

We feel much the same about Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose," which, although a popular and continued success in London, did not enjoy the same popularity in America. By reason of its obscure and indefinite spiritual message the play appealed strongly to many, but it left others emotionally untouched. Eugene O'Neill's "The Emperor Jones" is also a bit of a freak play in that it is written in a single long act and is, past its introduction, little more than a dramatic soliloquy. But it worthily represents the work of a native playwright of great promise and rises easily above the ordinary dramatic production in quality and interest.

Frank Craven's "The First Year" has been rightfully credited with being the best light American comedy that has been written in years, and something of a trail-blazer in its perfect reflection of the homely domestic atmosphere of small-town America. Rachel Crothers' "Nice People" is of vital importance, we feel, because of its sincere treatment of a present-day theme, though it does slip into the grooves of the theatrically conventional American comedy drama before it is concluded.

Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne's "Enter Madame" is a bright and amusing American comedy which may be said to reflect the style of the best of the French comedy writers as cleverly as Zoe Atkins' "Declassee" last season reflected the Pinero drawing-room drama at its best. Porter Emerson Browne's "The Bad Man" is wholly American in characterization, in the incisiveness of its satire and the natural comedy values it commands.

Granville Barker's English version of Sacha Guitry's French drama, "Deburau," was an artistic achievement, to the staging of which David Belasco may point with pride the rest of his days. We regret that he has announced his decision not to risk the expense of sending this play on tour, but we are glad to be able to bring some little suggestion of its appeal to you in these pages. William Archer's "The Green Goddess" is easily the most gracefully written and the most dramatically stirring melodrama of this decade and John Galsworthy's "The Skin Game" is a finely balanced, purposeful and interesting drama. We may add, as a sort of honorable mention, that Zona Gale's "Miss Lulu Bett," following its revision, and A. A. Milne's "Mr. Pim Passes By" were also seriously considered as worthy of being included, had there been room for them, or if we could easily have decided which of the other ten to leave out.

We have again included a complete record of the New York season of 1920–21, with casts and short synopses of the 157 plays produced since the publication of the previous volume. We have also added a chapter on the season in Chicago, written by Percy Hammond, which will serve to acquaint the world with the activities of the second most important producing center in America.

Again we register the hope that the Year Book will prove a reference work of value and a welcome addition to the theatrical libraries of all who follow the theater.

B. M.

Forest Hills, L. I.,
June 15, 1921.

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1920-1921

THE SEASON IN NEW YORK

LAST year was a comedy year in the theaters of New York. Which offers another peg on which to hang the frayed and familiar alibi concerning the natural psychological reaction following war. That it was an American comedy year does, however, count for something, and the fact that several of the American comedies scoring the greatest hits were simply and truthfully written, dealing honestly rather than theatrically with native characters and characteristics, is important. Largely because it is the successful play that inspires imitation.

Statistically it was an interesting season to those who like statistics. There were 157 plays produced during the year, which means that between August and June (eliminating Sundays) there was a new play every other day shown to New Yorkers and their visiting friends from the hinterland. We find, too, that the 157 averaged ninety-eight performances each, if we count in the 456 showings of the Hippodrome spectacle, "Good Times," with the two- and four- and six-performance runs of the quick failures. Which would be a creditable grand average if it meant anything. The all-season run was again conspicuously prominent, several plays starting as early as August and the first weeks of September and continuing through until the honk-honk of the family bus turned the family's

thoughts to suburban lures, and sent the hotel trade taxi-ing over Long Island and up through Westchester County. There were those three interesting hold-overs from the previous season—the record-breaking "Lightnin'," which added 443 performances to the 763 previously given; "The Gold Diggers," which was played for an additional 418 performances and "Irene" for 428. We find it interesting to note, too, that there were twenty-one new plays offered during the month of August, 1920, the greatest number presented in any one month during the year. And it was not so long ago that August productions never numbered more than three or four.

The war was responsible for this hurrying of the season's opening. While European travel was cut off New York was filled with tourists during the summer months, and the first managers to realize that these visitors were eager to be entertained made a great deal of money by putting forward the productions they had planned for September and October. "Follow the leader" is the favorite game of the producers of plays, and the season following there were another half dozen to try the August experiment. So the custom has become temporarily fixed, and is likely to remain fixed. August always has been a popular month for vacation visitors in New York, and the weather is usually cool enough to make playgoing possible.

The August successes have also emboldened the producers of summer plays to try their fortunes in July and even as early as June. There were six new plays shown last June and nine in July. Which is also a new record. But not many of them amounted to much, being confined mostly to vaudeville revues. Late June, 1920, saw the new edition of Mr. Ziegfeld's "national institution," "The Follies," and a new Winter Garden revue, "Cinderella on Broadway," which ran through the summer. July brought one

novelty, Octavus Roy Cohen's "Come Seven," made from his negro stories and acted by a white cast variously smeared with burnt cork; a fairly good musical comedy, "The Poor Little Ritz Girl," and two stock-exchange melodramas, "Opportunity," by Owen Davis, and "Crooked Gamblers," by Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde.

There were three outstanding successes in the August list—Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne's "Enter Madame," Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart's "The Bat" and Porter Emerson Browne's "The Bad Man." All three ran through the season and "The Bat," a fascinating and frequently comic mystery play, is still playing as this record is compiled. The others included several interesting plays, Eugene Brieux' "The Americans in France," which Leo Ditrichstein imported, though he did not act in it; another Hopwood-Rinehart collaboration, "Spanish Love," which they adapted from the Spanish; "Ladies Night," a riotous and rather common Turkish-bath farce which Hopwood rewrote from the manuscript of Charlton Andrews and which tickled the crowd so much that it is still playing; "Happy-Go-Lucky," which, as "Tilly of Bloomsbury," had been a great success in London but which failed to please New Yorkers, though it later ran successfully in Chicago; "Paddy, the-Next-Best-Thing," another London success that was a quick failure on this side; "Call the Doctor," a fair-to-middlin' entertainment which a Belasco production carried through a creditable run; "Blue Bonnet," a pleasant little melodrama that did not develop much strength, and the annual "Greenwich Village Follies."

Of the nineteen plays that came in during September the failures were more notable than the successes, though three of the latter did very well—Rida Johnson Young's "Little Old New York" running through till

June; "Welcome Stranger," with a Chicago success back of it, also staying through the season, and Edgar Selwyn's "The Mirage," which had 192 showings to its credit before it was sent touring. In September George M. Cohan met his first defeat as an independent producer with "Genius and the Crowd," and scored a debatable success with a melodramatic burlesque, "The Tavern," which, by consistent boosting, he was able to develop into at least a quasi-success. So convinced was he of "The Tavern's" right to succeed that he brought it back in the spring after its original run had ended, assuming the leading rôle himself. It was during this second engagement that Mr. Cohan, angered and discouraged by the Actors' Equity Association's ultimatum regarding the so-called "Equity shop"—that hereafter all companies must be either cast from the Equity membership or be classified as non-Equity, and run the risk of being boycotted by the Equity and its labor-union associates, the Federation of Labor—that he announced his retirement from the producing field. He had planned a busy season for 1921–1922, and was prepared, he said, to engage something like 1,000 actors for his various enterprises. But he cancelled all his contracts with the players engaged, save those who were presenting a new musical comedy called "The O'Brien Girl," playing at the time in Boston.

Other September plays that did very well were "The Woman of Bronze," which the fine art of Margaret Anglin carried through 252 performances; "One," Edward Knoblock's psychic drama, with Frances Starr; William Hodge's "The Guest of Honor"; an attractive musical play, "Honeydew," for which Efram Zimbalist, the violinist, wrote the musical score, and "Three Live Ghosts," an amusing after-the-war comedy. The failures, which, as said, were notable for one reason or another, included Booth Tarkington's

Americanization play, "Poldekin," which even George Arliss could not save; Thomas Dixon's Lincoln play, "A Man of the People," and "Merchants of Venus," a brightly written and interesting social satire by Alan Brooks, a vaudeville comedian.

October was as notable for its successes as September had been for its failures. Frank Craven's "The First Year," which many are prepared to assert is the best American comedy yet written, began on the 20th a run that promises at this writing to equal that of the famous "Lightnin'," and George Cohan recovered his community leadership with two outstanding hits, the musical play "Mary" and the comedy drama "The Meanest Man in the World." Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel are credited with the book and lyrics of the former, and Augustin MacHugh and Everett Ruskay with the plot of the latter, but naturally every one credits Cohan with the Cohanesqueries that made for their success. This was the month the spectacular "Mecca" was staged at the Century, and credited with being the most colorful and impressive of similar entertainments, and the month Fred Stone came back to his worshipful following with "Tip Top," from the cast of which he finally was forced to retire in May after he had broken a small bone in his foot doing one of his eccentric dances. The Theatre Guild also began its season on the 4th with "The Treasure," a Jewish play by David Pinski, which was a moderate success.

During November most of the Rialto gossips were interested in performances rather than plays. This was the month Jacob Ben-Ami, a comparatively youthful star of the Jewish Art theater, made his debut on the English stage in a moderately convincing domestic tragedy translated by Samuel Grosman from the Swedish of Sven Lange. In one or two of the expertly builded dramatic scenes of the play Ben-Ami's acting was positively electrical, and though he may not

have been entitled to all the fulsome praise his more emotional critics gave him, his performances lifted him immediately to the front rank of English-speaking actors. About the same time the Provincetown Players presented a weirdly effective one-act play from Eugene O'Neill's pen called "The Emperor Jones." The title rôle, which is that of the negro "emperor" of a South Sea island tribe of blacks, was played by a colored actor named Charles Gilpin, and so effectively played that within a comparatively short time the town was buzzing with its discovery of him as a really "great" actor. Here, too, praise was not as thoughtfully tempered as it might have been, but there is no denying Mr. Gilpin credit for a striking and, dramatically, most effective performance. The play was later moved to an uptown theater, where it continued until spring. There was a bit of a teapot tempest stirred up when the Drama League, seeking to reward those who had contributed most significantly to the dramatic season, included Actor Gilpin among its invited dinner guests. Certain outraged members wrote to the officers of the league protesting against the seating of a negro at table with his white brothers and sisters, and this served to arouse the broader-minded members to a spirited defense of the league's action. The story became a first-page newspaper sensation, and much was written about the art that should know no barriers of race or creed. As a result of the controversy Mr. Gilpin was an honored guest at the dinner and 1,000 persons sat down with him where there had been but 300 at a similar all-white celebration the year before.

The November plays also included Bernard Shaw's "Heartbreak House," a somewhat muddled but interesting and frequently brilliant "fantasia in the Russian manner," in which the title of the play stands for the England that "did not know how to live" before the

war, and discovered in that crisis "that all that was left to it was the boast that at least it knew how to die." The Theatre Guild staged and cast the play beautifully and it achieved a run of 125 performances. Clare Kummer also offered a smartly written and splendidly entertaining little comedy called "Rollo's Wild Oat," in which Roland Young's performance was highly commended, and A. E. Thomas' "Just Suppose," a pretty romantic play based on the rumor sent out of Washington during the visit of the Prince of Wales that that popular young man had ditched a state dinner to go adventuring through Virginia, where he fell hopelessly in love with a sweetly sympathetic American heroine provided a pleasant little chocolate fudge entertainment. William Faversham also produced Amelie Rives' new version of "The Prince and the Pauper" in November, with which a goodly section of the public was much taken; there was a stirring melodrama revealed in Paul Dickey and Charles Goddard's "The Broken Wing;" Frances White made her debut as a star in a musical play called "Jimmie," and Alice Delysia, a popular French music-hall comedienne, abundantly supplied with what Broadway knows as "pep," but conspicuously shy of wardrobe, created something of a stir without being credited with a hit.

Two of the plays we have included in our own list of the ten best of the season were among the December offerings—Granville Barker's English version of Sacha Guitry's "Deburau," and Sir James Barrie's "Mary Rose," the quality of which you may judge for yourself from the excerpts included in this volume. December also brought "Sally," the musical-comedy success of the year, and of many years, with Marilynn Miller and Leon Errol featured in its cast and a handsome Ziegfeld production to stir the admiration of the crowds who were still seeing it in June. Madge Kennedy returned to the stage, after three years spent in the

movies, and scored a personal success in "Cornered"; the popular Mitzi made her annual appearance in a pleasant musical play called "Lady Billy," and a dramatization of Zona Gale's popular novel, "Miss Lulu Bett," reached the stage. It was not immediately acclaimed, but worked its way into the success list after the text had been somewhat altered and a "happy ending" attached. In the new form it won the Pulitzer prize of $1,000 as the best American play of the year. There was also a notably fine revival of St. John Ervine's "Mixed Marriage" at a series of special matinees, with Margaret Wycherley and Augustin Duncan playing the leading rôles, and a revival by an imported English company of "The Beggar's Opera," which failed to duplicate over here the success it had achieved in London.

The best play in the January list of thirteen was William Archer's "The Green Goddess," with honors evenly divided between the author, who for many years has been the dean of London's dramatic critics, and George Arliss, who found in the leading rôle, that of a sinister ruler of a mythical kingdom, the best part he has had since he played Zakkuri in "The Daughter of the Gods." There were also several others that were popular, including a typical American comedy drama, "The Champion," in which Grant Mitchell was the star; "Transplanting Jean," a lively French comedy, with Arthur Byron and Margaret Lawrence as co-stars; "Wake Up, Jonathan!", written by Professor Hatcher Hughes and Elmer Rice of Columbia University for Mrs. Fiske; George Tyler's revival of "Erminie," with Francis Wilson and DeWolf Hopper featured, and a big French melodrama, "In the Night Watch."

The "Macbeth" debacle in which Lionel Barrymore figured, the revival of "Peg O' My Heart," with Laurette Taylor again in the leading rôle, and of

"Romance," with Doris Keane, were the outstanding features of the February productions. Much had been expected of and more had been hoped for the Barrymore "Macbeth." The revival was made under the direction of Arthur Hopkins, and the scenery designed by Robert Edmund Jones, both of whom had done much for John Barrymore's revival of "Richard III" the year before, but the result was unhappily disappointing. The scenic setting was extremely modern, modern to the point, in fact, of being weirdly fantastic, and neither audiences nor critics would accept it, with the result that the revival was withdrawn after twenty-eight performances. Miss Taylor's revival of "Peg," after the play had been out of her repertoire for eight years, was inspired by a desire to re-establish it in the public mind before the script was turned over to the moving-picture men. Miss Keane brought "Romance" back, also after eight years, because her success with the play in London had kept the interest in it alive, and she believed there was a new public eager to see it, which proved to be the case. "Romance" continued for 106 performances and "Peg" for 88. The Theatre Guild successfully produced an interesting light English comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By," written by A. A. Milne, for many years editor of London *Punch*, and Mr. Ziegfeld introduced two new frolics on the roof of the New Amsterdam.

One of the comparatively late-season productions that proved a big popular success was Rachel Crothers' "Nice People," which we have included in the list of the best plays of the year largely because of its timeliness of theme. In March also William Harris presented "Mary Stuart," a second historical play by John Drinkwater, the English poet-dramatist whose "Abraham Lincoln" had been one of the sensations of the previous season. The "Stuart" opus, however, failed to duplicate the "Lincoln," either in quality or

popularity, and was withdrawn after forty performances. There were two interesting special matinee bills during this period, "The Tyranny of Love," which as "Amoureuse" had been popular in France for many years, and "The Hero," an after-the-war drama written by Emery Pottlè, a successful writer of short stories, which proved so promising it was quickly withdrawn and will be returned to the stage as a "regular" attraction the coming season. Leo Ditrichstein also came to town with the newest of his "great lover" studies, a French comedy called "Toto," in which he was successful, and Arthur Byron presented a curious, but interesting domestic drama that begins as a tragedy and ends as a farce called "The Ghost Between."

Only nine new plays were offered in April, and none of them proved of particular interest save the Theatre Guild's production of Franz Molnar's "Liliom," which had been kicking around various offices for several years. The league's special public took to it enthusiastically, and because of its novelty and quality we have included it in our list. Miss Anglin, who had been playing "The Woman of Bronze" all season, gave a single performance of "Iphigenia in Aulis" and later presented Emil Moreau's "The Trial of Joan of Arc," in both of which ventures her personal success was pronounced. This was the month, too, that Ethel and John Barrymore, inspired partly no doubt by family pride, decided to present a play written by Mrs. John Barrymore (Michael Strange) called "Clair de Lune." It was a free adaptation of Victor Hugo's "The Man Who Laughs," but though it was attractively staged and contained many well-written passages it proved a discursive and far from effective dramatic entertainment. It was carried through the eight weeks originally assigned it largely by the Barrymore popularity. There was an amusing farce called "Just

Married," and Walter Hampden, who had been successfully presenting a Shakespearean repertoire on tour, began a late-season engagement with a "normal" revival of "Macbeth" that was well received. He later added "The Shrew" and "The Merchant of Venice" to his repertoire.

Most of the thirteen productions made in May were of the so-called "summer-show" type, though one proved a splendid operetta, "The Last Waltz," with a score by Oscar Straus, who wrote "The Chocolate Soldier." Of the summer list "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "Snapshots of 1921" proved the most popular, and to those there were added, during the early days of June, two others, "The Broadway Whirl" and "The Whirl of New York," the latter being a revamped version of "The Belle of New York" expanded into a Winter Garden revue. A few trial performances were also given of an Eugene O'Neill tragedy called "Gold," but it was too late to interest playgoers in heavy fare and it was soon withdrawn.

THE SEASON IN CHICAGO

By Percy Hammond

(Dramatic Critic of the Chicago *Tribune*)

A CHAPTER about Chicago as an American "producing center" is of a value merely negative. The drama is not only the most urban of the arts, confining its important activities to the towered cities and the busy haunts of men, but also it is thoroughly metropolitan in its sources. A major province, Chicago is a manger for books, pictures, music and sculpture, as are other suburban communities, and worthy things come from its libraries and studios. But Thespis is a city chap and departs from the Capital with reluctance. No dramatist lives in Chicago. The players disdain its rural sights and sounds, preferring New York and its environs; and among our 3,000,000 inhabitants not one is a theatrical producer. Our scene-makers and costumers are but odd-jobbers in the theater. The drama in America is made by New York, for New York and in New York, and we take the product second-hand, save for an occasional "try-out" when the theaters of Atlantic City or Stamford, Conn., are not available for experimental purposes.

What credentials, then, has Chicago to appear in a year book of the American drama? Slight, indeed, excepting for such emphasis as may be made regarding its insignificance and that of other cities outside New York, as a creative power in the theater. At times, when given the opportunity, we show an independence of judgment in opposition to that of New York.

We liked, for instance, the English farce, "Happy-Go-Lucky," and Miss Grace George's essay in minor audacities, "The Ruined Lady," both neglected in the Capital. Mr. Eugene O'Neill's hodden "Beyond the Horizon," on the other hand, was pooh-poohed as not being a "good show," and the smart and sprightly "Too Many Husbands" cut no figure with us as recreation. But as a rule the staple commodities, such as the "Follies," the Winter Garden carnalias, Mr. A. H. Woods' ruddy farces, Miss Ethel Barrymore, Mr. Otis Skinner, Miss Jane Cowl, the expert exhibitions of Mr. Belasco and the fleshly and beautiful orgies of the Messrs. Comstock and Gest are accepted and approved. Of Mr. Mantle's selection of the ten best plays of year before last in New York Chicago saw eight last year and agreed with him about four of them—"Abraham Lincoln," "Clarence," "Declassee," and "The Famous Mrs. Fair." "Jane Clegg" and "The Jest" are known to us only by hearsay, and will remain so. "Beyond the Horizon," "Wedding Bells," "Mamma's Affair" and "Adam and Eva" (hideously miscast in Chicago) went for naught.

It is time to report the plays which were born, if not conceived, last season in Chicago, and which, their managers say, will be taken to New York this year for upbringing. They are three in number—"Dulcy," with Lynne Fontanne; "Sonya," whose metropolitan cast has not been announced, and "Gertie's Garter," which Mr. Woods, its manager, says will be done on Broadway under a caption less indelicate, "Up in the Haymow." "Dulcy" is the most admirable of these operas, and New Yorkers, scanning the western horizon for fresh entertainment, will, it seems prudent to predict, find it in this gay and reasonably subtle comedy by Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly, journalists of New York, inspired by a character in Mr.

Franklin P. Adams' humorous column in the New York *Tribune*. The authors of "Dulcy" accomplish an undertaking fraught with peril when they make fun of so sturdy an institution as the chatty bromide—the devastating oracle who informs you that it is cheaper to move than to pay rent and that two is company, three is none. Their task is hazardous, first because of the danger of wounding the feelings of those who are satirized and second because it is often difficult for many of us to distinguish between the snap of others' epigrams and the slosh of our own platitudes.

Miss Fontanne, who will play the title rôle in New York, is an impish beauty with the gift of disguising the broadest of fun under a veil of subtlety. She will impersonate a lovely bore whose meddling prolixities inflame her acquaintances into an angry ennui; and though her trite babbling infuriates the characters in the play, it left the Chicago audience happy and entertained. Stupid, but with a heart of gold "Dulcy" has a passion for interfering in her husband's business affairs, and at the house party which is the scene of the play she reduces his affairs to a desperate mess. She is one of those demon hostesses who are stressful in their hospitality, insisting on golf for the sedentary and bridge for those who wish tennis or a ride on horseback. In the course of the party she drapes the tomb of conversation with such asphodels as these:

"If a woman is good-looking, no jury will convict her."

"My books are my best friends."

"All our vegetables are out of our own garden."

"The moving pictures are still in their infancy."

"When you want a policeman you can never find one."

"Unlucky at cards, lucky at love."

These products of the cranial lumber-yard annoy the visiting magnate whose business aid her husband

needs; and when she engineers the elopement of his daughter and a melifluous moving-picture scenarist she reduces the negotiations to ruins. Miss Fontanne's wide-eyed amazement at the result of her machinations is exquisite comedy, aided a bit, perhaps, by touches borrowed from Laurette Taylor, or by touches borrowed by Laurette Taylor from her. Dulcy's bungling ends in a shrewd comic twist, in commercial victories for her husband; and so the play becomes a comfortable defense for those addicted to trivial loquacities and innocent mischief-making. It is not fair, of course, to suggest that the success of "Dulcy" in Chicago is due to its consoling moral. But hurt as we are by the exposé of our favorite words of wisdom as stale insipidities, we are pleased to discover that even the emptiest of heads may be crowned with triumph. The acting of "Dulcy" suggests anthems and hat waving. Gregory Kelly is a participant in a small but effective rôle, and John Westley's impersonation of the patient but desperate husband is one of his quiet achievements. As the irritated pearl magnate Wallis Clark has moments of superior pantomime, and Howard Lindsay's delicate burlesque of the romantic scenario writer is a delicious bit of travesty. His recital, to music, of the eight-reeler entitled "Sin" was the funniest of the Chicago season's acting episodes both in its writing and its playing. "Dulcy" is the best thing that came out of this Nazareth last year.

"Sonya," an ornamental and romantic toy, fashioned by Miss Edith Ellis from a foreign model, belongs in the dramatic nursery. It is about the great love of a Russian Prince Imperial and of Sonya, a comely but garrulous trapezist in the royal circus. She, entering the prince's lonely life as a potential concubine, retains her chastity, it is said, and at the sad ending leaves him consecrated to his kingly load of splendid cares as she returns to her humble feats among the tan

bark and the flying rings. The play is rather a mellow thing, lush with the humid diction of stage regality. It is dressed in the ambrosial clothing common to the scepter set; and because, perhaps, its theme is somewhat tardy, it left the Chicago playgoer's chill eye undimmed by tears. In Chicago its hero, the bashful heir to all the Russias, was acted by Mr. Otto Kruger, and its heroine, the seraphic dancer and gymnast, by Miss Violet Heming.

The chief characteristics of the hero's rôle at the beginning are a morbid disinclination to women and to the pomp and panoply of the Muscovite court. He is diverted by sunsets and the use of dumb-bells and he shrinks from princely ceremonies and the life sexual. To accustom this imperial celibate to the society of girls (for the purpose of prolonging a waning dynasty) the prime minister, a wily son of Saturn, hits upon an odd expedient. He organizes an athletic ballet of young women and disguises them as boys. He then interests the prince in their muscular prowess and introduces Sonya, the fairest of them all, into the prince's apartments, announcing her as a man. Which indicates the complex and comprehensive devices of European diplomacy and European playwrights.

Sonya has some interesting adventures while present in the palace. The evil prime minister tries to acquire her and fails. The dying czar, all wheezy and limping, pays her a ghastly visit and scolds her for putting spring flowers into the imperial vases. A grim grand duke, in a fit of petulance, boots her silken slipper across the room and one of the lackeys is a spy upon her. The prince, finding belatedly that she is female "covers her little face with kisses." But at the end, Sonya, for the good of her people, renounces his love and exits, chin up and with gleaming eyes, while he, broken-hearted, adjusts his showy coronation cloak and goes forth to his dismal crowning. Mr. Klaw

is the producer and the author's name is Gabryela Zapolska.

"Gertie's Garter," the other item in this starry tribune, is Avery Hopwood capitalizing a new detail of women's underwear. Instead of the undershirt of "Up in Mabel's Room" the theme of Mr. Hopwood's newest farce is the obsolete elastic which used to be regarded by fleet juveniles as a symbol of naughtiness. This, Mr. Donald MacDonald has given to Miss Hazel Dawn before their marriages to other persons in the farce. Fearing the inimical influence of its presence on both their married lives she tries throughout the play to give it back to him. The spectator wonders why she does not lose it in the garbage pail or put it in the furnace; but she does not, so it flits from rôle to rôle, accompanied by loud horrified exclamations, a pink thing, counterfeiting as scarlet. Two causes are advanced for its semi-failure on this innocent littoral. One is that it is "Up in Mabel's Room" done again in a duller way. The other is Miss Dawn's explanation. The garter, says Miss Dawn, has lost its carnal significance, and there is no more interest in a garter as a naughty thing than there is in a virgin's wimple.

The remainder of this chronicle of a dramatic season in the most populous of the provinces is sheer necrology. The shroud, the knell, the mattock and the grave mark the coming and the going of its other elements. Were it not for this chapter you would not know that Alexander Carr appeared for a few evenings in Chicago in something entitled "The Dreamer" in which he strove industriously, but with no success, to bridge the wide chasm between Louis Mann and David Warfield. You would never learn, save for this eccentricity on the part of the year-book's compiler, of "Cognac", in which Mr. Tom Powers played a dreamy ex-crusader, returned from the wars, and in which Miss Olive Tell impersonated a light lady of the

Bordeaux estaminets, transplanted to the hostile New England soil. Of "Self-Defense" you now learn for the first and last time, though it was produced with acclaim at our most dignified Erlanger theater, the Blackstone, subsiding immediately thereafter. Mr. Michael Morton's solemn "Women to Woman," produced under Mr. Wood's ambitious ægis, with Miss Willete Kershaw in its leading rôle, turned up its toes after a night or two and was carried out of the Playhouse feet first, and its resuscitation in New York is improbable. None of these can be embalmed in a census of the drama, decomposition having already set it.

It is a duty, however, to make a list of plays, which, following the Year Book's sane policy of sane compromise, were the best that were approved by the prairie playgoer. Here are the usual ten of them, some of them pretty bad:

"Declassee"
"Smilin' Through"
"The Bat"
"The Famous Mrs. Fair"
"Abraham Lincoln"
"Dulcy"
"The Hottentot"
"Happy-Go-Lucky"
"The Tavern"
"Bab"

A lean year, you may say; but not so lean as we have reason to expect from an enfamined art. At least they have eased the anguish of a torturing hour in the suburbs; and what more can one ask from a selfish city cousin?

"DEBURAU"

A Tragi-Comedy in Four Acts

By Sacha Guitry

The English Version by H. Granville Barker

IT is related of the play "Deburau" that while its actor-author, Sacha Guitry, was playing it in Paris in 1917, the Germans were just beginning to get the range of the city with their so-called "Big Berthas." Also, or so it seemed to the players, one of their favorite targets was the Theatre du Vaudeville in which "Deburau" was being given. Shells began dropping within a block or two of the theater with such regularity that young Guitry decided to withdraw the play temporarily. It had been played long enough to prove its quality, however, and there was lively bidding for the American rights to an English version made by Granville Barker for Charles Cochran of London. David Belasco outbid his competitors and, following the Belasco custom, devoted several months to the play's preparation for the local stage. The production was made the evening of December 23, 1920, and "Deburau" immediately took its place, not only as one of the fine plays of this particular season, but as one of the most impressively and beautifully staged plays the American stage has ever known. It was soon numbered with the popular successes and its reign continued through the winter.

Jean Gaspard Deburau, the hero of this tragi-comedy,

reached the peak of his popularity as a great pantomimist, and as the greatest Pierrot of his day, in Paris about the year 1839. At the time of the opening of the play he is appearing obscurely at the little Funambules theater, tucked away in a side street of Paris. Word of his skill is beginning to reach the boulevards, however, and the literary and artistic folk of the time are taking him up. In the audience that is even now gathering for the play, outside the theater (where the orchestra, "doubling in brass," as we say, is solemnly tooting a tune to attract a crowd, and the barker of the troupe is waiting with his big bass drum to harangue prospective patrons as soon as the tune is finished) in this gathering are to be seen such early nineteenth-century celebrities as George Sand, on the arm of Alfred de Musset; a youth named Victor Hugo, and the young woman who later was to be known to all the playgoing world as Marguerite Gautier "The Lady of the Camillia"—the Marie, Duplessis who served Dumas, it is said, as his model for the heroine the English-speaking theater knows as "Camille." The crowd filters into the theater, the last of them trailing the barker and the orchestra as the lights fade. The new "two-act play, 'Old Clo'," is about to begin.

With the lights up again we see what the audience is seeing of the closing scenes of the pantomime, and then there is another change to the tiny auditorium of the theater. The audience is dispersing, gossiping "ad lib," as the players have it, of the play, of the weather, of Deburau, of each other, as audiences will. As they thin out the barker, who serves also as janitor, begins to blow out the oil lamps that serve as footlights and the bracket lamps around the balcony's edge. The money taker and the actors, as they drift in from their dressing rooms discuss with the manager the receipts, and the enthusiasm of the audience. It is the biggest night the Funambules has had—nearly

900 francs in the house. And what a triumph for Deburau! He'll be more popular with the ladies than ever now, and they have been pestering him a lot of late. Yet, as Robillard explains, he (Deburau) has "rather a nice way of choking them off. He always carries in his pocket a little picture of his wife. And, oh, the shock of it when he takes it out, just when he has made his greatest impression. And then he'll say: 'Isn't she pretty?' And they bound to agree—and . . . well, that is the end of that, you see." There will likely be use for the picture to-night; even now there is a lady who has hidden herself in between the boxes and asked if she might wait there for Deburau. The pantomimist is a little peeved when finally he does come from his dressing room and they tell him of her. He makes the others promise that they will not desert him before he moves over to talk with the stranger.

Act I

Deburau

Madame, are you waiting . . .?

The Lady

Yes, I was waiting . . .

Deburau

To see me?

The Lady

To see you.

Or rather to hear you speak.
Remember, nobody hears you speak.
It's uncanny to have so much said
To one in silence. So, if I saw you close,
I thought—forgive me—it might break the spell.
Or if you wove another one . . . well . . .?

DEBURAU

How good of you! I know it must seem a freak
Of nature to be able to hold one's tongue.
D'you want to know how I do it? It's simple:
Go and sit among
Your friends and follow the thread
Of their talk. If you can get them to talk about you
So much the better. The whole thing lies
In the art of listening. . . .

It is the lady's idea that she could listen a great dea more comfortably away from the theater. Suppose they were to go—well, anywhere. Her carriage is in the square— But Duburau is already searching his pockets as for some important paper. Is he looking for his watch? the lady queries. It isn't late—

DEBURAU

No, not my watch.
A miniature
That I always carry, I wasn't sure
I hadn't lost it, I wouldn't for worlds. Here we are!
(*He has fished a little miniature out of his pocket.*)

THE LADY

What is it?

DEBURAU

As a painting, of course, not much of a catch!
My wife! Pretty, isn't she?

THE LADY

Very.

DEBURAU

Most women think so. I suppose the dress
Looks a little old-fashioned. I wish she were here.

But if one day you'd care to pay her a visit . . .
Not now, of course. You're in a hurry . . .
I'd so like you to meet her. May I tell her we met?
May I give her these roses from you?

THE LADY
What roses?

DEBURAU
These that you sent me.

THE LADY
That *I* sent!

DEBURAU
My manager thought so, not I. I suppose he's
Mistaken.

THE LADY (*Icily*)
We all make mistakes. I regret
I've detained you.

DEBURAU (*A little wryly*)
I fear
That I'm more satisfactory seen and not heard.

THE LADY
No, indeed, you're quite magnificent!
How this sort of thing must try your patience.
Good night. Give your wife my congratulations.

DEBURAU
Thank you, I will. (*Then to himself*) How absurd, how absurd!
Another time
I swear that I'll do it in pantomime!

Again the players gather, this time to discuss a criticism by the great Jules Janin which has just been printed in the *Journal des Debats*, a criticism in which Deburau for the first time comes into his own. "Deburau," writes Janin, "is the greatest actor of our time; for he has revolutionized the actor's art, given us a new Pierrot, and another sort of pantomime." A most laudatory notice, this, and one that inspires an envy in the breasts of Deburau's fellow players they illy conceal in their veiled congratulations. . . . Soon another arrives to interview the great pantomimist, to learn something of his early days in the theater.

JOURNALIST

I am a journalist.
My editor hopes you'll be pleased to assist
Me to place before the public an account
Of your early days . . . of your efforts to mount
The ladder of fame that you're now at the top of . . .
Of your first appearance . . .?

DEBURAU

On the stage,
Or in the world? Well, well,
The two occasions weren't so far apart!

JOURNALIST

Really? What stories you must have to tell!
Pardon me . . .
(*He makes a note.*)
"Trained in art
From his very cradle." That will look well
At the head of my page.
Please go on. I must squeeze out the last drop of
This great opportunity. You won't mind?

DEBURAU

Not a bit, if you find
It amusing.—I never did!
Trained in art from my cradle, did you say?
Well, I hadn't a cradle! But, anyway,
If you bid
Me recall these things, here goes . . .
Though I've tried hard enough to forget them,
God knows!
I was born in Rumania, at Constanza.
My father was a tight-rope dancer
Which had been his father's bent
And his grandfather's, so I've heard.
He ran a circus, owned a little tent.
My mother took the money at the door.
He was called the "Equilibrian Wonder."

JOURNALIST

Very apt, upon my word!
Brothers and sisters?

DEBURAU

I had four.

JOURNALIST

I'm making notes; please go ahead.

DEBURAU

Five of us then, two girls and three boys
And father made six,
And mother seven, and the pony eight.
I must count him, for he did his tricks,
Though his best trick was to pull us from town to town.
There are greater joys,
Believe me, than tramping early and late
German roads, Russian roads, Polish roads. . . .
All roads, you know, are endless.

And we were poor. Our loads
In life weren't light.
A hungry day came after an empty tent at night.
Still, I think we never felt quite friendless.
But to return! My eldest brother . . . oh, he looked down
On the rest of us. Well he might,
From the high rope he did his tricks on.
His flying leap was a great affair.
Ladies used to scream with fright.
It was fine to see him fix on
The spot that he meant to jump to.
Then, like a swallow, he'd sweep through the air
Round the trapeze and into the net.
Why, I could always feel my heart thump, too.
It means something, you know, to face death daily,
And to face it gaily,
With a smile and a bow.
So that's how I like to remember him now,
Crouched on his tight-rope, supple and strong.
For later in life he went very wrong.
But you'll leave that out, won't you? It's wiped off the slate,
Although he went crooked, he always jumped straight.
My second brother was a tumbler.
That's a rôle that's rather humbler,
But an attractive little rascal.
Not a joint in his body he couldn't twist any way.
He could dance on his hands, as I dance on my toes,
I believe if he'd tried he could have danced on his nose.
Such a genius! Such a good-for-nothing! All thrown away!
If he'd but worked instead of shirking his task all
The time, if he'd but given his talents their scope,
He could have made himself the finest serpent in Europe.

JOURNALIST
Excellent, just what I wanted to know!

DEBURAU
My eldest sister was very pretty.
(*To* ROBILLARD)
You remember her, don't you? She has come
Utterly to grief; but it seems as if some
Women were bound to. Such a pity!
Will you please leave that out also?
The youngest was the best thing in the show.
She danced on the slack wire really divinely,
And was married quite well.
I was the fool of the family!
Whatever went wrong it was always me.
Whoever kept balanced, I always fell.
Oh, I have been beaten finely
For nearly—and not quite—breaking my neck.
I believe I never brought off a trick.
"Clumsy lout, clumsy lout, clumsy lout!"
And many's the dinner I've gone without
That practice on an empty tummy
(She'd bring me scraps afterwards, my poor mummy)
Might make me more imperfect still.
I used to wear pink tights.
Well . . . once they'd been pink.
But time, that provides
All things, had given some wonderful shades besides.
And they'd been so darned and put to rights
With bits of yellow and green and gray
That it was precious hard to say
Which were tights and which were mending.
But the meanest of us has his rights;
And those were my very own pink tights.
I have them still somewhere I think.
We tramped, we tramped on those roads unending
From town to town,

Laying us down
Under a hedge, or in some shed.
Cold, oh cold!
I wonder we didn't wake up dead
One of those fine mornings. Still we were free.
The world was our tight rope. I sometimes see
In my dreams the whole world tented beneath the fold
Of the skies. And that old rope slung so high in air
That it stretches over sea and land. And, one by one,
Their figures black against a shining sun,
My fathers, my brothers, my sisters, all silently,
solemnly passing there.
That's all there is to tell you, every particle.

It makes him a little sad, the tale he has told the journalist of his beginnings. "Ah, the many smiles my past still owes me," he sighs, when Robillard tries to cheer him.

. . . and the debt's not paid . . .
For those first fifteen years
Of such childish trials.
But they burn deep when one salts the wounds with tears.
For the next fifteen climbing out of the ruck
Of neglect and misfortune. . . . Ah, I mean that my boy
Shall have his own childhood's joy and my childhood's joy
Both. Such a fine little fellow, solemn and staid!
He has my eyes and my voice
And already my way with his hand,
You know!
Swinging the left hand . . . so!

And then "a lady" is announced. She, too, would talk with Deburau. A little curtly he tells the barker

who has shown her in that he will not see her. She stands waiting under the single light that has been left to illumine the front of the auditorium. "Deburau looks and sees—not exactly a lady, perhaps, but a girl, very young, grave but smiling. She is pale, she has great deep eyes. She is dressed wholly in black. On her neck, in her ears, on her wrists, there is a glitter of diamonds. Deburau is struck dumb as he looks at her. She is so charming. . . . She never speaks but still smiles at him with that slow, entrancing smile. He offers her his arm, which she takes, and they leave the theater together." The curtain falls.

Act II

The scene is Marie Duplessis' boudoir, richly hung in rose-colored silks. "She is at the piano, playing idly, while Deburau talks as if he were in a dream." It is of his great love for her that he is telling her, and of the complete happiness he has known since first they met.

Deburau

A prisoner, you know,
Set free on a sudden can only shout
That he's free . . . and find nothing else to say.
So now I cram
All the emotions that possess me
Into "I'm happy." At last I've discovered
Why one fine day,
Long ago, I was hurled
Into this quaint world.
Nobody ever told me why.
I've been guessing and guessing ever since
And what is the use of life unless we
Know that one thing, unless Fate has uncovered
Our destiny.

But now that I know . . . why, how simple it all is!
I was born
To love you, my dear.
Yes, from morning till evening and eve to
morn
To fall deeper and deeper in love with you
And to think that no one could tell me that!
I shouldn't have been so hard to convince.
Think of the time I've so cautiously wasted
In follies!
Looking for . . . what? . . .
When love was thee!
Caring for . . . who? . . .
When you were near!
And this has lasted
Half my life.
For twenty years I've been running away
From women. I was afraid . . .

MARIE

Of your wife?

DEBURAU

Not a bit; nor of them! But just,
I think, of being unhappy. I meant
Never to run a single risk.
Nothing riskier than that!
Still I've been loved. I suppose one must
Call it love;
That steady solid domestic affection
Which moves like the clock's hands round the disk
Day by day.
It's like a mackintosh over your arm.
And I was the one who never went
Out without one, because he could prove
Though there wasn't a cloud in any direction
That some day it was bound to rain.

Or, . . . there I sat,
By my fireside, safe from harm,
Blind to life, deaf to life, dumb;
Waiting for old age to come.

. . . . .

What's to happen I don't know,
If this goes on?
For I can't grow any happier.
There's nothing now that doesn't delight me,
The commonest things appear
Beautiful. Food and wine and books
And furniture. A coster's barrow in the street.
They're so alive, they excite me!
It's wonderful to sit in the sun.
And when the sun has gone,
And the rain's begun,
How wonderful the rain looks.
Nothing I meet
Here on earth, or shall below,
If that's where I go;
Or in heaven above
If you lift me there, but I know how to love
Loving you, my sweet.

(*He is sitting by her now.*)

May I come close to you?
Now, come close to me.
Now I'll come a little closer still.
I warn you I'm going to say
Things perhaps that I hadn't ought to!

MARIE

Then, perhaps, you had better keep further away.

DEBURAU

Oh, not that sort of things, the things you've been taught to

Expect. And I'm not going to pose to you
Silly riddles about the past.
You're a woman, you're a mystery;
Well, stay so, still.
For me, while I hold the present fast,
Or if I may only sit beside you,
Sit and look and look,
That's enough.
Things that are the very stuff
Of life . . . one should look them through and through,
So quickly they pass.

. . . . . .

MARIE

D'you know the time?

DEBURAU

I think it must be kissing time.
Did the clock strike that?
If not it struck wrong.

It is not the clock that interrupts, but the maid, come to announce the arrival of a visitor—a Madame Rabouin. A somewhat ancient lady, the madame; one who lives by her wits and the favors of her rich friends. She goes about "selling all sorts of things you don't find in shop windows," and occasionally she tells fortunes by the lines of the hand. But Deburau sees no reason why he should meet her; he has no desire to know his future. "I've shouldered my fate and I'm marching along with it," he tells her. "Still," Marie persists, "you might ask her one thing you've never asked me." "What's that?" "My name!" But it is enough for Deburau that he has a name of his own for his true love. "There is a name I give you . . . a sort of a name . . ."

MARIE

Tell me, tell me. Oh, what fun!

DEBURAU

A name is a true name if it tells,
Conjures up in its very sound
The very picture, complete in its frame
Of its owner. What do you think I found
For a name to think of you by?
My lady with the Camellia.

MARIE

Why?

DEBURAU

Because I shall always see you
As first I saw you stand
With the flickering light about you
And that flower in your hand.

MARIE

Yes, it is my flower,
I always have one near me.

DEBURAU

From that time that was your name for me.
Well, now, what's the other . . . everybody's name for you?

MARIE

Marie Duplessis.

DEBURAU

Mine's the better of the two.

MARIE

I agree
So please give it to me
For my very own.

DEBURAU

Will you keep it safely, for I've grown
Very fond of it?

MARIE

For such a long time
I've wanted a name that was really my own.
One that couldn't be stolen or copied,
One that men couldn't make vulgar or stupid,
That couldn't be tagged to a rhyme.
So now, forever and ever amen . . .
You say amen since you're down on your knee . . .
The Lady with the Camellia, that shall be me!
What are you waiting down there for?

DEBURAU

This.
The end of a baptism's marked with a kiss.
(MARIE *leans toward him to be kissed.*)

. . . . . .

DEBURAU

Oh, my dear, oh, my dear!
What a new thing my life is since you entered in it,
Child that you are! Child that *I* am, I can't bear
To let you out of my sight for a minute.
I must look in at home, though
I haven't been there for a week or more.

MARIE

You'll hear of it.

DEBURAU

What do I care?

MARIE

So will the rest of the world!

DEBURAU

She won't dare!
But I must go back and see the boy.
He misses me so.

MARIE

Someone else you adore!

DEBURAU

So would you. Who could help it, the rascal?
(*He shows her a little picture in his pocketbook.*)
I carry his picture now.

MARIE

Very like you.

DEBURAU

Is he, d'you think?
Listen now.
Suppose, one day . . . No, what's the use?

MARIE

Go on. I'll "suppose" if you tell me how.

DEBURAU

Well, since you can't answer why not ask all
The same? And besides . . . who knows!
And besides that, it's wonderful just to ask you.
Will you marry me?

MARIE

Marry you!

DEBURAU

Don't refuse
On the spur of the moment. Let's stand on the brink
And peep over. We can't jump in.

But if I asked you to be mine,
For ever . . . for ever and a day,
If our road were straight instead of askew,
What would you say?

MARIE

Well, I suppose . . .

DEBURAU

Stop, stop! If I let you begin
To speak you'll say "No."
Now, I can't ask you . . . remember I can't.
So . . . nod your head.
Then you'll not have said
"Yes." And I'll not have heard you say "No."
(*She nods her head.*)

With this encouragement Deburau is willing to look just a little farther into the future. It may be Madame Rabouin will confirm his high hopes of finding a fairyland wherein he and Marie may dwell. But it is not to be so. Just one look at his palm tells the Rabouin that much. There is trouble ahead for Deburau, a prophecy that sends him into a temper. He'll have none of her palmistry, "the old hag," "the bird of ill omen." And he rushes from the room. It is a halting apology Marie offers for her lover's rudeness, and it leads to a confession that she no longer cares for Deburau.

MARIE

One night at the theater I was alone . . .
All alone and a little lonely.
Ah, no, it didn't start
As a whim.

MADAME RABOUIN

You *did* love him.

MARIE

Oh, for a little it burnt
Me up like a flame. I felt sure, quite sure
That I never should change. Then I seemed to recover
After a little.

MADAME RABOUIN

So it's gone?

MARIE

Quite gone.

MADAME RABOUIN

Then d'you think that you need
Have him here quite so much? For completing the cure
It is rather a freak
To have him pay calls on you lasting a week.

MARIE

I know, I know! If only
I knew what else to do, or what to say!
But he's happy; so happy in thinking I love him
And I haven't the heart to send him away.
I know it's wrong,
I know it's foolish. But, you see,
Loving has mattered so little to me,
And to him it seems to mean so much.

And yet, as Madame Rabouin points out, there is her future to think about. Deburau has no money; likely never will have. And, innocent baby that he is, it isn't like him to wonder how the rich Duplessis apartment is maintained. Surely it is time Marie was thinking of the future. Reasoning thus Madame Rabouin herself makes a confession. She has told a young man he might call on Marie; a very nice young man—

The bell rings. Marie is of a mind, or pretends to be, to send the young man away, but her curiosity gets the better of her. She must at least have a peek at him through the curtains. Then she asks him in. He is an ardent, as well as a handsome youth, and he, too, has come to lay his love at the feet of the beautiful lady of the camellia. It is such adoration as overwhelms the susceptible Marie; again it is the love of a lifetime with her; the past, the future, fade utterly as the pulsing present embraces her. And as she grants the impassioned youth's plea that he be permitted to stay a little, the unlucky Deburau reappears in the doorway. He is leading his little son, Charles, by the hand. He carries a little dog and a bird cage with a bird in it. At the sight of them he drops the cage. Marie and the young man turn around.

DEBURAU

Please don't move. I was just going,
As you see.
I didn't mean to interrupt.
But such a ridiculous thing has just happened to me.
That old Rabouin woman, who would be showing
Me danger ahead . . . I ought to have stopped
To listen. Will you listen to these
Ridiculous things . . . it won't take a minute?
When I got home my wife had been gone
Since yesterday evening, if you please.
Gone . . . yes, bolted, that's what she'd done.
Well, thank God, she'd left me the boy;
The place wasn't empty since he was in it. . . .
She'd left me Fifi, too,
And the canary, think of that!
Well, but of course I shouted for joy.
Here was my dream coming true,

Here was the way to Fairyland clear.
What had Fate been at!
And I ran off to my dear . . . to my dear
With my boy and my bird and Fifi. Well,
Now comes the ridiculous part of the story
I have to tell.
When I found her what else should I find
But . . .! Will you repeat this little history
To her? . . . that would be kind,
She was so beautiful, and she loved me.
But, when I found her,
Around her
Had sprung up the hedge of a strange happiness.
So I could do no less
Than turn away.
Oh, I turned at once and went away
With my boy and Fifi and my bird.
I could do no less because I loved her so.
I want her to know,
And not to forget,
That I never said an angry word.
There's nothing, tell her, she need regret;
All's as well as can be.

. . . . . .

And now, please, will you say I'm going home?
I shall be there if she needs me.
Forgive my disturbing you. Don't move.

YOUNG MAN

Who is this? What is it leads me
To think that I know him?

MARIE

It's Gaspard Deburau.

YOUNG MAN

Oh, do introduce me. I've always admired him so.

MARIE

Allow me.

DEBURAU

Oh, please! Well, if you say I shall . . .

MARIE

Jean Gaspard Deburau . . . Monsieur Armand Duval.

Thus the lover of Camille comes briefly into the story as the curtain falls.

ACT III

It is seven years later. The scene is Duburau's lodgings. They are comparatively barren quarters, but in no sense squalid. Young Charles is now seventeen and an eager youth. He is having breakfast with his father. Deburau has aged perceptibly. He has not acted much of late. For seven years he has waited—thinking some day Marie would come. He takes no heart in his work and the applause that once he found inspiring rings hollow in his ears. He tells Charles as much. Why should he . . . "Pull faces to amuse a set of loons, who forget you as soon as your place is filled up by duller and damn'der buffoons!" Still, Charles is not sure. "What's worth having but success?" he demands.

DEBURAU

My boy, prick a vein in your arm and write this down
In your blood. Love's worth having. Unless
You can mix love with your drink of life
You'll go parched, no matter how heady
And glorious your wine of success and of fame is.

When your love comes be ready,
Seize her and hold her, love her madly.
It hurts to love madly. But, though the game is
Cruel, you must play it out to the finish.
It's a worse hurt to sit and sadly
Count the lost moments; the strife
Unstriven; the swinish
Wallowing lethargy in the sty
Of failure. Oh, yes, I exaggerate.
But, at any rate,
Have a try to live. Have a try!

It is not life that is interesting Charles just now, however; it is the stage. Despite his father's opposition to his following the calling of his ancestors young Deburau has secretly been keeping in touch with the theater. Now boldly he tells his father that he wants to be an actor. Deburau resents even the suggestion. "Do you really think one can learn to act?" he demands of his son. "Well," answers Charles, "one can try!" To which Deburau agrees. "Oh, there's nothing to stop you trying. There's nothing to stop a pig from flying if it has wings." But Charles' idea that he will ever amount to anything on the stage is born more of vanity than sense.

DEBURAU

Now, listen to me.
You're not quite such a fool as you're trying to be.
You think you can act. Well, take my advice—
For remember at this game no one fails twice—
Try something easy. You can learn to spout
As long as you've words to help you out . . .

CHARLES

No.
I think I'll do better, like you, in a dumb show.

DEBURAU

As Pierrot?

CHARLES

Why not, why ever not, I'd like to know?
I can move, I can dance,
I'm as light on my feet as a fly,
I can try, I can but try.

DEBURAU

Very well, try.

. . . . . .

Make a fool of yourself, my lad, if you must . . .
Of yourself, if you please.
But you don't go dragging my name in the dust.
My name!
Why, what is that, I should like to know,
But another self, a second Deburau,
That I've built up, piece by piece,
Sweated and suffered to create it
And now you want to appropriate it.
Do the same
For yourself, my lad,
If you're such a genuine.
Not a bad
Idea; in fact, most ingenious,
To slip into my shoes.
But it happens I don't choose
That you should. And don't you try it.
My name! The wealth of the world shan't buy it.
I'm down, out, and done for, you think.
While you're on the brink
Of success.
None the less,
While I've a breath in my body, I swear
You don't play my parts in my name, so there!

In which case, Charles concludes, he will have to await his chance. That he will one day be an actor, like his father—of that he is determined, and nothing the elder Deburau can say in any way alters his opinion. They are still in the midst of their discussion when Robillard calls. He's a little excited, is Robillard because he has recently seen the former Mrs. Deburau —and found her doing quite well as the housekeeper and companion for a jeweler. Deburau doesn't relish the idea of having been thrown over for a tradesman —but "why waste time on a woman who, without a pang, let's her husband go hang!"

DEBURAU

She has forgotten, has she? Well, I
Have something more to forget. Shall I try?
I'm ill; but not so very ill.
I wouldn't mind being out and about
If I could only stop myself looking about
Not for her, but—you know—for *her*.

ROBILLARD

Come to the theater: not to play,
Just for a word with us all.

DEBURAU

That's the way
I should miss her if she came.

ROBILLARD

What nonsense this is! You'll stay and fret
Here in this wretched garret until
You die of old age. And all the same
Never a step to you will she stir.
Put on your hat now and come with me.

DEBURAU

Not now, not now. Look, it's nearly three,
And I've always been sure that *if* she came
She'd come at three . . . no, at a quarter to.

As it happens Marie does call that very day. Soon Deburau has Charles and Robillard out of the room and is drinking in her beauty. She has changed some in seven years, but she is still beautiful. She has come, she confesses, because she has heard that he is ill. It is not, to him, a comforting thought.

DUBURAU

It took that to bring you.
Never a thought of me when I was well.

MARIE

Yes, I have thought of you very often.

DEBURAU

Loving me still?

MARIE

Still loving you . . .
As much as ever. I meant to come one day.
A dozen times I've started
And then not been able.

DEBURAU

Curse them!

MARIE

Who?

DEBURAU

How can I tell?

MARIE

Why curse them?

DEBURAU

Because since we parted
A dozen times they've made you miserable.
Then you started to come to me.
Isn't that so?

MARIE

Yes.

DEBURAU

You should have come.
Are you unhappy?

MARIE

I have some
Unhappy times.

DEBURAU

Many!

MARIE

Yes, many.
But since I love him I prefer to be
Unhappy.

DEBURAU

At last, at last, you understand!
Now we can sing love's litany
Together, hand in hand.

MARIE

I can't explain why I love him so.
It's that he's . . .

DEBURAU

Oh, I know, I know.
Who should know if I don't know!

It's that he's a part of you,
He *is* the heart of you.
Nothing's true if that's not true.

Marie, too, is unhappy. They are trying to take her Armand away from her, and she loves him so! Just the other day the elder Duval had come to ask her if she would not give up his son. But she'll not do it. . . . She notices the time. She must be hurrying—but before she goes she asks Duburau if he will not see her doctor. She has brought him and he is waiting in the street below.

MARIE
He'll work a cure. He promised he would.

DEBURAU
Do his medicines touch
The heartache that seizes you,
The thoughts that rend
Your memory?

MARIE
Ah, my friend,
In this world one mustn't expect too much.

DEBURAU
And I've waited for this!

MARIE
For what?

DEBURAU
For you to come . . . bringing your doctor!
A doctor . . . when you are here!
A doctor . . . when you are gone!
And you expect a
Wonderful cure, do you not?

My dear,
In my case the one thing clear is
That there's more salvation
In a word from you,
A look from you,
Alone,
Than a consultation
With every doctor in Paris.

But the doctor does something for Deburau that none of his friends could do; he reawakens his interest in the theater. Without knowing to whom he is talking (Marie thought it wise not to tell him) the doctor advises Deburau that he must get out, must interest himself in something. A visit to the theater, for instance, would be just the thing. Not any theater, or any actor. "Although, of course, the play's a factor—I usually prescribe some particular actor."

DEBURAU

What sort of actor?

DOCTOR

Not one of the sort
That the manager calls like a cab from the rank,
Conscientiously earning his living
By painting his face and speaking his part.
But there are one or two we should humbly thank,
We physicians, though they beat us.
While we are striving
With science, which in the last resort
Is like a candle without a light,
There comes this actor with his art
His—what d'ye call it—"divine afflatus."
A bit of a blackguard he may be,
Ignorant, idle, devil-may-care,
Poverty-stricken. But since somewhere
There lurks in him that touch of the divine

Which he spends, spills as a drunkard spills wine—
But that's Nature's way, you see,
Nature's own generosity—so he,
However worthless he may seem to be,
Because he offers you his heart's blood,
Can do you good.

DEBURAU

And can you tell me of such an actor,
Such a man?

DOCTOR

Indeed I can.
There's one I know
Just such a public benefactor.
I don't hesitate to call him so.
Gaspard Deburau.
But how very few have done him justice!

DEBURAU

Really! In this world that's how it always is.

DOCTOR

A great artist, too,
See him and tell me if that's not true.

DEBURAU

I'll go tonight.

DOCTOR

That's right.
He's the doctor for you.
Wait till you begin to laugh.

DEBURAU

I'm smiling already, you see.

DOCTOR

Good. In anticipation!
There's half the battle won.

DEBURAU

Thanks for your visit.

DOCTOR

You'll have well repaid it
If you make Deburau cure you.

DEBURAU

And do you divide the fee?

DOCTOR

Ah, no, professional etiquette
Forbids that to be done.
But, my dear sir, half
A doctor's reputation
Is made by such collaboration.
Science needs all the help that she can get,
So I shall quite contentedly
Let him work the cure if I take the credit.

(CHARLES *comes back.*)

DEBURAU

Show the doctor out.

(CHARLES *takes the* DOCTOR *into the passage and then returns.*)

DEBURAU

He's right.
That's the way.
What have you been about?

CHARLES

I've been to the theater. I saw . . .

DEBURAU

Well?

CHARLES

"Pierrot on the See-Saw."

DEBURAU

What are they playing tonight?

CHARLES

They're reviving "Old Clo'."

DEBURAU

Who plays my part?

CHARLES

Legrand.

DEBURAU

Who did you say?

CHARLES

Legrand.

DEBURAU

Does he indeed! That's a poor sort of a joke.
Give me my hat, give me my cloak,
Don't stand and stare!
Run on and tell them I'll be there
And ready to start.
I fear Legrand's prospects are hardly bright.
I play tonight!

ACT IV

The scene is again the stage of the Funambules Theater, but the real audience in place of looking

over the heads of the mimic audience toward the mimic stage is looking through the wings at a performance of "Old Clo'" now in progress. The mimic audience is presumed to be sitting off-stage to the right. "There is a full house, but the audience is fidgety. Deburau is no longer the same actor, he seems to have lost his charm and power. He is making strenuous efforts to be amusing without any success. He hesitates and makes one mistake after another. The audience very palpably begins to weary of him and presently a hiss is heard. From that there swells in a very few minutes a horrible noise of booing and catcalling."

In the wings the actors are standing, discussing in excited whispers the pitifulness of Deburau's failure. "Deburau pauses in his part and then slowly draws near the footlights. He makes an appealing gesture to the audience and silence falls. Deburau does attempt to speak, but he cannot utter a single word. So he tells his audience by a few simple gestures that he is ill, that he can't go on, that he has played for the last time. He asks their forgiveness; he says good-by. By this time there is dead silence in the house. Deburau's tears are falling. He makes his last gesture, slowly, sadly kissing his hand. Suddenly the curtain falls."

Now Deburau has gone to his dressing room and the actors are swarming over the deserted stage excitedly mixing their sympathy for the unhappy actor with their wonder of what's to happen. Bertrand, the manager, is particularly disturbed.

BERTRAND

. . . But what 'll it cost *me*, this catastrophe?
We've to open again in an hour or so,
And, I ask you, how can we? What can we do?
What's to be played, and who's to play it?
Why the devil didn't I have him turned

Out of the theater! I'm sorry to say it.
He has had his triumphs. But this last trophy
Breaks the back of my poor old show.
It's a death blow!

The barker brings in the poster bearing Deburau's name, and sighs as he pins it up, preparatory to its being changed.

BERTRAND

Well, what did they make of it?

THE BARKER

Who?

BERTRAND

Who, by
Heaven, who d'you think I mean, you booby?
The audience. What had *they* to say?

THE BARKER

Nothing! They just walked out and away
Without a word, with nothing to say,
Sorry.

BERTRAND

Sorry?

THE BARKER

Yes, and sad,
And enough to make 'em sad and sorry.
For they won't see him again,
Nor, you may add,
Anyone like him in a hurry.
So out they were walking into the rain . . .

BERTRAND

Is it raining?

THE BARKER

. . . Some of their faces were wet . . .
Saying their good-by in a dumb show,
Just as Deburau had taught them to.
Often he's made 'em laugh . . .

BERTRAND

Once too often!

THE BARKER

Well, the once too often made 'em cry.
This is a day they won't forget.

But the show must go on. Bertrand must find another actor. Wouldn't it be better to close for a night? The actors ask it. "What do you think theatres were made for?" demands Bertrand. "There are twenty stalls booked and paid for! And you suppose I'm going to close!"

ROBILLARD

Then change the play. You can't do less
Than that, in decency.

BERTRAND

I won't, that's flat.
Legrand goes on.

(*As* BERTRAND *goes to take down the poster* DEBURAU *enters.*)

LEGRAND

D'you want to play tonight?

DEBURAU
Never again.
Don't be afraid.

BERTRAND
Well, someone must, that's plain.
(CHARLES, JUSTINE, LAPLACE *and* HONORINE *have come on.*)

DEBURAU
Well, someone shall.
Let my name be.

BERTRAND
This is nonsensical.

DEBURAU
Well, then, let me . . .
At least let me put it right
In my own way.
Wait, and you'll see.

BERTRAND
You can't play and not play.

DEBURAU
Are you sure? If I just add a C, a capital C?
There (*He does so.*) That's enough to efface me
And it gives you Monsieur Charles Deburau to replace me.

CHARLES
Father.

BERTRAND
Your boy?

DEBURAU
If you please.

BERTRAND

But . . .

DEBURAU

Don't worry. The contract can wait till one sees
What he's worth. Or you can give him my first.
Eight francs a week; that wasn't the worst
Bargain that you ever made, my friend, was it?
Charles, Monsieur Bertrand engages you
At eight francs a week.

BERTRAND

But he's a child!

DEBURAU

Think how a leading part ages you.
I was just his age when you took me on.

BERTRAND

But you supered.

DEBURAU

So I did.
And you told me I'd never learn how to speak
And I never have. How I drove you wild.
How you wept and how you chided.
A great experience; he ought not to lose it.
And if I were thinking of him alone . . .!
But there's tonight and the theater's credit. We
Have that to think of, have we not?
And, besides, let's allow for heredity;
I never had the father he's got.

Finally, after much urging, the manager agrees to let the youthful Charles play the part and Deburau will prompt him. The make-up things are sent for, the black stick, the rouge, the powder; the tattered hat with the broad brim and the same dress that

the father wore the night of his first success. As he makes up the face of the boy, Deburau counsels him.

DEBURAU

Now, pay attention if you please.
Get this firmly fixed in your head,
Acting's as easy as shelling peas,
If . . . Tell me now and tell me truly
Are you nervous about tonight?
Oh, of course, I know that you'll duly
Say that you are. But are you in a real fright?

CHARLES

I . . .

DEBURAU

Truly now, I said.

CHARLES

Yes, I am. I'm terrified . . .!

DEBURAU

As he should be, he's terrified.
But that's our own affair—
The audience doesn't want a share.
(*To* CHARLES)
Shake in your shoes in your dressing room;
Feel sure you've forgotten
Your part; that you're rotten
In what you remember. Turn so pale
That rouge won't redden you. Be certain you'll fail.
Walk forth as a criminal walks to his doom—
But, once on the scene—
Once the bell starts to ring and the curtain to rise,
Let your fright fly away with it up to the flies.
Once you're over the brink
If you must think of yourself at all, think

You're the greatest actor the world's ever seen!
Now, remember this. Play light,
And be simple; be sincere,
But never be trite.
And never, oh never
Try to be—or to seem—too clever.
What you mean, when you do it, must of course be quite clear.
And it must seem quite clear what you're *going* to do.
For an audience must always feel sure of you,
Yet, when you do it, it must seem accidentally done.
. . . . . .
Now, as to our dumb show, always do
Whatever comes most naturally to you.
. . . . . .
If you want to convey "What a pretty girl"
Think it and do
Whatever comes into your head to do.
If it's madness or love,
That you're frightened, or pleased, that your head's in a whirl,
Think, think *hard*, think *intensely*
That you are in love, or in a fright.
Then, when you can't keep still any longer,
When your feeling grows stronger
Than you are, still hold yourself tensely
And steep yourself in it
For the millionth part of a minute,
Then . . . let yourself go,
And it'll come right.
Don't copy me,
Don't copy anyone.
A professor
Of acting can only teach you his faults,
But—let me see—
There may be one
Or two tricks. To become the possessor

Of these . . . it's as simple as turning somersaults!

. . . . . .

Remember the actor's calling
Is the finest in the world.
Is it sometimes a little galling
When, with lip politely curled
And a supercilious smirk,
You are told to your face
That the theater has no place
Among important things?
I tell you, it's an art,
That has its springs
In the heart
Of all womankind.
So when the world's wiseacres slight it, never mind.
And the triumph of triumphs to hold
A whole house breathless, to mold
Them to tears or to laughter!
Would I sell that power for a king's
Ransom? Picture it now.
The curtain has risen.
For a moment after,
Silence. Row upon row,
So silent you'd swear you could hear the shakings
Of the earrings that bedizen
That lady there.
Or the manager as he absconds with your share
Of the evening's takings.
All of a sudden you fling
Across the footlights to them
Some trivial thing
That takes their fancy.
Then it begins.
A whisper they sway to, a rhythm.
First it's only a smile you can see,
Like a ripple that has just
Been raised by that tiny gust

Of laughter. But the laughter will keep growing
Till a gale of it is blowing.

. . . . . .

Let them look down
On you, call you a clown.
Let the great world neglect and forget you. Who cares?
It does the same
To all its other benefactors.
You get your pay and more than your pay
If just for a little you draw the breath
Of that glory that passes so quickly away,
Popularity.
Only one thing is better and that's too great a rarity!
If you've tasted that life you need never feel
Starved, till you come to your final meal
With death.

(*He now turns* CHARLES *to the audience dressed like himself.*)

Ladies and gentlemen, my successor,
Latest recruit to your ranks.
Please to give him a sympathetic
Welcome. My sincerest thanks.
He is to be my best performance
And my last, that's certain.
Here I stand prophetic,
"A greater succeeds a lesser."
I finish; he's ready to commence.
Prompter, ring up the curtain.

For a little the rehearsal continues on the open stage and then Bertrand agrees to give Charles his chance. "We're in for it," he sighs to the barker; "you'll have to beat the big drum for the youngster. Tell 'em this is the very latest bit of talent picked from amongst a crowd of competitors put in the shade by him." The actors gather round to congratulate Charles. The young women of the company are

particularly solicitous. Deburau notices this. It is the last of the reminiscent calls upon his past.

DEBURAU

Charles, come here.
Are you losing your heart?
Oh, don't fear
I'll take that in bad part.
But, for a minute more, listen to me.
I look back over my life,
Its failures and successes,
Its impotence and strife;
Now at the end of it, this is
The lesson I've learned by heart.
There are two unfading things,
Love and Art.
And not so regretfully
I see them today take wings;
I've had my share of both in a way.
But if you've heard me say
Love was all that counted,
I was wrong.
Love without art amounted
To something for a season;
But it can't hold you long.
Art without love? That's rhyme without reason.
No, you must strive
To hold them each by a hand,
If you want to understand
What life is innermostly;
If you want to be
Both happy and alive.
Tonight you may make your first success;
If you do, there'll be many more to follow.
Do you think they'll be enough to content you?
Do you think the applause will never sound hollow?
Do you think that is all the good God meant you

To have when he gave you the heart of a man
In the skin of an actor? Gather life's joys while you
can;
Life's sorrows, life's dangers;
It's your birthright to know them.
A man's life, nothing less!
Give your audience whole-heartedly all that you owe
them;
But remember that, friends as they are, they are
strangers,
And while their applauding still echoes above you
Find someone to love . . . and, oh, someone to love you.

Outside, the voice of the barker is heard above the interruptions of the gathering crowd: "Gentlemen and ladies, our trade is to amuse you; and tonight we offer something new, a new Pierrot, to take the place of our world-famed Deburau." . . . Inside, the father and son stand in the wings, listening. "Gentlemen, does it take you so long to guess?" queries the barker; "who could be as great a success as Deburau, and the possessor of all his secrets; who, but one? His son! We present you tonight with his son and successor."

CHARLES
Father, what lies he's telling! What a shame!

DEBURAU
Hush! That's how he earns his money.

CHARLES
Let me stop him.

DEBURAU
No, no!

CHARLES
But how could I ever earn half your fame?

DEBURAU
Who knows? The public is so funny!

Again the barker: "Playgoers of Paris—the performance is just about to begin, and he who tarries stands a very good chance of not getting in." Slowly the curtains close. The lights are lowered. From the auditorium of the mimic theater within a theater comes the sounds of the new audience shuffling its way to its seats. The stage director's warning signals are heard. The mimic audience is quieted. There is the swish of the curtain as it rises. The new Pierrot is about to enter. The old Pierrot stands in the prompter's place—looking on, sadly, hopefully, anxiously, expectantly—until the curtain shuts him from view.

"THE FIRST YEAR"

An American Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Frank Craven

THE outstanding comedy success of this particular season was this fine comedy written by Frank Craven. A week after its production at the Little Theater the night of October 20, 1920, it was practically impossible to buy seats for the succeeding three months, and by the end of two weeks the theater had been sold out for the season. Only the speculators held places in reserve, and their prices were, naturally, exorbitant. In a way this was accounted for by the fact that the Little Theater accommodates only 450 persons, but the result would have been the same if the play had been produced in a standard-sized house, so immediate and so sensational was its success.

"The First Year" is one of those true, homely little comedies which are a perfect blend of character, keenly observed, and the human comedy situation, overlaid with a suggestion of farce. The story, which is a simple one, relates the adventures of a young couple during their first year of married life. It begins in the living room of the Fred Livingstons, in Reading, Ill. Living with the Livingstons are their daughter, Grace, and Mrs. Livingston's brother, Dr. Anderson. Grace, an attractive girl of twenty, is just now worrying a little as to which of her small-town suitors she should marry. The choice has gradually narrowed down to two of them

—Dick Loring, "a good-looking, dark boy, about twenty-three or twenty-four, strong and athletic," and Tommy Tucker, "a plain, quiet, shy and adoring youth." Dick is a civil engineer with good prospects and confident of his ability to make a name for himself. Tommy is in the real-estate business in Reading—and likely to stay in it the rest of his life. Grace craves the romance and adventure that a life with Dick promises, but she is not quite certain, other things being equal, she had not rather marry Tommy. At any rate marrying and settling down in Reading is not her idea of a future to look forward to with enthusiasm. Yet she knows it is the one thing her parents, and particularly her mother, wish her to do. "You mothers are all alike," Dr. Anderson tells Mrs. Livingston, when the family conversation this evening turns again to the possibility of Grace's marrying; "you don't want to lose your children, and yet your great ambition is to see them married and in a home of their own."

DOCTOR — (*to* MRS. LIVINGSTON). Sister, what would you do if Grace told you—without any warning —that's the way you told mother—that she and Dick Loring were to be married and were leaving for the West?

MRS. LIVINGSTON — (*crossing to* GRACE). Grace, you don't mean to tell me you have any such plan?

DOCTOR — Grace isn't telling you at all, sister. I asked you what you'd do in case she told you. Would it upset you?

MRS. LIVINGSTON — You know it would.

DOCTOR — You see what a commotion it is going to cause sometime, Grace. I'd hate to be the one to ask your mother's consent. I haven't the slightest idea what Grace's plans are, sister, I was just wondering what you'd say.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Well, then, you shouldn't say

those things to me, Myron. I thought Grace had really something to confess.

GRACE — Confess? Marrying isn't a crime, is it?

MRS. LIVINGSTON — There isn't any truth in it, is there, Grace?

GRACE — I tell you what you do, mother, you answer uncle's question first. I'd like to know what you'd say.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — I'll not answer any such thing —I don't even want to think of it!

GRACE — Well, you don't want me to be an old maid, do you?

MRS. LIVINGSTON — I wouldn't care if you were! Your father is able to support you. And anyway, Dick Loring is the last boy I'd want to see you married to! He's always been a wild, straying sort — he wouldn't be my choice.

GRACE — Well, I don't know that father would have been mine.

LIVINGSTON — Huh?

GRACE — Well, not from the tin types I've seen of you, dad.

LIVINGSTON — Why, what's the matter with them?

GRACE — Well, you dress better than you did then, I'll say that for you. (*To her mother*) Being an old maid might suit you, mother, but it's never been my idea. I don't want dad to go on supporting me all my life.

LIVINGSTON — Me either.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — You want to work for your living?

GRACE — Not one little bit. I want to be supported, and I want to be a help to the man who supports me, and I want to have children, and I want to plan futures and arrange marriages for them — brave, handsome men for my girls, and beautiful, good women for my boys!

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Grace, do be modest!

DOCTOR — You go right ahead, Grace, and have children — have plenty of them. There is less danger of spoiling them then.

It is Mrs. Livingston's idea that Grace will not find much to satisfy her longing for romance with eight or ten children. Also, at twenty, she is not even old enough to make up her mind what she wants. Which the wise doctor admits. It will take years to accomplish that. Even after Grace marries there will be many times when she will wonder if she has made the right choice, says he. Grace isn't different from other women. Certainly not different from her own mother who — if she will confess the truth — will admit that there were times in her own early married life when she was almost ready to leave her husband, just because they had quarreled over some silly little thing — a statement that flusters Mrs. Livingston considerably. Why will some men insist on talking so much —

MRS. LIVINGSTON — (*to* DOCTOR). It wouldn't be so bad if you'd keep to topics you know something about, but when you, a confirmed bachelor, get on the subject of marriage, I should say you were about the poorest authority in the world!

DOCTOR — Not at all! I've never had yellow fever, and yet I can diagnose it. It's the same with marriage. I've studied it — I know the symptoms — the suffering — the treatment — and the cure!

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Why don't you write a book on it?

DOCTOR — It doesn't need a book — only two words — love and forgive.

GRACE — Must the girl forgive the man she marries a lot?

DOCTOR — Oh, indeed she must. If you feel you

can't forgive a man at least three times a week, Grace — never marry! And I want to see you married, whether you live here or in Siberia!

Which leads to Grace's confession to her uncle that she really is worried about her two beaux. Especially now that she has heard Dick Loring is about to leave town on his first big job. If he were in her place, she asks, which of them would he choose?

DOCTOR — They have both asked you?

GRACE — Dick has, heaps of times. Tommy hasn't. I don't believe Tommy ever would ask me — first. He is the kind who would ask mother and father if he could ask me.

DOCTOR — I'm rather in favor of that method.

GRACE — Well, I'm not, and if Tommy ever did that I wouldn't have him under any circumstances.

DOCTOR — And would that make you prefer Dick?

GRACE — Dick is a dear. He's more romantic than any boy in town. He's terribly good looking, too, don't you think?

DOCTOR — To the feminine eyes, I guess he must be.

GRACE — And it's nice to have a good-looking husband. But I like Tommy, too. He's so dependable and obliging. Of course, Tommy isn't good looking.

DOCTOR — No, I don't think you'd ever be jealous over Tommy, and that ought to be a comfortable feeling for a woman.

GRACE — I don't know about that. If I liked him, why shouldn't some other girl? Of course, I don't think Tommy would flirt, and Dick is a terrible flirt. That's what makes him so romantic. Tommy isn't romantic at all. Somehow I can't make up my mind about them. Uncle, what's your opinion?

DOCTOR — Well, I'll tell you. I set Dick's leg once when he had it broken at football, and I could have

wished he was my own son, the way he took it. I hurt him, too! Tommy? I brought Tommy into the world—his folks were two of my dearest friends, and — well, I wish he had been my son, too. And there you are.

GRACE — You're not much help!

DOCTOR — (*rising*). No one could be, Grace. There's only one way to find out.

GRACE — What?

DOCTOR — (*touches her heart*). That — the lovers' bureau of information.

Both Tommy and Dick call that evening, as has been their custom for some weeks past. Dick, who arrives first, is full of his new position and its possibilities and a little more important than usual because of it. Subtly he stresses the adventures it offers, and the chance to see new places. Few of the other fellows in that town will ever get out of it or ever amount to anything in it. That's Dick's opinion. By the time Tommy arrives Grace is terribly interested in Dick and his plans. Tommy sees that and tries a little crudely to make up for the advantage he has lost. But he is drawn into a bridge game with the older people and forced to watch Grace and Dick enjoying their tête-à-tête on the settee. Even when he is dummy he somehow can't succeed in breaking into the conversation. It is an amusing bridge game, but not a complete success. Tommy can't keep his mind on it, for one thing; especially after Grace and Dick walk out on the porch for a breath of air. Finally, when Dr. Anderson is called away, the game is interrupted. Before he goes, however, Tommy manages to have a few words with him alone. He wants to know, for one thing, if the doctor has heard Grace say anything about leaving Reading. The doctor hasn't, but he wouldn't be surprised if Dick were trying to convince

her, even then, that she should. Dick, he reminds Tommy, is attractive to girls, being romantic and all that. Now he and Tommy are more the settled, matter-of-fact, bachelor type— But Tommy won't admit that. He's a little romantic himself, much more than anyone would suspect.

TOMMY — I mean — I'd like to get married sometime.

DOCTOR — Did you ever have a girl in mind that you wanted to marry?

TOMMY — Yes, sir. I have.

DOCTOR — You did, eh?

TOMMY — No — not did, *have!* I've got her in mind now. That's as near as I'll ever get her, I guess.

DOCTOR — Why, who is she?

TOMMY — Are you making fun of me, Doctor?

DOCTOR — You don't mean Grace?

TOMMY — I haven't been calling here night after night to see Mrs. Livingston.

DOCTOR — Well, has Grace refused you?

TOMMY — (*doubtfully*). No — I've never asked her.

DOCTOR — Well, what are you waiting for? She can't say yes if you don't ask her.

TOMMY — (*indicating* DICK *and* GRACE). I'm afraid it's too late now.

DOCTOR — That's no way to talk — try it and find out!

TOMMY — (*suddenly making up his mind*). All right, Doctor, I will! I'll speak to Mr. and Mrs. Livingston right away.

DOCTOR — Good Lord, no — speak to Grace!

TOMMY — To Grace?

DOCTOR — Yes!

TOMMY — How'll I get a chance?

DOCTOR — Make one! And put your heart into it. If you're romantic — be romantic. Don't show you're

afraid! Be bold — go right up to her and grab her — and make her listen to you.

TOMMY — But, Doctor, when you say grab her — you don't mean — *grab* her?

DOCTOR — Yes, I do. Grab her and hold on!

Now Dick has gone, and the Livingstons have straightened up the room and are ready to retire. Perhaps, decides Tommy, this would be a good time to speak to them about Grace. Mr. Livingston's inquiry as to how he is getting along in business gives him the idea. "Why, I'm doing all right, Mr. Livingston," he says, with some enthusiasm. "In fact, I am doing very well, much better than I expected to be doing. You see, I have a business that is certain—it isn't big, but it is certain. I am very glad that you brought up the subject, because, now that you and Mrs. Livingston are here, I would like to speak to you on a matter (GRACE *rises*) I have wanted to speak to you about."

Just then the phone rings. It is Dr. Anderson and he wants to talk to Tommy — wants to remind him of something. After which Tommy decides he will not finish whatever it was he started to say to the Livingstons. They are no sooner out of the room, however, than he does decide that this is the time to "grab" Grace. Seeing that her back is turned toward him, he walks quickly up behind her and throws both arms around her. But, taken by surprise though she is, she gives him a push that sends him sprawling.

GRACE — Why, Tommy — what's the matter with you?

TOMMY — I beg your pardon — forgive me.

GRACE — That isn't a bit like you, Tommy.

TOMMY — I know it isn't!

GRACE — (*laughing*). Tommy, what did uncle call you up about?

TOMMY — He wanted to give me some advice.

GRACE — Oh!

TOMMY — But it wasn't any good.

GRACE — Oh! I had an idea your telephone message had something to do with me. Tommy, what were you going to speak to mother and dad about?

TOMMY — I'd rather not say.

GRACE — Is your business good, Tommy?

TOMMY — Yes — that is, I'm satisfied.

GRACE — That's what Dick said about you tonight — you're satisfied.

TOMMY — He's wrong about that — I'm a long way from being satisfied.

GRACE — He meant with your business and your surroundings.

TOMMY — Oh!

GRACE — Don't you ever feel, though, Tommy, that you'd like to get away — branch out and try your luck with new people in new scenes?

TOMMY — No. Why, would you like to go away, Grace?

GRACE — Indeed I would! I am so tired of the same parties with the same people — same talk — same everything! You don't know how I hate it!

TOMMY — You're a girl — you haven't work to take up your time — and that makes a difference, I guess. Maybe if you had a home of your own — I mean — a home of our own — *that* would keep you busy — and happy!

GRACE — Here?

TOMMY — Yes.

GRACE — Oh, no. It's nerves with me, Tommy. I can't listen to the surf — some people it puts to sleep. I never could practise scales; it drives me mad to sit and go da, da, da, da, da, da, da! I wish I had been a boy! I'd go out and see places and people — get out and do something like Dick!

TOMMY — Like Dick! You and Dick are alike. I suppose that's the sort of a chap you'd marry, Grace.

GRACE — Maybe we wouldn't want to travel to the same places at the same time, though.

TOMMY — I should think any man would do anything you wanted him to.

GRACE — (*looks at him*). All men are not like you, Tommy.

TOMMY — No, if they were, there'd be no Columbuses, no De Sotos or Stanley or Pearys!

GRACE — (*rising*). I wonder what sort of a girl you'll marry, Tommy.

TOMMY — I don't know — now!

GRACE — Why "now"? Did someone refuse you, Tommy?

TOMMY — Practically.

GRACE — Then she hasn't one grain of sense! Who is she, Tommy? (*Crosses to him*) Can you tell me? (*Pause*) Honest, who is it?

TOMMY — You!

GRACE — Me?

TOMMY — Yep!

GRACE — But how can you say I refused you, Tommy? You've — you've never asked me!

TOMMY — I know. I thought you knew — and I spoke about a home of your own.

GRACE — Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY — (*turning away*). I know that whatever I'd offer you wouldn't be attractive enough. For the first time, I wish I was like Loring. But I'm not — I couldn't be!

GRACE — Couldn't you, Tommy?

TOMMY — No, I just couldn't! I'll tell you the truth — While you were out there with Dick tonight, the doctor told me I was all wrong — I ought to be romantic. He told me a lot of things to do. I can't remember all of them, and I couldn't do them if I did.

I was going to speak to your father and mother tonight. I told the doctor I was, and then the telephone rang, and he told me — again — I wasn't to do it. I had forgotten that, too.

GRACE — I thought that was it! Did he tell you Dick and I had a quarrel?

TOMMY — Yes.

GRACE — And the reason?

TOMMY — He didn't have time. He just said be romantic and grab her quick!

GRACE — (*laughing*). You do love me a lot, don't you, Tommy?

TOMMY — Oh, Grace, I can't tell you how much!

GRACE — You don't have to. I wonder if you would marry me if I said — yes?

TOMMY — Grace!

GRACE — Wait! *If* I said "yes"—

TOMMY — Yes!

GRACE — Provided we go away some place to live. I wouldn't marry *any* one and stay here.

TOMMY — All right. Wouldn't it be almost the same if we took a couple of trips every year? Then, when we came back, everything would be practically new!

GRACE — I won't compromise on that, Tommy!

TOMMY — All right. But there is my business, Grace —

GRACE — Haven't you faith enough in yourself to build up another — some other place?

TOMMY — Yes, I guess I could do that! Is that all you ask of me, Grace?

GRACE — That's all, Tommy!

TOMMY — Gee! What a lucky fellow I am!

Tommy is a little flustered by the realization that, after all his worrying, he is at last engaged, but he manages finally to summon the boldness necessary to

seal the bargain with a kiss and to take his rightful place as an engaged man on the arm of Grace's chair. He manages, too, after a conscious effort at being perfectly natural about it, to put his arm around Grace's shoulders.

TOMMY — And you really want to get away from here?

GRACE — Oh yes, Tommy, I want to go to some strange place!

TOMMY — All right. How about Joplin, Missouri?

GRACE — Joplin?

TOMMY — Yes. Do you think you'd like that?

GRACE — Oh, yes.

TOMMY — Well, that's fine, because there's a man out there —

Gradually the light fades. Soon the room (and the theater) are in utter darkness. A clock strikes twelve. The evening has passed. Slowly the lights go up again. Tommy and Grace are sitting in the same position, gazing into each other's eyes.

TOMMY — (*finishing speech*). . . . More than anybody in the world?

GRACE — More than anybody in the world!

MRS. LIVINGSTON (*from head of stairs*). Grace, do you know it's twelve o'clock?

GRACE — Yes, mother.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Has Tommy gone?

GRACE — He's just going! (TOMMY *kisses her and sneaks off. The outside door shuts and his whistle is heard down the street.* GRACE, *humming to herself, turns off the lights and goes up the stairs. When she is halfway up she calls*) — Mother, what do you think?

(*Curtain*)

Act II

A year later Grace and Tommy are settled in their Joplin apartment. It is a cozy little apartment, but small, and they are obliged to use a corner of the living room as a dining room. Probably, when they are alone, seeing that Grace does all her own work, they take many of their meals in the kitchen. But tonight they are having company and the table is to be set in the larger room. The Barstows are coming. They are strangers to Grace, but Mr. Barstow is a business prospect of Tommy's and both she and Tommy are terribly anxious that everything shall go off all right. Grace is especially worried because the colored woman on whom she had depended to help her has sent word by her daughter, Hattie, that, being laid up with the "misery," she will be unable to come. There is only one thing to do in the emergency and that is to press Hattie into service as a serving maid. Hattie is a willing girl, but she admits that she washes much better than she waits on table, and, despite careful instruction, Grace has a feeling that something is going to happen. However, she can only hope for the best. It is almost time for dinner and she still has to set the table and change her clothes.

Grace's irritability, which has been increasing of late, is not helped any by Tommy's arrival from the office. He, too, is nervous and a little dismayed to find the dinner no farther along than it is. He offers to help, but he only gets in the way and Grace finally asks him to leave things alone.

Tommy — Aren't you feeling well, dearest?

Grace — How would you feel if you were left without help and had people coming for dinner you had never seen?

TOMMY — Why, they will understand, dear, and make allowances.

GRACE — Will they? Don't forget one of them is a woman.

TOMMY — I'm sure Mrs. Barstow will. If she is anything like her husband she will, and I haven't told you yet just why I wanted him to have dinner with us tonight —

GRACE — (*putting napkins on table*). Having dinner with us is all right, but why not take them out some place to dinner? It would have been much simpler and no more expensive.

TOMMY — I know, but I wanted Barstow to come here. It's a business reason and a very important one.

GRACE — I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that I might like to go to a restaurant — that I might like a change from this eternal cooking and eating at home. I am honestly so tired of eating food I have watched cook, I'd be willing to make a meal of boiled cabbage if I could go out for it — and I hate cabbage. (*She goes into kitchen.*)

TOMMY — (*goes to door, calls off to her*). I didn't realize you felt that way!

GRACE — (*comes in with water pitcher and fills glasses on table*). That's right, Hattie, take the potatoes off next.

TOMMY — Well then, tomorrow night you go out to dinner, and we won't eat boiled cabbage either. Go any place you say and have anything you want. How's that?

GRACE — I'll see how I feel. (TOMMY *drinks from glass on table.*) Tommy! I just filled that! You'd better hurry now and get dressed!

TOMMY — What do you mean by get dressed?

GRACE — Just what I say. You're not going to sit down to dinner looking like that!

TOMMY — But you don't mean my full dress suit?

GRACE — Certainly I do.

TOMMY — (*almost crying*). Oh, I don't have to do that, Grace! Nobody dresses for dinner in Joplin!

GRACE — Now listen, Tommy! It's bad enough to have to invite people to little cramped quarters like these, and we can't help it if they think we can't afford better. But at least we are not going to act in a way to make them think we don't *know* any better. So hurry up!

TOMMY — All right, if you want me to, but I never feel comfortable in them.

GRACE — That's because you don't wear them enough. You ought to be glad you have something to wear — it's more than I have.

Tommy has some trouble dressing. The only dress shirt he can find has three holes for studs, and he has only two studs. But Grace can't bother with such things now. He will have to let it bulge. If he hadn't been so careful to tell her once that he wished she would quit messing around in his things she might have known about his shirts. Just now she has about all one person can do to get the dinner on the table and explain to Hattie that when she asked her if she had "seeded the melon" she did not mean had she seen them, but had she taken out the seeds. About which time there is a crash in the kitchen and Grace knows that her best vegetable dish—the one that was a wedding present—is gone. That is almost the last straw, and Tommy realizes that something must be done if the situation is to be saved.

TOMMY — I'm sorry!

GRACE — What's the use of being sorry, Tommy? I'm sorry too, but it doesn't help matters.

TOMMY — It's always darkest before dawn.

GRACE — So they say. But we've had a long arctic night.

TOMMY — I know, but we're going to have a whole life of sunshine now.

GRACE — (*comes to* TOMMY). What do you mean?

TOMMY — Well, I don't want to tell you yet. I want to surprise you.

GRACE — Good news?

TOMMY — Yes.

GRACE — You'll surprise me all right. What is it?

TOMMY — I'll tell you later.

GRACE — (*pushes* TOMMY *in chair*). Tommy Tucker, I won't budge from this spot until you tell me what it is!

TOMMY — (*tries to get up. Seeing that she means it*). Well, we're going to be rich.

GRACE — (*sits on his lap*). Tommy!

TOMMY — Yes, we are!

GRACE — Who died?

TOMMY — Nobody. I'm making it myself!

GRACE — Tell me!

TOMMY — Do you remember my telling you about a piece of property — where the amusement park was going to be?

GRACE — Yes.

TOMMY — Well, for the last six months I have been buying options on all those lots around there until I have gotten control of the whole thing, pretty nearly.

GRACE — Well?

TOMMY — I did that because I heard on good authority — well I'll tell you. You've heard me speak of a fellow named Doane, who used to be confidential secretary to the president of the road?

GRACE — Wait a minute — president of what road?

TOMMY — Of the railroad — Joplin and Missouri railroad — A. J. Frisbee is president of the Joplin and Missouri railroad.

GRACE — All right — who is Doane?

TOMMY — Doane was his private secretary — and Doane told me that the railroad was going to build a spur line, and that the route they'd take would be one that would pass right over the property I am telling you about.

GRACE — I don't see it yet.

TOMMY — Well, railroads can't just go out and be a railroad, can they? They have to buy the property before they can put their tracks down, don't they?

GRACE — I suppose so.

TOMMY — And if they get the land they have to buy from the man who owns the land, don't they?

GRACE — I see! I see! You don't have to tell me. Oh, Tommy, you wonderful thing! (*Then doubtfully*) Are you sure they'll buy it?

TOMMY — (*with a smile of great assurance*). Well, here is what I didn't want to tell you—the man who is coming here tonight is the purchasing agent for the road.

GRACE — Oh!

TOMMY — He and I have had half a dozen talks. The day before yesterday I gave him a two-day option at a certain price.

GRACE — Yes?

TOMMY — (*after a pause during which he has looked at her questioningly*). You didn't pay attention to what I said — I said, the day before yesterday I gave him a two-day option — he's got to say something tonight.

GRACE — How much are you going to charge him, Tommy?

TOMMY — How much do you think?

GRACE — I don't know.

TOMMY — Guess!

GRACE — I couldn't.

TOMMY — A hundred thousand dollars!

GRACE — No — I mean really, Tommy!

TOMMY — That's the price.

GRACE — Oh, Tommy! Why do you ask so much?

TOMMY — Because they've got to have it. If I had the nerve to hold out I might get more.

GRACE — (*in ecstasy*). A hundred thousand dollars! Oh, Tommy, if you get it, it means London, Paris — clothes! (*With reproach*) And you told me to buy *a* dress! I'll buy a dozen of them!

TOMMY — You bet you will! We are through with all this economizing. You know why I haven't said buy this or let's spend this — it was because everything I could scrape together I needed to buy those options. Do you know that we haven't one cent to our names at the present time?

GRACE — No?

TOMMY — Not a cent! I broke the last ten dollars I had this morning — I even took your Liberty bond, Grace.

GRACE — Tommy Tucker — you didn't do that!

TOMMY — Yes, I did, Grace. You said it was there in case of need, and I needed it. You don't mind, do you, dear?

GRACE — No — not if you are going to make a lot of money.

TOMMY — And I am — barrels! Barstow — say, you go and get dressed — they'll be here any moment now.

GRACE — Goodness, I forgot all about them. (*Starts to go, then turns and embraces him*). Oh, Tommy, I'm so proud of you.

Everything goes swimmingly for a little while. Tommy not only induces Hattie to stay (she was prepared to leave after the incident of the vegetable dish) but he borrows a flask of gin from her (the gin she was taking home to her mammy with the misery) and tells her to make some orange blossom cocktails with it —

two weak ones for himself and Grace, and two strong ones for the Barstows. Then he goes to finish his dressing.

The Barstows are pleasant people, he a typical business man, she a little flashy, but friendly. The cocktails make a bit hit with them—with Mr. Barstow at least. He hasn't had such another drink since he left Texas. Mrs. Barstow suspects she has been poisoned, but makes the best of it, and the dinner is soon under way, with Hattie carefully watching her steps and trying to remember to go to the left of the guests each time. She makes only one mistake. Starting in with the soup she remembers suddenly that the melons were to be served first and promptly turns around and exits. "Well," remarks the plain-spoken Mrs. Barstow, "that course is all over." Under the warming influence of the cocktail Mr. Barstow is willing to be communicative. When the subject of the amusement-park property is introduced—a little undiplomatically by Grace, who, wifelike just can't help talking about it—he admits that he has decided to take up the option, and at Tommy's price. The Tuckers, naturally, are in a "delirium of joy," but they try not to show it too much — and just then the door bell rings. That breaks the tension, and a surprise follows. The caller is Dick Loring. Grace lets him in, and gives vent to a little of the happiness the thought of Tommy's success has given her by throwing her arms about Dick's neck and greeting him with a show of affection that does not exactly please Tommy.

Dick explains that he is just passing through town, that he had a few minutes to spare and, naturally, wanted to see his old friends. He has been traveling a lot of late, but is settled now; just been appointed assistant to the head of the construction department of the Joplin and Missouri road. Mr. Barstow is

particularly glad to meet Mr. Loring, seeing that they are to be associated with the same road.

BARSTOW — We've been hearing some very fine things about you, Mr. Loring.

GRACE — I'm sure you have. We all knew Dick would give a good account of himself, didn't we, Tommy?

TOMMY — Nobody would give a better account of *himself* than Dick.

DICK — Well, of course, I will admit luck has broken for me.

BARSTOW — You come to us with the reputation of being a pretty good judge where judgment is needed.

DICK — Well, the answer to it is that I am holding down a very good position. And I have had even better offers. How have you been doing, Tommy?

TOMMY — Oh, I'm making out all right.

GRACE — Making out all right! He's doing splendidly, Dick! Tommy is going to be a rich man!

DICK — Tommy rich? Is that so?

GRACE — Yes, Tommy's sold —

TOMMY — Never mind!

GRACE — Tommy has a big piece of property the railroad is going to buy to build a new road.

DICK — Oh, that new spur line?

TOMMY — Yes.

DICK — Good boy, Tommy.

GRACE — Tommy has been awfully clever about it. It was an old amusement park, and Tommy found out that —

DICK — Amusement park? Out by Hillsboro?

TOMMY — No, not by Hillsboro, Knollwood. Great Scott, Hillsboro is thirty-five miles south of here.

DICK — So you are going to sell the railroad property in Knollwood, are you?

TOMMY — Yes, and now that you're connected with the road, I may charge them more for it.

GRACE — Tommy!

DICK — Is that what you're counting on to make you rich?

TOMMY — Oh, I have other interests.

DICK — I'm glad of that!

GRACE — Why, Dick?

DICK — Because Knollwood's not where the road's to be built at all.

GRACE — Oh, Tommy!

TOMMY — Oh, what?

GRACE — Did you hear what he said?

TOMMY — Certainly, I heard what he said. What does he know about it?

DICK — Well, I ought to know something — I'm going to construct it!

Dick convinces Mr. Barstow, at least, that he knows what he is talking about and Barstow is inclined to withdraw what he said about taking up the option on Tommy's holdings. Tommy suspects a frame-up, and says so. Probably Loring was told to come in at that moment to help Barstow drive a sharper bargain for the property. Which establishes a feeling of unpleasantness that even Tommy's later apology cannot allay. The Barstows retire, if not in high dudgeon, at least greatly peeved. Dick goes with them and Tommy and Grace face their first big disappointment and their first serious quarrel. Tommy is hurt that Grace should believe what Loring has said rather than what he, her husband, has told her. Grace is disappointed in Tommy, both because of the way he acted toward the Barstows and Dick Loring and because this last experience seems to prove that he will never amount to anything, even as certain of her friends warned her.

"I guess we'll always be just nothing, Tommy,"

she says; "always live in flats — I'll do my own cooking and make my own dresses, and you'll always wear clothes that don't fit and shirts that bulge in front. . . . You are going to be one of those well-meaning, almost-get-there men, and we'll have to put on a brave front to our friends and say, 'we're doing very well,' just as we had to say to Dick tonight . . ."

"Is that so?" Tommy counters. "Well, I'm just a little bit tired of hearing what Mr. Loring thinks, and for two pins I'd go over to his hotel and tell him what I think of him! . . ." One cutting remark leads to another, as they will in family quarrels, and suddenly Grace bolts into the bedroom. When she emerges she is dressed for the street and carries a bag and umbrella. Tommy looks at her in astonishment as she starts putting on her gloves.

TOMMY — Where are you going?

GRACE — I'm going home!

TOMMY — You — why — don't be silly!

GRACE — I'm not silly! I can't stand it, Tommy. If I stay here any longer my nerves will just go like that — (*snaps fingers*) — that's all. I'm going to get that ten o'clock train and go home.

TOMMY — You take those things off, because you're not going to do any such thing!

GRACE — I'm not, eh?

TOMMY — No, you're not. (*Goes to her*) You're not going to leave this house!

GRACE — (*turning to him*). What did you say?

TOMMY — I said you'll not leave this — flat.

GRACE — What's going to prevent me?

TOMMY — I am!

GRACE — Oh no, you won't!

TOMMY — I won't, eh? Well, you try and see! (GRACE *picks up bag and umbrella, starts for door.* TOMMY *gets in front of her*) Don't be foolish now, Grace.

GRACE — Get out of my way, please! (TOMMY *still blocks the way*) Don't! Don't you hold me that way, Tommy Tucker! You're hurting me!

TOMMY — (*releasing her*). I didn't mean to hurt you, but you shouldn't have tried to leave when I said not to!

GRACE — You are not giving orders to me!

TOMMY — I'm not going to give Dick the satisfaction of busting up our home!

GRACE — Dick Loring has nothing to do with it at all, and don't you even dare suggest it! I have tried to be everything a wife should be to you, but you're just impossible, that's all, and I want to go home to my mother!

TOMMY — The trouble with you is that you're train crazy — that's all! There isn't one good reason in the world for your going like this, except that you want to go some place.

GRACE — That's just about as sensible as some things you say!

TOMMY — Well, it's so! You wouldn't get married unless you left town. When I told you I was going to make some money, the first thing you thought about was a train or boat and traveling. You can't stay still for five minutes.

GRACE — (*dropping bag and umbrella*). I can't stay still? I've stayed still in this stuffy little flat, in this dirty little city, with no one to talk to and nothing to do but cook and sew for you for eleven months.

TOMMY — Well, I never wanted to come to Joplin!

GRACE — Yes, you did! You said you could do business here. Well, you have done it — and what a business you have done! A master stroke!

TOMMY — If you'll keep quiet for one minute I want to have just one last word with you. Of course I don't expect to have it — an echo is the only thing

that could do that — but understand this, if you go out that door — you and I are through!

GRACE — (*picks up bag and umbrella, rises, and goes to door*). Of course we are!

TOMMY — I mean it!

GRACE — I hope you do — so do I! (*Opens door*) Good-bye!

TOMMY — Good-bye!

Tommy stands for a moment listening after Grace has slammed the door. "My God, she did it — " he mutters. He sees a cocktail on the tray and drinks it at a gulp. "All right," he mumbles to himself, "let's see how far she'll go with it. I'll bet I can be just as obstinate as she is!" He drinks another cocktail, and is beginning to show a little of the effect as he talks to an imaginary Grace. "If you had said to me — Tommy, you are wrong, Tommy, you are all wrong, very likely I'd have said I knew it. But not when you speak to me that way — No, sir! Let me ask you — haven't I been a good husband? I've tried to be thoughtful and considerate, and you know I haven't even looked at another woman! I couldn't have thrown my arms around a man who wasn't my husband, if I'd been a wife, the way you did! I wouldn't do that! But *you* did, and that's what hurts — it hurts me here. You don't know how it hurt me, Grace!"

HATTIE — (*enters from the kitchen.*) I've been waiting for the longest time for the bell to ring!

TOMMY — The bell's rung, and they've counted ten — and everybody's out!

Hattie is sympathetic, and also anxious. Mr. Tucker shouldn't be drinking them warm cocktails. Let her mix him another one. Good! agrees Thomas. Let her mix a pitcherful! The door bell rings. "Now,

Tommy," mutters Tommy, "be a man an' jus' forgive her — after all, she's only a woman!" He throws open the door — and there stands Barstow. He has come back, he explains, to correct a little mistake that Loring had made. He (Barstow) had telephoned the president of the Joplin and Missouri and had discovered that Mr. Loring did not know what he was talking about. The road was going through the amusement park, just as they had thought.

BARSTOW — So that arrangement of ours is all right!

TOMMY — It is, is it? Who told you all that?

BARSTOW — Well, isn't it? You agreed to sell.

TOMMY — And you agreed to buy, but you renigged!

BARSTOW — Oh no, I didn't! I went out to telephone and see if you weren't right.

TOMMY — Not if I weren't — if Loring was.

BARSTOW — Well, put it that way!

TOMMY — And if he had been, you'd have said the deal's all off, and as long as he was wrong, I say the deal's all off!

BARSTOW — You have given me your word that you'd sell at a price, and I think you ought to stand on your word. Now, here is a certified check I brought with me tonight for twenty-five thousand — that ought to be enough proof of my intentions when I came here —

TOMMY — When you came here — yes!

BARSTOW — I'll give you the other seventy-five thousand when the deeds are made over.

TOMMY — That's only a hundred thousand.

BARSTOW — Well, that was your price!

TOMMY — It was. But when you left so abruptly the price jumped fifty thousand dollars.

BARSTOW — I won't pay it!

TOMMY — All right!

BARSTOW — (*picks up check, puts on hat*). Is that the best you'll do?

TOMMY — (*rises.*) What time is it?

BARSTOW — Not quite nine o'clock.

TOMMY — (*looks at watch*). That's right. It's nearer to-morrow than when I made the price, so it's only a hundred and twenty-five!

BARSTOW — But I say —

TOMMY — Want it? Because if you don't I'll take it out and sell it tomorrow to somebody who will sting you good.

BARSTOW — All right, a hundred and twenty-five thousand.

TOMMY — All right.

BARSTOW — All right.

. . . . . .

BARSTOW — You're a tough customer to do business with tonight.

TOMMY — I'm a smart business man. And I'd be smarter if I drank more. Think I'm smart?

BARSTOW — I think you are!

TOMMY — You bet your life I am. I'm going to be rich! I'm going to have a big house with lots of servants and a railroad track running all around the house with an engine and a Pullman car so my wife can travel any time she wants to, and everything's going to fit me — the only thing I'll wear that won't be made to measure will be an umbrella!

With Barstow gone Tommy gazes ruefully at the certified check for $25,000. "Loring 'll have to work fourteen years for that — and Grace doesn't think I'm as smart as that un'erling. When I tell her this —" Then he realizes that he can't tell Grace, because Grace has gone. Hattie has put on her street clothes and is leaving. She is at least someone to talk to.

TOMMY — . . . Sit down, Hattie, sit here — you'll be more confortable. Go on, sit down! (HATTIE

sits) See that? That's a check for twenty-five thousand dollars, certified!

HATTIE — Mmmmmmm! Sweet money!

TOMMY — And I'd give that to Mrs. Tucker to do what she pleased with if she was here this minute. I'm only a man, Hattie; that's all, jus' a man, who wants to love and be loved, who makes mistakes and gets jealous, and who does everything a man does, and she ought to forgive and make up, and I'd forgive her. But she didn't. She jus' lef' me!

HATTIE — That's too bad, Mr. Tucker.

TOMMY — And she was warned! She knew it was going to be difficul' the first year. It wasson as though she hadn't been told. Everybody said to her, Grace, control yourself, 'cause the first year of married life is the toughest spot two people can be placed in — and they were right.

HATTIE — Yes, Mr. Tucker. Well, I guess I'll be going.

TOMMY — Are you married?

HATTIE — Not yet.

TOMMY — Oh, you gonner be.

HATTIE — I gotta offer.

TOMMY — Then, as a ole married man, Hattie, let me give you a piece of advice — don't get married until the second year!

HATTIE — Yes, Mr. Tucker.

Tommy gets Grace's picture from the desk. He has put a record on the phonograph. He is gazing sorrowfully at the picture as the phonograph wails Tosti's "Good-bye, forever!"

ACT III

The scene is again the Livingstons' living room in Reading. It is Sunday morning. The church bells

are ringing and Mrs. Livingston is trying to get Mr. Livingston to hurry that they may not be late. She has also been trying to induce Grace to go to church, but Grace has other things to do. She wants to write a letter to Tommy, for one thing. There is something funny, Mrs. Livingston insists, about Grace's attitude toward Tommy, but she can't get anything out of her. She has been home five days now, and —

GRACE — What is it you want to know?

MRS. LIVINGSTON — I'd like to know why you reached home at three o'clock in the morning, and why you've kept in the house the whole week, and why you're so dumb about all that's happened since you've lived in Joplin.

GRACE — Haven't I told you, and told you — and told you — that I missed my connection at St. Louis! I didn't let you know I was coming because I thought it would be fun to surprise you, and I've stayed in the house because I'm not feeling well. And I think it's just horrid of you to keep on asking me questions all the time. And if I'm not welcome in my own parents' home — I can leave. (*She runs crying out of the room and up the stairs.*)

Mrs. Livingston calls her husband's attention to the strange behavior of their daughter. She's sure something has happened. "They've lost all their money, Fred. I'm sure of it." And if that is so the only thing they, her parents, can do is to help them. Perhaps they can buy Tommy's real estate business back for him. Perhaps they can, agrees father. He'll suggest it. But when he does Grace is not at all agreeable. She couldn't do that — she *couldn't* ask Tommy to come back. But, suggests Mr. Livingston, a little angered by this attitude, he didn't see her married with any idea of leaving her husband and coming back

for her father to support! To which Grace replies spiritedly, that she had never asked him to support her, and never would. "I won't stay in this house another day," she cries. "Do you understand? Not another day!"

At which juncture Dr. Anderson, returning from a doctors' convention, enters the room.

DOCTOR — Here, here, here — what's all this?

GRACE — Oh!

DOCTOR — Why, Gracie, what on earth is the matter?

GRACE — Oh, Uncle Myron! (*Throws her arms around his neck and bursts into violent sobbing.*)

LIVINGSTON — Get her to stop that, will you, Myron? I didn't think I was going to upset her like that. Tell her I didn't mean it.

DOCTOR — There, there, Gracie, take it easy. . . . Goodness, I never heard you cry like this before in my life.

GRACE — (*between sobs*). Oh, Uncle, I'm so glad you're back — so glad!

DOCTOR — So am I! Now, what is it, Gracie? What is it? Tell me all about it!

GRACE — There was something I wanted to tell you! I wanted to tell you when I came home, but you weren't here.

DOCTOR — What is it, Gracie? (GRACE *whispers in his ear*) God bless you, Gracie!

The doctor changes the subject as the Livingstons enter. They ask him about the convention. It didn't amount to much, he tells them. He would have been home earlier, but he stopped off to visit some friends — some friends in Joplin. Did he see Tommy? Oh, yes — he saw Tommy. Was Tommy all right? demands Grace, suddenly interested. Well, no — Tommy wasn't exactly all right. He found an ambulance

had taken Tommy to the hospital the day before he arrived — Something he had eaten — or drunk — seemed to have poisoned him.

GRACE — (*excitedly*). Where's a time-table?

DOCTOR — (*secretly pleased*). Now don't let it upset you, Grace. He isn't in any danger at all.

GRACE — (*examining time-table*). But I've got to get to him — I've got to! You know all about it, don't you, Uncle?

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Know about what?

GRACE — My leaving him.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — What?

GRACE — Yes, that's the truth, mother!

MRS. LIVINGSTON — You quarreled — with *Tommy?*

GRACE — Not quarreled — *fought!* And then we separated — forever. And I was a miserable wretch to do it. Because Tommy 'd just had a great disappointment, and he'd lost everything! And I'd no right to leave him at a time like that. And I'm ashamed of myself, and I'm going back to him and tell him so — that's what I'm going to do — Five fifty-seven.

LIVINGSTON — (*in a loud voice*). Well, I'll be damned!

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Fred!

LIVINGSTON — Well, I will! Did you see this?

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Oh, do stop, Fred! We can't be bothered about the paper now.

LIVINGSTON — It's about Tommy!

MRS. LIVINGSTON — In the paper?

LIVINGSTON — Yes!

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Read it!

LIVINGSTON — Joplin boy makes a coup.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Makes a what?

LIVINGSTON — Well then, coop — whatever you call it. — French for clean-up.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Read it!

LIVINGSTON — (*reading*). The Joplin and Missouri railroad has purchased the Amusement Park and will at once start laying tracks for its new line. The largest price paid to any one holder was one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to Thomas Tucker, of Reading. Thomas Tucker is the son-in-law of our distinguished fellow citizen, Mr. Frederick Livingston. (*Hands paper to* MRS. LIVINGSTON *and leans back in his chair with great pomp*).

MRS. LIVINGSTON — Ain't that wonderful? I always said Tommy was a smart boy.

LIVINGSTON — So did I.

MRS. LIVINGSTON — I hope it's all true.

DOCTOR — Oh, it's true, sister — no doubt about that.

LIVINGSTON — This paper generally gets it right. . . . A hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars! (*To* GRACE) You picked a fine time for a fight with him!

Grace can't go back now. She had left Tommy when she thought he had failed; she wouldn't think of going back to him now that he was successful. She is a very unhappy girl at that moment — but voices in the hall arouse her. Maybe Tommy has come for her — But it isn't Tommy. It's Dick Loring again. He has just dropped in — this time to tell them that he had lost his job with the Joplin and Missouri — on account of what he'd said about the spur line — and to ask Grace — and Tommy — please not to say anything about it in Reading. Grace tells him that she and Tommy have separated as a result of what happened the night of the Barstows' visit. "Tommy accused me of lots of things that night," she explains; "of just everything. Why, I've never been spoken to in my life the way he talked to me!"

"Well," answers Dick, "I don't know as I blame

Tommy much for being jealous of you, Grace. Of course there are ways to handle a woman, and Tommy hasn't had enough experience to know. It's too bad, for if ever a fellow deserved an ace — you do!"

He puts his hands on Grace's arms and stands looking at her as Tommy appears in the doorway at back. He is all dressed up in a cutaway coat, gray trousers, patent-leather shoes, and spats. He carries a cane and a box of flowers. He looks at them for a moment, puts his hat on the table and comes down until he is facing them. Suddenly he throws his cane and the flowers on the floor and gives the startled Dick a sound slap in the face. Grace screams and as Tommy turns toward her Dick hits him on the jaw and knocks him down. In another second they are grabbing and hitting at each other wildly. In the mix-up Dick grabs the new cutaway and rips it all the way up the back. Grace is screaming and as Dick turns to quiet her Tommy wheels and kicks him swiftly and with judgment. Now they are in a heap on the floor, with the stronger Dick on top. Grace, whose cries for help have brought no one, seeing Tommy getting the worst of it, pounds Dick savagely on the back; seeing this does no good, she grabs a huge vase and hurls it at the back of Dick's head. But Dick moves his head just then and the vase strikes Tommy and knocks him out. Seeing Tommy limp frightens both of them and Dick runs for the doctor. The doctor soon brings Tommy to, a little dazed and with a nasty cut on the forehead, but otherwise all right.

Doctor — Grace, will you get some water and a cloth — a napkin will do. Go gently, Tommy lad, Grace feels pretty bad about it.

Tommy — I should think she would! That fellow hits an awful blow, Doctor!

DOCTOR — Dick didn't hit you there.
TOMMY — Well, it's all swollen —
DOCTOR — Yes, and cut!
TOMMY — And bleeding. I didn't just break out that way, did I?
DOCTOR — Oh no, you were hit!
TOMMY — I thought so.
DOCTOR — With a vase.
TOMMY — Is that all? It felt like a safe.
DOCTOR — Grace threw it!
TOMMY — She still loves me, then.
DOCTOR — She thought Loring was getting the better of you.
TOMMY — So she thought she'd make sure. I knew I had made a mistake in coming on here with you. You said you had picked the right time for me to see her — that there'd be nobody home, and she'd fall on my neck. You said that, didn't you?
DOCTOR — Yes, Tommy, I said that.
TOMMY — You had the situation diagnosed all wrong, Doctor.

(GRACE *enters with water and cloth.*)

But it is Tommy who has things wrong. He has come, he tells Grace, with all the dignity he can muster, that, "contrary to the opinions expressed by master minds," he was lucky enough to guess right about a certain railroad and he would like her to accept a check to which he believes she is entitled. Grace will have none of his money. Then, agrees Tommy, he will leave it for Mr. Livingston. Good night!

DOCTOR — Before you go, Tommy, there's one question I'd like to ask you?
TOMMY — What is it, Doctor?
DOCTOR — What would you rather be than anything else in the world?

TOMMY — Single!

DOCTOR — I don't believe you mean that. You've passed the worst time.

GRACE — I have passed the worst time I ever had.

DOCTOR — Do you mind telling me what it's all about?

GRACE — I don't! He was downright brutal to me!

TOMMY — Brutal? Why do you tell the doctor that?

GRACE — Because you were! I have marks on my arm yet where you held me!

DOCTOR — What did he do that for?

TOMMY — She wanted to leave the flat at ten o'clock at night.

DOCTOR — (*To* GRACE). Is that so, Grace — what for?

GRACE — Because he talked to me so I couldn't stay there any longer.

DOCTOR — Oh, that's when you were leaving for good?

GRACE — Yes.

DOCTOR — And he grabbed you and didn't want you to go?

GRACE — Yes.

DOCTOR — Well, I know some women who'd think that flattering.

GRACE — Well, I don't!

DOCTOR — Why, Gracie, Tommy talked of you the whole time at the hospital, and didn't want to leave unless you came back to him.

TOMMY — That's when I was delirious.

DOCTOR — No, you weren't, and, Tommy, when Grace heard you'd been sick she nearly tore the time-table, looking up the first train that would take her back to you.

GRACE — But, Uncle, I won't —

DOCTOR — Yes, you did, and you called yourself names and said you were ashamed of yourself.

GRACE — But —

DOCTOR — Stop it, Grace!

TOMMY — If you think —

DOCTOR — Shut up, Tommy! You two are just suffering from matrimonial measles, troubles that look terrible, but don't amount to anything! Everybody has them, and, like measles, it's better to have them young and get over them. Years from now you're either going to laugh at this or cry over it. If you let it take you apart, you're going to cry, so let's laugh at it. What do you say, Gracie? (*She turns away*) How about you, Tommy? (*He puts up his hand. "Never again"*) And, Tommy, you'll want to be around to see your baby!

TOMMY — (*looking at* DOCTOR). No!

DOCTOR — Don't look so scared — it's happened before.

TOMMY — I know — but not to me!

Tommy's all excitement and forgiveness now. He goes to Grace and puts his arm around her shoulders. "Is it true, Grace?" he demands, incredulously. As she bows her head he asks her very earnestly if she can forgive him, and feels, with her arms around his neck, that she can — and does.

"Well," he observes, sententiously, "I hope he's going to like us!"

(*The Curtain Falls*)

"ENTER MADAME"

A Comedy in Three Acts

By Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne

IT was while Gilda Varesi was playing in "The Jest" with John Barrymore at the Plymouth Theater that she and her collaborator, Dolly Byrne, finished revising "Enter Madame." At the time, however, fearing her name as co-author might prejudice certain managers against the play, she had signed herself "Giulia Conti." The manager of the Plymouth Theater at the time was Brock Pemberton, an ex-newspaperman, who had thought some of becoming a producer on his own account. He read Miss Varesi's play, liked it, and decided that fate was signaling him to prepare for his debut. In August Mr. Pemberton presented "Enter Madame" at the Garrick Theater, with Miss Varesi playing her own heroine. The success of the little comedy was immediate, which emboldened the actress to acknowledge her share of the authorship and further to confess that her inspiration for the leading rôle had been furnished by a memory of her own mother, Mme. Elena Varesi, a popular prima donna in all the capitals of Europe a half-century back. Mme. Varesi died in Chicago just two months before her daughter's play was produced in New York.

The heroine of "Enter Madame" is Lisa Della Robbia, "a world-famous prima donna, a spoiled, petted, whimsical, stormy lady whose alternating tenderness and tantrums make up what is most easily described and dismissed as a comedy of temperament."

Some twenty years before the opening of the play she had married Gerald Fitzgerald, a rich, handsome, romantic young Irish American of whom she was, and still is, very fond. But Gerald, grown tired of trailing his increasingly famous mate about the world, jumping wildly from opera house to concert hall and back again, is beginning, in his early forties, to long for those creature comforts symbolized by carpet slippers, toasted shins and a hearthside, and has reached the decision that his only hope for freedom and happiness lies in a separation from his temperamental Lisa. His decision has been helped somewhat by his meeting with Flora Preston, an attractive widow, who shares his enthusiasm for a quiet home life and whom it is his intention to marry when he is free. They have met in Gerald's bachelor apartment in Boston, where they are later to meet John Fitzgerald, the twenty-year-old son of Gerald and Mme. Della Robbia, and explain the situation to him.

GERALD — (*to* FLORA). . . . Now, before he (JOHN) gets here there are some things I feel I must tell you. When I wrote Lisa to ask her to divorce me I told her that she wouldn't suffer financially, that if she let me go without a fuss I'd see she was well taken care of. There's the difficulty. That's one of the things we've got to face; Lisa is a most expensive woman.

FLORA — But, my dear, she must make heaps of money.

GERALD — God knows what she does with it! She never has a cent put away. She calls on me to make up the deficit at least twice a year.

FLORA — You mean to tell me a prima donna as popular as she is doesn't even make enough to pay her bills. Then all these stories of artists' fabulous salaries you read in the papers are lies?

GERALD — No, some of the figures are real enough.

Lisa is one of the best-paid prima donnas in Europe, but she's generous, she's lavish, she has the taste of an Oriental, she — well, she's Lisa. What's the use of trying to explain her. I wonder, Flora, whether you have any conception of what my married life has been. To be bustled continuously about the world, to be forever readjusting one's digestive apparatus to the atrocious cooking of a dozen different nations, to spend one's waking hours in the foyers of hotels and amid the maddening babel of the back-stage regions of opera houses; to use one's home only as a coaling station, or dry-dock, and to be free not even then from the trillings and tootings and *mi-mi-mi's* of the prima donna and her musical entourage who hover about her and are at once atmosphere, press agents, and Greek chorus. In fact, to be the husband of the prima donna, to be referred to by a London paper as Mr. Gerald Della Robbia and to be nominated by a New York newspaper wag as President of the Only Her Husband's Club. Such has been my life. Divorce has always seemed detestable, a crude thing to me, a sort of public acknowledgment of failure and defeat, and yet I know, Flora, that you with your womanly heart will see that the failure was not altogether my fault. Marriage is a game, but, Lord, it's not solitaire.

FLORA — Yes, I know, Gerald dear. I am sure it wasn't your fault.

Young John, who arrives with Aline, his fiancée, just in time to catch his father kissing the sympathetic Mrs. Preston, is rather inclined to stand by his mother and to blame his father in the matter of the proposed divorce, and Gerald grows a little explosive in trying to convince him.

GERALD — (*to* JOHN). Do you want me to be the husband of the prima donna, and to carry her poodle

through all the capitals of Europe? I've done it enough! Never again!

JOHN — You should have thought of that before. This is an insult to mother, and puts her in a damnable position.

GERALD — There you go off at half cock. You don't know anything about it. How can you understand the feelings of a grown man? I want a home. I want my own fireside. I want to see my slippers toasting by the hearth when I come in after a hard day's work. I want the ministering hands of a woman.

JOHN — Rot! You are tired of mother and you want a change — why don't you say so?

GERALD — There you see, Flora! What's the use!

FLORA — Never mind. You can't expect him to understand all at once. It's natural devotion to his mother.

GERALD — Nothing of the sort. He's scarcely seen her, either, since he was a youngster and used to trail around Europe after her in search of a liberal education.

JOHN — She's my mother, and I'll see she gets a square deal.

GERALD — (*shouting*). Who wants to give her anything else?

FLORA — That's right — everything will come right if we'll just keep calm.

Having been apprised by Gerald of his wish that she divorce him, Lisa has apparently paid but little attention to it, though her cablegrams have intimated that she is on her way to America. They began with one from Madrid reading, "Oh, my Gerald, these golden autumn days mock the misery in my eyes. Lisa." They continued with one from Barcelona in which Madame reported her flight from the opera house "in the middle of Salva Dimora" the pursuit of her ad-

mirers being "like a mob of angry bees," and finally of the peace she found "on a tall ship that rocked." From which Gerald reasonably concludes that Madame is then upon the high seas. His suspicions are confirmed the next moment by the arrival of another cablegram reading: "Arriving. Steamer *Mongolia*. In my heart is peace and blessing for all. My arms are filled with roses. Lisa."

A hurried glance at the morning paper reveals the fact that the *Mongolia* is already in and there is great excitement. Lisa will doubtless come direct to Gerald's apartment, and naturally there should be some preparations to receive her. Gerald orders his Japanese valet to pack his things and take them to the club and to get some flowers. Flora thinks perhaps she had better run along and drop in again when they've all met.

Presently "a tremendous noise is heard outside of Italian, French, Russian, Japanese, American, and Bice, Madame's personal maid, enters. She has come to rearrange the room to suit Madame, to redecorate it with Madame's favorite sofa pillows, scarves, pictures and vases, and to throw all Gerald's smoking things into the waste-paper basket. She is followed later by Madame's chef, Madame's secretary, and Madame's physician, each of them dragging in some part of Madame's voluminous luggage. And then, with the stage all set, enter Madame. She immediately catches sight of John. For a moment she cannot move, she trembles with emotion, then wordlessly she flies into his arms. A long embrace, then leaning from him she gazes into his face.

Lisa — Johnnie! My little Johnnie has become a man! Ah, how the great earth must sigh as the generations rush by like a mighty wind and drop, as the wind drops, at sunset!

JOHN — (*enthusiastically*). Gee! it's great to have you come, mother. You always knock us off our feet. You look ripping! Ripping!

She greets with characteristic effusiveness her son and his fiancée and then John calls her attention to Gerald. Lisa sees him for the first time and rushes to him, followed by John, who glares at his father. She holds out her hand. He takes it and kisses it.

GERALD — Lisa, it's always The Great Day when you come.

LISA — Is it, my Gerald? Then I must rejoice that I have come so far! (*She lays one hand on her husband's shoulder and the other on* JOHN'S *as they stand on either side of her and says, softly*) Two such big men and one little woman. Why did I stay away so long? My Gerald's hair grows gray and our boy has become a man!

GERALD — Don't take his six feet to heart, my dear. I couldn't very well keep him in short trousers till you came, but I'm quite young enough to do for both.

LISA — Life has rushed by me like a swift wind and the sound of my voice singing silly little tunes has deafened me to the rush of its passing. (JOHN *and* ALINE *are deeply impressed, but* GERALD *looks at her with a whimsical smile.* LISA *is hurt by it*) Ah, of course, I forgot. This is America. Here when the heart speaks, the lips say, "Fine weather we are having." Ough!

For a moment Lisa is unstrung. But soon, with the help of her excited servants, she regains control of her nerves and is ready to discuss with her husband the subject of their separation. She can't quite grasp what sort of woman Mrs. Preston is. Gerald seeks to enlighten her.

GERALD — Lisa, this lady, well — it's a difficult thing to explain in a letter. You see, my life with you has been colorful, but snatchy. It has been more like the experience of a playgoer. At intervals the curtain came down and I left the theater of your presence always regretfully, always eager to come again, and with the sense that it wasn't real and couldn't be expected to be real — that was the fun of it, and the charm of it — but it's an awful pace to keep up. Frankly I don't see how you do it!

LISA — Ah, and now you no longer care to go to the play. It is October in your life — the landscape glows, the sun is still warm, but the evenings are chilly and you like to sit by the fire, *en famille*, in your slippers. . . .

GERALD — Lord! I haven't had time to change. . . .

LISA — And the lady of the dove will sit opposite in that big fat chair, which she will completely fill . . . and she will . . . My God! (*Rises.*)

GERALD — Now, that doesn't appeal to you, does it?

LISA — (*with fervor*). Oh no!!!

GERALD — Well, there you see . . .

But Lisa is not altogether downhearted. She, too, has a confession to make. There is someone waiting for her across the ocean — "someone not too young, not too old" — and a great poet. Now that she is to be free she probably will marry him. "Gerald is dumbfounded for a moment. Then he breaks into a roar of laughter."

GERALD — A poet, a spring poet! Oh, Lisa, come off! I don't believe a word of it.

LISA — Oh, you do not believe, eh? You, then, are the only one who has yearnings! You are tired of romance, you sigh for quiet, for peace, for old slippers! What have I to do with these things? For years you leave me all alone.

GERALD — I leave you alone?

LISA — I am Lisa Della Robbia who is always young. I starve for romance, for poetry. Now I find it and I take it; you can have the old slippers.

GERALD — Don't be a fool, Lisa. If there's anything in this you must be mad. Some fool versifying boy! Where will you get the money to support him? Do you expect me to do it?

. . . . . .

GERALD — All of a sudden this passion for romance, this melodrama of dying alone! For years I've begged you to come back to me or to let me be with you, and what did you answer me? You must be free. You must be alone! I've been nothing to you, nothing mattered, nothing but your own headstrong way.

LISA — I am Della Robbia. Love is my master and my slave. I am as young as eternity, old as the moons, wise as the stars.

GERALD — Oh, stop, Lisa! Stop acting! (*Grabs her arm and jerks her back on to sofa.*) Now you listen to me. You're a conceited, middle-aged woman, whose career is on the wane. You never were a beauty at any time in your life. You've been spoiled and petted; self has been your god and you've served him well. You've done what you pleased and never counted the cost. Oh, you've had your fill of fame and glory. And what was our part — John's and mine — in your game? Even now we couldn't meet you at the boat. We mustn't be seen. We might spoil the scenery. You know how we yielded to your whims and even now — God help me! — I can't stand quietly by and see you make a fool of yourself. A poet — bah! Look, I'll show you something. (*Holds the mirror to her face.*) You're growing old, Lisa! There's too much rouge here. Too much make-up, too much trouble to gain your effects. How dare you speak of poets, of romance. You're growing old, Lisa, old, I tell you, old!

LISA — (*Slowly rises, her face bathed in tears*). Am I so very old, Gerald, too old for you to love, too old to love you?

GERALD — (*Impulsively runs to her and takes her into his arms*). Lisa! Oh, it's good to love you, and it's not half bad to kiss you, either. I dare say that's all you want. I tell you, Lisa, it isn't that I'm not grateful to you. Why, you've been the most exquisite, magnificent, the most ideal mistress a man ever had.

LISA — Gerald. . . .

GERALD — What else would you call it? Have you the faintest idea of what it means to be a wife?

LISA — Gerald!

GERALD — You've lived with me, but have you ever been a wife to me? Why, my dear girl, have you ever stopped to think that if I hadn't been the impetuous, well-brought-up young fool that I was, I need never have married you? It wouldn't have made the least difference.

LISA — Gerald! This is too much. . . .

GERALD — Just a few hurried words before a justice of the peace. And the joke of it. . . . The first thing you did was to lose your marriage certificate, the next thing was to lose your ring! And look at our life— God! the whole thing is the damnedest joke there is.

LISA — Gerald, I'll never forgive you the longest day I live. Very well, then divorce, divorce! You shall have it! Oh, I wish I had it here now that I might throw it in your sneering face!

Wildly, she dismisses him. Mrs. Preston has called, but Lisa refuses to see her. She wants to be alone. "A tremendous paroxysm of rage shakes her from head to foot." Suddenly catching sight of the flowers that Mrs. Preston has provided as her part of the floral offerings, she sweeps them with a crash to the floor. The servants and John rush in, but they cannot

quiet her. "He has broken my heart," she cries, hysterically. "I only wanted to be loved. What have I done to deserve all this?" And then, as she grows more quiet, she turns to her son. "Johnnie dear," she says, "this is check—but not checkmate! This is war, but not defeat!"

As the curtain falls a new light of defiance brightens her eyes as she catches sight of her most becoming tea-gown, which her maid has brought her.

Act II

The time that elapses between the first and second acts "is the time it takes to get the first decree of divorce. It is early afternoon and Madame is taking her nap." Outside the door of her room the assembled servants are talking in whispers. Bice is crying. Word has come that the first decree has been granted; the official document has, in fact, arrived, and the servants are unhappy. The news will kill their beloved Madame, Bice insists. The doctor is more hopeful. He will be able to pull Madame through the crisis. Archimede, the chef, will do his part; he will cook all Madame's favorite dishes, that she may forget her troubles. They have sent for Madame's son to break the news to her. Soon John arrives. He, too, is a little cut up at the thought of the shock to his mother. It will be better if they can get her off to Europe as soon as possible, seeing that his father will probably want to marry Mrs. Preston immediately. But Bice does not agree with him. Let "the old libertine wait." Anyway, it is the law—Signor Fitzgerald cannot marry for three months; not until the decree is made absolute. So Madame and her husband are divorced and yet not divorced.

"From the inner room comes a cascade of coloratura, trills, runs. Madame is awake. . . . The door is opened and Madame enters in high good humor, fresh from a good sleep. She wears an entrancing negligée, and her hair is loosely knotted. She stands smiling brightly on the assembled crowd of worried people."

LISA — (*brightly*). Guarda quanta gente! Cosa, c'e. Oh, Johnnie all dressed up, where are you going? Johnnie, don't look like that. No matter what has happened you must not look like that. Never! Miss Smith — out, out! you know I cannot bear to wait, I never wait! What is, what is, what is! Quick!

MISS SMITH — (*Quickly handing paper*). The first decree of divorce.

Lisa takes the divorce paper and looks at it a long time. The crew of dependents stiffen and get ready. The doctor edges quietly toward the glass of spirits of ammonia and takes it into his hand; Bice gets into position to catch her if she drops; they all look tense.

LISA — (*wistfully*). He did not break in the door! (*Then with sudden tenderness*) My dears! My friends! All worried about me. How lucky I am to be so blessed. Bice, Vecchia amica! qua damni un bacio. (*Kisses her.*) Dio ti benedica, vecchio buon'amica — cari tutti, thank you. There, that's enough, we need calm, strength, thought. It is not all over, oh no! Please go — open a bottle of wine, Archimede, all drink my health. Da bravi — via coraggio! I will be alone with my son.

They all exit quietly, rather dazed with a few broken murmurs; the only things they can think of. Lisa, left alone with her boy, returns to her sad mood.

LISA — He did not break in the door. (*Sits on the sofa.*)

JOHN — (*sitting on arm of sofa*). You are an amazing woman, mother. You never do what's expected of you.

LISA — No one does what is expected of them; it is such a puzzle. They say there are great pitch-black spaces between the stars. I think they are between the people, too, oh, quite pitch.

JOHN — Pitch black, darling.

LISA — (*absently*). Yes, pitch, very pitch. . . .

. . . . . .

JOHN — Mother dear, do you love my father? Would you mind telling me, that is. . . .

LISA — Mind? Why should I? It is a privilege to have a great feeling to express, and why should I keep it to myself? Imagine it! Love? Why, I can sing love as no one else can. (*Sings*) "Vieni, vieni, fra le mie braccia, amore, delizia e vita non mi sarai rapita, fin ch io, ti string 'l cor." (*Rises*) What a phrase, my God, what a phrase! What a phrase! Do you realize, you cold blocks who go to the opera, the soul that we burn before you? The melody pours like incense smoke from the censers that are our hearts?

JOHN — Yes, but is that loving father?

LISA — Why, you blockhead, do you believe I think of the fat little tenor with the short neck, and his eyes full of food, when I sing that?

JOHN — But what good can it do father to have you sing to him when he isn't there?

LISA — We are almost always together in the summer. Oh, the romance! I always sing it all into my music afterwards.

JOHN — But don't you see . . .

LISA — (*testily*). No, I don't see. Why, I love him the most beautiful way! All my heart throbs in my throat — why do you suppose the birds sing? — for a

living, perhaps: . . . the nightingale for a thousand a night whistles her sorrows to the moon? No, it is the necessity to express in music the great tragedy of love — it is the dramatic soprano of the birds, the lark is the lyric, the canary is the coloratura singer.

. . . . . .

JOHN — Mother dear, I wish I could help you. Can't you accept Weissman's offer? It would take your mind off things. Wouldn't singing help you to forget?

LISA — Oh no, John dear, music vibrates in the memory. My life with Gerald is so closely woven through with song that if they were to pluck my Gerald out, the rest would fall in little heaps of ravelings all about. Oh, I could not bear to sing.

JOHN — What are we to do, mother?

LISA — (*restlessly*). Yes. What are we to do? What are we to do? I have thought of many things. I've thought of many ways to win him back, but he's not like other men, he pricks my little bubbles — he'd say, "Come off, Lisa, come off — don't act —" and what am I to do?

With such calm as Lisa can command they discuss the proper and dignified way in which Lisa should say her farewells to Gerald. She will shake hands with him, quite properly, and say that she hopes he will be happy — and she will wear her black velvet trimmed with chinchilla. . . . Then Gerald comes, "Standing irresolute, holding his hat." John leaves them.

LISA — Won't you — sit down? I must apologize for my costume. I have been asleep, and then John came — et — me voici . . . This is scarcely the costume for a divorcee. I must be careful now.

GERALD — Never mind your clothes. I broke in

on you — I . . . have been wanting to see you since that awful day. I didn't want you to go away remembering the things I said. I don't know what came over me. I think it was because you tried to make a fool of me.

LISA — I tried to make a fool of you!

GERALD — You did, you know, Lisa — you did try . . .

LISA — The other lady never tries to make a fool of you?

GERALD — Oh, dear no, she hasn't the wit.

LISA — Oh, I don't know, a woman's wit isn't always on the surface.

GERALD — It's you I want to speak of. I was so beastly about your age, as if you could help it.

LISA — Gerald, you know you are not my husband any more and I must have respect from men who are not my husband.

GERALD — Good Heavens! I don't know what I'm saying. I was so afraid you'd slip away without my having another glimpse of you. You know you look exquisitely young tonight.

LISA — (*furiously jumping to her feet*). Again my age! But you know, Gerald, I am getting tired of my age!

Archimede breaks in upon them with reports of the fine dinner he is preparing — cold roast goose stuffed with capon, sweetbreads, sausage meat and rosemary; truffles, mushrooms, macaroons and cream; a dash of Tokay wine — Gerald is quite overcome at the recollection of the dinners they used to have. Suddenly Lisa has an inspiration: they will have a grand farewell dinner! Gerald shall come — and bring the *nice* lady he is to marry; John and Aline, his sweetheart, will be there; once more everything will be jolly. Gerald is enthused by the suggestion. "By

Jove, Lisa, you can't be beat!" he exclaims. "You bet your life I can't be beat!" she answers him, and loudly yells to Bice to come and dress her, as Gerald goes to invite Mrs. Preston to the feast.

Soon the place is in an uproar of preparation. The table has to be set. The servants have to tell each other excitedly of the new plans. Lisa warbles her happiness from the adjoining bedroom so all the hotel may hear. Even John, returning with Aline, catches something of the spirit of the occasion. "Of course it's unconventional?" he comments, "but it's sporting and dignified."

With everything in readiness Gerald and Mrs. Preston arrive. It is the first time Lisa has seen her successor. "After a pause they meet in front of the table and shake hands."

LISA — Delighted! It was so good of you to come.

FLORA — It was charming of you to ask me.

LISA — Just a little family supper. You belong in the family now, you know. I don't know yet just what relation we are to be to one another, but something, surely. My English is so shaky. Wives-in-law, is it not? (GERALD *stamps his foot angrily.*)

FLORA — I couldn't say — what an idea —

LISA — Well, at any rate I feel sure that we should not be strangers. We have so much in common now. (*Enter* DOCTOR *and* MISS SMITH) My dear family, Mrs. Preston. My doctor, my secretary, of course you know the children. Mrs. Preston, you sit at the head of the table. Gerald, you next to Mrs. Preston, of course. Aline there, Miss Smith here. John on the other side of Mrs. Preston; and *Dottore* near me. It is not a well-balanced dinner party, it would never do in a storm, but perhaps it will sail successfully in these calm and sunny seas. (BICE *and* ARCHIMEDE *serve the supper.*)

It is a grand supper, and it has a most stimulating effect on Gerald. It reminds him of all the jolly times they used to have when he was Madame's much-traveled husband. The conversation is all of the past. Archimede and the doctor engage in a violent dispute as to the merits of the various artists they have met. Gerald joins in. The doctor goes to the piano to prove his point concerning a certain aria. Archimede gets his flute. The duet is reminiscent. It carries Gerald back. Listening to the music, he leaves his seat at the table and walks around to Lisa. Standing by her side "almost involuntarily he takes her in his arms and kisses her; just as abruptly he releases her as Flora Preston gasps in her fury." The dispute ended, the doctor sighs as he returns to the table. Gerald proposes a toast.

GERALD — Your health, Doctor.

DOCTOR — We have drank the health together in every corner of the globe. Cairo, Petrograd, Buenos Ayres, Milan — it was not a bad little life.

GERALD — Yes, it was a good little life while it lasted.

The phone rings. It is Madame's agent. On the chance that she will accept an offer for a concert tour in South America he has reserved passage. Will she go? For a moment Lisa hesitates — then suddenly she makes up her mind. She *will* go. She will sail for Buenos Ayres next day. Again there is a family uproar. In the midst of it Lisa proposes a toast: "To Life, that outruns Chance and Love and Death! To Life, the Winner of the Race!" To which Gerald replies, solemnly, "*Le morituri salutamus.*" After which he proposes that they all sing the "Anvil Chorus," as they did in the old days. Again the doctor is at the piano, Archimede has taken his flute, Bice clears her throat in preparation. There are more toasts,

Gerald again proposing a drink: "To Life! May its memories be gentle, its actualities charming, its anticipations keen!"

"They all sing together, all except Flora, knocking on the glasses and plates and bottles for the noise of the anvils. The old song, the old memories, sadden Lisa; she cannot join. Gerald sees it." It is too affecting, this last attempt at gaiety — and it breaks up the party. Everyone suddenly remembers that it grows late and that there is much to do.

Gerald remembers more than that. He has not had a real talk with Lisa — about John and Aline, about their business arrangements, about everything. And Lisa is sailing next day! Couldn't he take Flora home and come back? For half an hour, say? Lisa isn't sure it would be wise. Perhaps Flora might not like it. But Flora overhears them and is quite willing.

GERALD — Let me take you home first.

FLORA — (*going to* LISA *to offer her hand*). Oh no. How absurd! It's only downstairs! Good night, Madame Della Robbia — such an unusual evening! I am really very grateful to you for it. I've never seen anything to equal it in all my life — quite extraordinary.

LISA — Is it really so extraordinary? Perhaps you think *me* extraordinary?

FLORA — Oh dear me, yes, but I suppose you have to be like that. If you were not, people wouldn't pay so much money to see you on the stage. You must give them something different to look at, I dare say.

LISA — You know, it's very puzzling! To myself I seem quite simple.

FLORA — Perhaps it comes from throwing yourself into every part you are doing. You throw yourself out of joint, as it were, and end by not knowing how to behave at all. However, I am delighted to have met you. I understand Gerald so much better now. I

am glad to have had this glimpse into your vivid domestic atmosphere. You are so very original, Madame Della Robbia, I dare say you make a business of that. But you have behaved most becomingly on the whole. Really amazingly well.

LISA — (*meekly*). Oh, thank you so much!

FLORA — The situation might have been very unpleasant. Two women squabbling over a man, you know — oh, dreadful! Instead it's been only the question of righting something that had been wrong for many years. Now it's over, would you mind kissing me?

Gerald, who has been walking nervously up and down the hallway, enters in time to see them kiss and leaves the room hurriedly.

Now Gerald is back again and, a little embarrassed, he and Lisa go over the future of John. Also they touch lightly upon their own affairs. They are both inclined to be apologetic.

Lisa is sorry that she has been "irritating and selfish." "I have never given you comfort," she says to him. "You've lived in the tents of the Arabs long enough; I don't blame you for wanting to leave them." But she can't quite forget what he had said to her the first day she came back — that she had been only a magnificent mistress to him.

GERALD — Oh, Lisa, I would give anything to wipe out the words I said that day . . . it's always so when we get together — you drive me to it, I always say things I don't mean.

LISA — The trouble is that there is always just enough truth in them.

GERALD — No truth at all — I'd smash any man who dared to . . . I can't imagine what made me . . . Gad! I know. I remember now. It was that damned

poet you were going to marry. What's become of him, Lisa? . . .

LISA — There is no one. There never has been anyone. Is there anything else you wish to talk about?

GERALD — No, no, I suppose not.

The phone rings, angrily, as phones sometimes can. It is Flora. She is wondering how much longer Gerald is going to prolong his visit. He answers her a little impatiently. He is going right away. Good night! He returns to Lisa.

GERALD — I must go now, Lisa. I scarcely know you in this mood; no tricks; no florid speeches; no poetry; perhaps you are glad to get rid of me. Haven't you anything to say?

LISA — No.

GERALD — Good-by, then; good-by romance, youth, adventure; as wayward as my thoughts, as graceful as my dreams, as changeable as my desires; a butterfly with wonderful wings, but with emotion instead of a heart.

LISA — Ah! How dare you, how dare you say such things to me.

GERALD — I know I have no right to say such things to you, yet they are true.

LISA — Oh no. You have said it yourself. As wayward as my thoughts, as changeable as my desires. I was what you wished me to be. I was taught young that my duty was to please and to win applause. An interpreter, that is what I am, that is all you wished me to be. You could have made of me what you wished. Oh, why didn't you try? And now you blame me. (*Lays her head on* GERALD's *breast, sobbing.*)

GERALD — Darling, I don't blame you. I blame myself.

LISA — Yet you punish me for being just me!

GERALD — How was I to know! I am a blundering ass.

Again the phone rings. Flora is still peevish. Gerald's answer is more curt than before. Again he promises that he is just about to leave.

LISA — Poor Flora, how old she is!

GERALD — I am a year or two older than Flora.

LISA — Oh no, we are young, you and I, Gerald; young! Because we still have imagination, illusion; because we still see people as they are not! That is the secret of youth. Yet the world insists upon imposing age upon us, because it is respectable. We are the hope of the world if they only knew. The irreconcilables. But now once more the world has won and you are going to join the great phalanx of the old!

GERALD — The hell I am! Come here, you imp of Satan, I'll show you how old I am.

LISA — (*runs upstage and around to front of piano*). The great god Pan is dead.

GERALD — (*takes her in his arms*). Oh, Lisa, listen to me! Say you love me! What are we to do? What can we do?

LISA — (*her arms around his neck*). Ah, Gerald, Gerald; I don't know, I can't help you.

GERALD — (*holding her desperately*). Say it isn't too late! Say it isn't too late!

LISA — I seem to hear the sands rushing out; it is almost too late.

"The phone rings. Gerald turns angrily toward it. Lisa slips into the bedroom and leaves the door ajar. The phone rings like mad. Gerald grabs his hat in a panic. Then looks at the bedroom door, has an idea, looks at the phone, hesitates, finally makes up his mind, throws down his hat, and with an angry gesture sweeps

the phone from the piano to the floor. He goes softly into the bedroom and shuts the door.

"Enter Bice from back with a glass and a small carafe of water on a tray. She sees Gerald's hat, looks at bedroom door, then quietly and without fuss, she puts another glass on the tray and knocks gently on the bedroom door, as the curtain comes down."

Act III

The bedroom door is closed. "It is morning — a nice frosty, sunny morning. A small table is prepared for breakfast in front of the fireplace. It is carefully laid with a lace cloth — a low bouquet of orange blossoms in the middle of the table. A profusion of white flowers is scattered all about the room. Bice and Archimede are tiptoeing about arranging everything, wreathed in happy smiles, talking in a happy undertone. Bice has white satin bows in her cap, a white lace apron ornamented with bows, with sprigs of orange blossoms in her corsage. Archimede is freshly starched and has a large white bow with orange blossoms on his breast." Bice sings cheerily as she sets the table for breakfast. Everybody is happy — everybody except Miss Smith, the secretary. She is quite angry. Something is being kept from her. What is it? Where is Madame? Then the awful truth of what has happened bursts upon her, and she is scandalized.

Miss Smith — I've stood a good deal from Madame Della Robbia first and last, but — well! This sort of thing never happened before — this is too much. My word!

Bice — What is it that makes you so shocked? Is it not her husband?

MISS SMITH — Her husband . . .he's not her husband any more, is he? If he is, he's committing bigamy or something. 'Tisn't legal, I tell you.

DOCTOR — (*entering and seeing flowers*). Ah, very nice, good idea — very charming!

MISS SMITH — Doctor, what shall we do? Do you know what's happened?

DOCTOR — Well, I can guess. . . . Do I not smell the orange blossoms? Charming idea, Bice. Come, Miss Smith — your morality will suffer nervous prostration if you are not careful. She's a wonderful woman, Madame! Let us run or they will catch us . . .

MISS SMITH — What about South America?

DOCTOR — Leave that to Madame. . . .

MISS SMITH — But the boat leaves at one!

DOCTOR — Leave everything to Madame. She's a great general!

BICE — Quick! quick! they come.

Gerald is the first to enter. He is still in evening clothes and a little conscious, but he greets the servants with a happy good morning. He even tries to break into song, which amuses Lisa, as she follows him into the room.

LISA — My Gerald! you grow musical.

GERALD — Why not? You look lovely enough to drag a song out of a hippo. Doesn't she, Bice?

BICE — My Signora is happy at last! The saints be blessed! (LISA *sits at table opposite* GERALD.)

GERALD — How will you like settling down in America, Bice?

BICE — Eh, what is?

LISA — (*pours coffee, which* BICE *passes to* GERALD). Yes, Bice, no more opera. I have decided firmly! From today, you and me, we raise chickens.

GERALD — Ah, well, not quite that, but Mrs. Fitz-

gerald and I will spend part of our time in the country down at Bellmore. You remember our place at Bellmore, Bice, don't you?

LISA — The big garden, the wide house with the chimney that is always smoking; it used to remind me of a very fat lady squatting in a meadow, smoking a pipe, too lazy to move.

GERALD — And the peace, Bice . . . oh, the peace!

There is Flora Preston to be considered and John. Flora is the first to arrive, and she is very angry. "Lisa and Gerald try to get away, but the panic has held them still in their places too long and they are caught."

FLORA — You didn't answer the telephone last night . . .

GERALD — I answered it three or four times.

FLORA — You know what I mean perfectly well. I tried to reach you for hours. Finally the operator told me the receiver was off.

GERALD — It must have fallen off.

FLORA — Don't interrupt! Do you think I am a fool? Your behavior to me has been simply scandalous. Well? what excuse have you to offer? (GERALD *stands in front of her like a naughty child*) I only wish my dear husband was alive. He'd deal with you properly. As it is, I've put my affairs in the hands of my lawyers. They will call upon you and this lady who is not your wife. You cannot trifle with my reputation and social position, and put me on a level with a common opera singer.

GERALD — Now, Mrs. Preston . . .

FLORA — Keep still or it will go worse with you. And please remember that agreement about a settlement—I shall expect one, and don't forget it. There's such a thing as law and public opinion. They'll be on

my side and they'll make you pay. Oh, don't imagine that you've broken my heart. It's much better this way. Do you think any woman would want you if it weren't that you were wealthy and can provide a good establishment? What do you suppose this woman wants of you except to pay her disgraceful debts and to cover her liasons with dukes and princes and what not?

GERALD — Now, Mrs. Preston, confine your remarks to me, please.

FLORA — (*hysterically*). Oh, I'm not through with you yet. You — you — libertine,— with your talk of home and carpet slippers. I won't have to take care of you now in your stuffy old age, but you'll see to it that my nest is feathered or I'll know the reason why! Oh, I'm not through with you yet. Oh no! you wait! You just wait! Good-day to you both! (*She storms out.*)

GERALD — Phew! What a woman!

LISA — (*recovering. Going up C.*). How dare she! How dare she come into our house and talk so! And I — I couldn't answer back.

GERALD — (*sitting at table*). No, for the first time in your life, darling. (*Laughs.*)

LISA — It is as if she were the wife. I should have said to her, "Are you the wife?"

. . . . . .

GERALD — (*catches her and holds her in his arms*). Come back here. There, darling, there. Never mind her. I'll pay the piper — it's worth it, just to have you back in my arms. We must get married now just as soon as possible.

LISA — (*absently*). Yes (*then intensely*), but think — think of all the things I could have said to her.

GERALD — (*amused*). Yes, dear, I know all the things you could have said to her. I'm glad you didn't say them. After all, she's been handed a pretty rough deal; now let's forget her.

Then John comes, and he, too, is much perturbed, not to say a little shocked. He has been forced to make his way through a perfect swarm of reporters. They all want to know what has happened. Mrs. Preston has given them a hint of the sensational story of the Della Robbia divorce that they might get if they were to go in search of it. The phone rings. More reporters. They demand an interview. Lisa favors calling the police. Again the phone rings, and the doorbell, with John standing firmly in the center of the room demanding some sort of an explanation from his irresponsible parents. In the midst of the hubbub Lisa has another brilliant idea: She and Gerald will go to South America? Great! Gerald is for that! But John isn't. He has stood all he can stand from his parents. He didn't ask them to be born.

JOHN — . . . I didn't choose you to be my parents, God knows, but I've got to put up with you and you've got to put up with me. You can't go on living as if I weren't here. You've got to think of me, and of my future, and of the dignity of the family — (*Goes threateningly to* GERALD) The dignity of the family, do you hear?

LISA — Yes, yes, Johnnie, you are right. Now if you will go down and get those wicked reporters away — I promise that we will do anything you want, anything at all.

With John on his way to quiet the press, Lisa has another idea: She and Gerald will "elope" to South America. Again Gerald is all enthusiasm. Hurriedly the servants are called. The packing starts. The room is as quickly dismantled as it was quickly furnished in the first act. Lisa rushes madly about grabbing up such personal belongings as Bice is likely

to overlook. Her rouge! And her attar of roses! She couldn't think of eloping without her attar of roses!

The doctor "seizes screen and small portmanteau. Archimede follows with a hamper and they rush off. Lisa enters in the same hat and coat she wore in the first act. She carries a small dog in her arms. Gerald follows, wrapped in a large overcoat. Bice, loaded down with hand luggage, and Tomamoto, Gerald's man, carrying a suitcase and a parrot cage, close the procession."

LISA — (*triumphantly*). We go! We go!

GERALD — Hurry Tamamoto, Bice.

LISA — (*happily*). Now we run by the back door — here, Gerald, you hold Toto!

GERALD — (*suddenly*). No, no, Lisa, I won't!

LISA — But, Gerald!

GERALD — Now look here, darling, you are making me do all the things I swore I'd never do again. You're going off to sing — you drag me along and you want me to carry that damned pup. I won't do it, I tell you, I won't!

LISA — But, Gerald — Madonna mia! We can't leave Toto!

GERALD — Very well, then, you can leave me. (*Sits on sofa.*)

LISA — (*phone rings*). Oh, Gerald — Gerald — not again!

GERALD — Oh, give me the damned dog. (*Exits with dog under his arm.* LISA *follows.*)

BICE — (*standing in doorway*). Exit Madame.

(*Curtain*)

"THE GREEN GODDESS"

A Melodramatic Play in Four Acts

By William Archer

BEFORE seeing it, his fellow critics spoke a little doubtfully of William Archer's "The Green Goddess," as "William's first play." After seeing it they were generous in their praise and extracted a reflected glory from the fact that it proved a dramatic critic *could* write a good play. Mr. Archer, for many years a prominent reviewer of the drama in London, gained prominence years ago as the first translator of the Ibsen dramas. He is the author of several books on theatrical subjects and recently his "Playmaking" added to his fame as a well-informed and able student of the drama. The fact that he frankly confessed in this work that he did not believe he could himself write a play added to the measure of his success when "The Green Goddess" scored a hit.

The play was first produced at the Walnut Theater in Philadelphia the night of December 27, 1920, and was brought to the Booth Theater, New York, January 18, 1921. The public was not at all slow in confirming the judgment of the reviewers and the play ran out the season at the Booth, the theater being crowded at practically every performance.

The curtain rises on "a region of gaunt and almost treeless mountains. . . . Clinging to the mountain wall in the background, at an apparent distance of about a mile, is a vast barbaric palace, with long stretches of unbroken masonry, crowned by arcades and turrets.

The foreground consists of a small level space between two masses of rock. In the rock on the right a cave temple has been roughly hewn. Two thick and rudely carved pillars divide it into three sections. Between the pillars, in the middle section, can be seen the seated figure of a six-armed Goddess, of forbidding aspect, colored dark green. . . . Projecting over the rock mass on the left (from the viewpoint of the audience) can be seen the wing of an aeroplane, the nacelle and undercarriage hidden. It has evidently just made a rather disastrous forced landing.

"The pilot and two passengers are in the act of extricating themselves from the wreck and clambering down the cliff. The pilot is Dr. Basil Traherne; the passengers are Major Antony Crespin and his wife, Lucilla. Traherne is a well-set-up man, vigorous and in good training. Crespin, somewhat heavy and dissipated-looking, is in khaki. Lucilla is a tall, slight, athletic woman, wearing a tailor-made tweed suit. All three on their first appearance wear aviation helmets and leather coats. . . . Their proceedings are watched with wonder and fear by a group of dark and rudely clad natives, rather Mongolian in feature. The natives chatter eagerly among themselves. A man of higher stature and more Aryan type, the priest of the temple, seems to have some authority over them."

Traherne and the Crespins have no idea where the accident to their aeroplane has brought them down. They assume that they are pretty well on toward central Asia. At the moment they are too thankful over their fortunate escape to care a great deal, though the attitude of the natives plainly indicates that they have not landed among friends. Crespin is inclined to be a little dictatorial and resents with the vigor of a military man accustomed to being obeyed the action of the "high priest" in barring his passage when he attempts to proceed down the mountain path leading

toward the distant castle. He also resents Traherne's advice that it would be better if all three were careful not to excite or irritate the strange people grouped around them. Evidently there is no great amount of love lost between Traherne and Crespin, and there is reason to believe that the younger man's long acquaintance with and deep regard for Lucilla Crespin has something to do with the major's attitude. In fact we soon learn that Mrs. Crespin is making the best of an unhappy marriage for the sake of her children.

With the few words of Russian at his command Traherne learns from the priest that the country is called Rukh, and that the Raja, who is its ruler, has been sent for and will shortly arrive. None of them has ever heard of Rukh, though Mrs. Crespin recalls seeing the name in a newspaper dispatch just before they started. Their curiosity is in a measure satisfied when Traherne, examining the aeroplane to see if there is the least hope of their repairing it, finds the paper containing the dispatch. It reads:

"ABDULABAD, Tuesday. — Sentence of death has been passed on the three men found guilty of the murder of Mr. Haredale. It appears that these miscreants are natives of Rukh, a small and little-known independent state among the northern spurs of the Himalayas."

It is not likely that the people of Rukh, some hundreds of miles in the interior, know anything of the fate of their murderous brothers, but Traherne concludes that it would be wiser to tear out and burn the paragraph referring to their sentence, which he proceeds to do, to the further amazement of the natives.

The approach of the Raja "sounds like the march of the Great Panjandrum. The natives all run to the point where the path debouches on the open space. They prostrate themselves, some on each side of the

way. A wild procession comes down the mountain path. It is headed by a gigantic negro flourishing two naked sabers, and gyrating in a barbaric war dance. Then come half a dozen musicians with tom-toms and cymbals. Then a litter carried by four bearers. Through its gauze curtains the figure of the Raja can be indistinctly seen. Immediately behind the litter comes Watkins, an English valet, demure and correct, looking as if he had just strolled in from St. James Street. The procession closes with a number of the Raja's bodyguard, in the most fantastic, parti-colored attire, and armed with antique matchlocks, some of them with barrels six or seven feet long. The Raja's litter is set down in front of the temple. Watkins opens the curtains and gives his arm to the Raja as he alights. The Raja makes a step toward the European party in silence. He is a tall, well-built man of forty, dressed in the extreme of Eastern gorgeousness. Crespin advances and salutes."

CRESPIN — Does Your Highness speak English?

RAJA — Oh yes, a little. (*As a matter of fact he speaks it irreproachably.*)

CRESPIN — (*pulling himself together and speaking like a soldier and a man of breeding*). Then I have to apologize for our landing uninvited in your territory.

RAJA — Uninvited, but, I assure you, not unwelcome.

CRESPIN — We are given to understand that this is the state of Rukh.

RAJA — The kingdom of Rukh, Major — if I rightly read the symbols on your cuff.

CRESPIN — (*again salutes*). Major Crespin. Permit me to introduce my wife —

RAJA — (*with a profound salaam*). I am delighted, Madam, to welcome you to my secluded dominions. You are the first lady of your nation I have had the honor of receiving.

LUCILLA — Your Highness is very kind.

CRESPIN — And this is Dr. Basil Traherne, whose aeroplane — or what is left of it — you see.

RAJA — Doctor Traherne? The Doctor Traherne whose name I have so often seen in the newspaper? "The Pasteur of Malaria."

TRAHERNE — The newspapers make too much of my work. It is very incomplete.

RAJA — But you are an aviator as well?

TRAHERNE — Only as an amateur.

RAJA — I presume it is some misadventure — a most fortunate misadventure for me — that has carried you so far into the wilds of the Himalayas?

TRAHERNE — Yes — we got lost in the clouds. Major and Mrs. Crespin were coming up from the plains to see their children at a hill station —

RAJA — Pahari, no doubt?

TRAHERNE — Yes, Pahari — and I was rash enough to suggest that I might save them three days' traveling by taking them up in my aeroplane.

RAJA — Madam is a sportswoman, then?

LUCILLA — Oh, I have been up many times.

CRESPIN — (*with a tinge of sarcasm*). Yes, many times.

LUCILLA — It was no fault of Dr. Traherne's that we went astray. The weather was impossible.

RAJA — Well, you have made a sensation here, I can assure you. My people have never seen an aeroplane. They are not sure — simple souls — whether you are gods or demons. But the fact of your having descended in the precincts of a temple of our local goddess (*with a wave of his hand toward the idol*) — allow me to introduce you to her — is considered highly significant.

CRESPIN — I hope, sir, that we shall find no difficulty in obtaining transport back to civ— to India.

RAJA — To civilization, you were going to say?

Why hesitate, my dear sir? We know very well that we are barbarians. We are quite reconciled to the fact. We have had some five thousand years to accustom ourselves to it. This sword (*touching his scimitar*) is a barbarous weapon compared with your revolver; but it was worn by my ancestors when yours were daubing themselves blue and picking up a precarious livelihood in the woods. But Madam is standing all this time. Watkins, what are you thinking of? Some cushions. (WATKINS *piles some cushions from the litter so as to form a seat for* LUCILLA. *Meanwhile the* RAJA *continues*) Another litter for Madam and mountain chairs for the gentlemen will be here in a few minutes. Then I hope you will accept the hospitality of my poor house.

The major presses the point of their being permitted to continue their journey, but the Raja suavely puts him off. He can, he hopes, make them comfortable. His mistress of the wardrobe will be able, he believes, to provide Madam Crespin with suitable apparel, and Watkins, who is invaluable, will be glad to look out for the wants of the men. The Raja is a little boastful of having kept in touch with European affairs and customs. For instance, though his bodyguard, as they have seen, is a relic of barbarism, he also is in command of a small but completely equipped and trained standing army, a statement which he is pleased to demonstrate with a signal that brings from behind the sheltering rocks a company of native soldiers whose presence had been entirely unsuspected by the visitors.

CRESPIN — A very smart body of men, Raja. Allow me to congratulate you on their training.

RAJA — I am greatly flattered, Major. I superintend it myself. Ah, here comes the litter. (*Down the*

path comes a litter borne, like the RAJA'S, *by four men. It is followed by two mountain chairs, borne by two men apiece*) Permit me, Madam, to hand you to your palanquin. (*He offers* LUCILLA *his hand. As she rises she picks up her leather coat, and the newspaper falls to the ground. The* RAJA *notices it*) Forgive me, Madam. (*Picks up paper and looks at it*) A newspaper only two days old! This is such a rarity you must allow me to glance at it. (*He opens the paper and sees that a strip has been torn out from the back page*) Ah! The telegraphic news gone! What a pity! In my seclusion I hunger for tidings from the civilized world. (*The priest comes forward and speaks to him eagerly, suggesting in pantomime* TRAHERNE'S *action in burning the paper, and pointing to the ashes on the ground, at which the* RAJA *looks*) You burned this column.

TRAHERNE — Unfortunately, I did.

RAJA — Ah! I know your motive, Dr. Traherne, and I appreciate it. You destroyed it out of consideration for my feelings, wishing to spare me a painful piece of intelligence. That was very thoughtful — but quite unnecessary. I already know what you tried to conceal.

CRESPIN — You know — !

TRAHERNE — Your Highness knows — !

RAJA — I know that three of my subjects, accused of a political crime, have been sentenced to death.

TRAHERNE — How is it possible — ?

RAJA — Bad news flies fast, Dr. Traherne. But one thing you can perhaps tell me — is there any chance of their sentence being remitted?

TRAHERNE — I am afraid not, Your Highness.

CRESPIN — Remitted? I should rather say not. It was a cold-blodded, unprovoked murder.

RAJA — Unprovoked, you think? Well, I won't argue the point. And the execution is to be — ?

TRAHERNE — I think tomorrow — or the day after.

RAJA — Tomorrow or the day after — yes. (*Turning to* LUCILLA) Forgive me, Madam — I have kept you waiting.

TRAHERNE — Does Your Highness know anything of these men?

RAJA — (*over his shoulder as he hands* LUCILLA *into the litter*). Know them? Oh yes — they are my brothers.

"He seats himself in his own litter and claps his hands twice. Both litters are raised and move off, Lucilla's first. The regular soldiers line the way in single rank. They salute as the litters pass. Watkins follows the Raja's. Crespin and Traherne seat themselves in their chairs. As they do so:"

CRESPIN — His brothers? What did he mean?

TRAHERNE — (*shrugging his shoulders*). Heaven knows!

CRESPIN — I don't like our host, Traherne. There's too much of the cat about him.

TRAHERNE — Or of the tiger. And how the devil had he got the news?

"As the two chairs move off, Crespin first, the two ranks of soldiers close round them. The irregulars and musicians, headed by the dancing negro, bring up the rear. The priest prostrates himself, as if in thanksgiving, before the Goddess. The curtain falls."

ACT II

The time is evening of the same day, the scene "a spacious proportioned room, opening upon a wide loggia." On the loggia at back turbaned servants,

under the direction of an old and dignified majordomo, are arranging a luxurious dinner table, with four covers. Traherne, discovered, is shortly joined by Crespin. Mrs. Crespin is still in the hands of the Raja's serving women, but while the men are somewhat apprehensive they have no reason to believe that the wily Raja has so soon set in motion any scheme that he may have planned for their embarrassment. They are, however, much concerned about the precariousness of their situation.

CRESPIN — Where do you suppose we really are, Traherne?

TRAHERNE — On the map, you mean?

CRESPIN — Of course.

TRAHERNE — Oh, in the never-never land. Somewhere on the way to Bokhara. I've been searching my memory for all I ever heard about Rukh. I fancy very little is known, except that it seems to send forth a peculiarly poisonous breed of fanatics.

CRESPIN — Like those who did poor Haredale in?

TRAHERNE — Precisely.

CRESPIN — D'you think our host was serious when he said they were his brothers? Or was he only pulling our leg, curse his impudence?

TRAHERNE — He probably meant caste brothers, or simply men of the same race. But, even so, it's awkward.

CRESPIN — I don't see what these beggars, living at the back of the north wind, have got to do with Indian politics. We've never interfered with them.

TRAHERNE — Oh, it's a case of Asia for the Asians. Ever since the Japanese beat the Russians the whole continent has been itching to kick us out.

With the entrance of Watkins, the butler, they try to extract from that mysterious person further information

as to the location of Rukh, in its relation to India. Watkins doesn't know, exactly, but it is "not so very far, as the crow flies."

TRAHERNE — Unfortunately we're not in a position to fly with the crow. How long does the journey take?

WATKINS — They tell me it takes about three weeks to Cashmere.

CRESPIN — They tell you! Surely you must remember how long it took you?

WATKINS — No, sir, excuse me, sir — I've never been in India.

CRESPIN — Not been in India? And I was just thinking, as I looked at you, that I seemed to have seen you before.

WATKINS — Not in India, sir. We might 'ave met in England, but I don't call to mind having that pleasure.

CRESPIN — But if you haven't been in India, how the hell did you get here?

WATKINS — I came with 'Is 'Ighness, sir, by way of Tashkent. All our dealin's with Europe is by way of Russia.

TRAHERNE — But it's possible to get to India direct, and not by way of central Asia?

WATKINS — Oh yes, it's done, sir. But I'm told there are some very tight places to negotiate — like the camel and the needle's eye, as you might say.

TRAHERNE — Difficult traveling for a lady, eh?

WATKINS — Next door to himpossible, I should guess, sir.

. . . . . .

TRAHERNE — But now look here, Watkins — you say we're three weeks away from Cashmere — yet the Raja knew of the sentence passed on these subjects of his who were tried only three days ago. How do you account for that?

WATKINS — I can't, sir. All I can say is, there's queer things goes on here.

TRAHERNE — Queer things? What do you mean?

WATKINS — Well, sir, them priests, you know — they goes in a lot for what 'Is 'Ighness calls magic —

TRAHERNE — Oh come, Watkins — you don't believe in that!

WATKINS — Well, sir, p'r'aps not. I don't, not to say believe in it. But there's queer things goes on. I can't say no more, nor I can't say no less. If you'll excuse me, sir, I must run my eye over the dinner table. 'Is 'Ighness will be here directly. (*He retires, inspects table, and presently goes out by the back.*)

CRESPIN — That fellow's either a cunning rascal or a damned fool. Which do you think?

TRAHERNE — I don't believe he's the fool he'd like us to take him for.

When Lucilla Crespin arrives she, too, has an exciting tale to tell of her adventures. "A little excursion into the Arabian Nights," she calls it, during which she was led down mysterious hallways without end, past grinning black guards and finally into an inner sanctum where a marbled bath and, after the bath, rows and rows of the latest Paris frocks awaited her. She had been treated with the utmost respect, she reports, the "ayah," or mistress of the robes, objecting only when she refused to wear one of the more startlingly risqué gowns. She was able to master that situation, however, and so far the three are able to agree that the Raja has served them only as a perfect host. With the arrival of the Raja, "in faultless evening attire . . . no jewels except the ribbon and star of the Russian order . . . nothing oriental about him except his turban and his complexion," the attendants announce that dinner is served. As they sit at table the Raja puts a record on the gramophone. The selection is hauntingly

familiar and Lucilla asks what it is. "Gounod's 'Funeral March of a Marionette,'" quietly answers the Raja, as the curtain falls.

When the curtain rises a moment later the party is just finishing dinner. They move into the inner room from the loggia for their coffee. Night has descended and the sky is ablaze with stars. The visitors are much impressed with the beauty of the scene, but the Raja confesses that he is not greatly interested in stars. Aren't they, suggests he, a little ostentatious? "I was guilty of a little showing off today when I played that foolish trick with my regular troops. But think of the Maharaja up yonder (*pointing upward*) who night after night whistles up his glittering legions and puts them through their deadly punctual drill, as much as to say, 'See what a devil of a fellow *I* am!' "

LUCILLA — (*looking out*). There is the moon rising over the snowfields. I hope you wouldn't banish her from the heavens?

RAJA — Oh no — I like her silly, good-natured face. And she's useful to lovers and brigands and other lawless vagabonds with whom I have great sympathy. Besides, I don't know that she's so silly, either. She seems to be forever raising her eyebrows in mild astonishment at human folly.

CRESPIN — All this is out of my depth, Your Highness. We've had a rather fatiguing day. Mightn't we—

RAJA — To be sure. I only waited till the servants had gone. Now, are you all quite confortable?

LUCILLA — Quite.

TRAHERNE — Perfectly, thank you.

CRESPIN — Perfectly.

RAJA — (*smoking a cigar, and standing with his back to the fire*). Then we'll go into committee upon your position here.

CRESPIN — If you please, sir.

RAJA — I'm afraid you may find it rather disagreeable.

CRESPIN — Communications bad, eh? We have a difficult journey before us?

RAJA — A long journey, I fear — yet not precisely difficult.

CRESPIN — It surely can't be so very far, since you had heard of the sentence passed on those assassins.

RAJA — I am glad, Major, that you have so tactfully spared me the pain of reopening that subject. We should have had to come to it, sooner or later.

TRAHERNE — When Your Highness said they were your brothers you were, of course, speaking figuratively. You meant your tribesmen?

RAJA — Not at all. They are sons of my father — not of my mother.

LUCILLA — And we intrude upon you at such a time! How dreadful!

RAJA — Oh, pray don't apologize. Believe me, your arrival has given great satisfaction.

TRAHERNE — How do you mean?

RAJA — I'll explain presently. But first —

CRESPIN — (*interrupting*). First let us understand each other. You surely can't approve of this abominable crime?

RAJA — My brothers are fanatics, and there is no fanaticism in me.

LUCILLA — How do they come to be so different from you?

RAJA — That is just what I was going to tell you. I was my father's eldest son, by his favorite wife. Through my mother's influence (my poor mother — how I loved her!) I was sent to Europe. My education was wholly European. I shed all my prejudices. I became the open-minded citizen of the world whom I hope you recognize in me. My brothers, on the other

hand, turned to India for their culture. The religion of our people has always been a primitive idolatry. My brothers naturally fell in with adherents of the same superstition and they worked each other up to a high pitch of frenzy against the European exploitation of Asia.

TRAHERNE — Had you no restraining influence upon them?

RAJA — Of course I might have imprisoned them — or had them strangled — the traditional form of argument in our family. But why should I? As I said, I have no prejudices — least of all in favor of the British raj. We are of Indian race, though long severed from the Motherland — and I do not love her tyrants.

CRESPIN — (*who has had quite enough to drink*). In short, sir, you defend this devilish murder?

RAJA — Oh no — I think it foolish and futile. But there is a romantic as well as a practical side to my nature, and, from the romantic point of view, I rather admire it.

This statement plainly irritates Major Crespin and he curtly suggests that, under the circumstances, it were probably better that he and his friends no longer intrude upon their host's hospitality. "If you will be good enough to furnish us with transportation tomorrow morning —" But the Raja fears that cannot be done. "Materially it might be managed," he admits, "but morally I fear it is — excuse the colloquialism, Madam — no go. . . . I mentioned that the religion of my people is a primitive superstition? Well, since the news has spread that three Feringhis have dropped from the skies precisely at the time when three princes of the royal house are threatened with death at the hands of the Feringhi government — and dropped, moreover, in the precincts of a temple — my subjects have got it

into their heads that you have been personally conducted hither by the Goddess whom they especially worship."

CRESPIN — Then the upshot of all this palaver is that you propose to hold us as hostages to exchange for your brothers?

RAJA — That is not precisely the idea, my dear sir. My theologians do not hold that an exchange is what the Goddess decrees. Nor, to be quite frank, would it altogether suit my book.

LUCILLA — Not to get your brothers back again?

RAJA — You may have noted in history, Madam, that family affection is seldom the strong point of princes. Is it not Pope who remarks on their lack of enthusiasm for "a brother near the throne"? My sons are mere children, and were I to die — we are all mortal — there might be trouble about the succession. In our family uncles seldom love nephews.

LUCILLA — So you would raise no finger to save your brothers?

RAJA — That is not my only reason. Supposing it possible that I could bully the Government of India into giving up my relatives, do you think it would sit calmly down under the humiliation? No, no, dear lady. It might wait a few years to find some decent pretext, but assuredly we should have a punitive expedition. It would cost thousands of lives and millions of money, but what would that matter? Prestige would be restored, and I should end my days in a maisonette in Petrograd. It wouldn't suit me at all. Hitherto I have escaped the notice of your Government by a policy of masterly inactivity, and I propose to adhere to that policy.

. . . . . .

CRESPIN — (*angrily*). Will you be so kind as to come to the point, sir?

RAJA — Gently, Major! We shall reach it soon enough. (*To* LUCILLA) Please remember, too, Madam, that an autocracy is generally a theocracy to boot, and mine is a case in point. I am a slave to theology. The clerical party can do what it pleases with me, for there is no other party to oppose it. True, I am my own Archbishop of Canterbury — but "I have a partner: Mr. Jorkins" — I have a terribly exacting Archbishop of York. I fear I may have to introduce you to him tomorrow.

LUCILLA — You are torturing us, Your Highness. Like my husband, I beg you to come to the point.

RAJA — The point is, dear lady, that the theology on which, as I say, my whole power is founded has not yet emerged from the Mosaic stage of development: it demands an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth (*a long pause*) — a life for a life.

TRAHERNE — (*after a pause*). You mean to say —

RAJA — Unfortunately, I do.

LUCILLA — You would kill us — ?

RAJA — Not I, Madam — the clerical party. And only if my brothers are executed. If not, I will merely demand your word of honor that what has passed between us shall never be mentioned to any human soul — and you shall go free.

To the Major's excited query as to whether he intends murdering them in cold blood the Raja calmly replies that there is nothing cold-blooded about the clerical party when "white goats" are to be sacrificed to the Green Goddess. It is possible, too, that the Goddess might not be too exacting as regards Mrs. Crespin — "if madam would be so gracious as to favor me with her — society —" At which evident insult Major Crespin angrily draws his revolver — to find that its bullets have been extracted. Earnestly Lucilla begs her husband and Traherne not to leave her

alone — to let her die first, if die they must. "The ceremony, Madam, will not be at these gentlemen's choice," quietly observes the Raja. . . . "Dr. Traherne reproached me with lack of consideration for your sex, and I hinted that, if you so pleased, your sex should meet with every consideration. I gather that you do not so please? Well, I scarcely hoped you would — and I do not press the point. None the less, the suggestion remains open. And now I'm afraid I've been talking a great deal. You must be fatigued."

The majordomo enters with a bit of paper. The Raja reads it interestedly, and immediately withdraws with the announcement that he may have news for them presently. A moment later the faint sound of a wireless machine in operation is heard.

CRESPIN — (*much excited*). Wireless, by Jupiter! They're sending out a message!

TRAHERNE — That accounts for it! They're in wireless communication with India!

LUCILLA — (*to* TRAHERNE). Antony knows all about wireless.

CRESPIN — I should rather think so! Wasn't it my job all through the war! If I could hear more distinctly now — and if they're transmitting in clear — I could read their message.

TRAHERNE — That may be our salvation!

CRESPIN — If we could get control of the wireless for five minutes, and call up the aerodrome at Amil-Serai —

LUCILLA — What then?

CRESPIN — Why, we'd soon bring the Raja to his senses.

LUCILLA — (*to* CRESPIN). Where do you suppose the installation is?

CRESPIN — Somewhere overhead I should say.

TRAHERNE — We must go very cautiously, Major. We must on no account let the Raja suspect that we

know anything about wireless telegraphy, else he'd take care we should never get near the installation.

CRESPIN — Right you are, Traherne — I'll lie very low.

LUCILLA — (*tearing off shawl*). And how are we to behave to that horrible man?

CRESPIN — We must keep a stiff upper lip and play the game.

LUCILLA — You mean pretend to take part in this ghastly comedy of hospitality and politeness?

TRAHERNE — If you can, it would be wisest. His delight in showing off his European policy is all in our favor. But for that he might separate us and lock us up. We must avoid that at all cost.

With their hopes set on discovering the wireless apparatus they await the return of the Raja. Presently he comes. The news that he has received confirms the announcement that the execution of his brothers has been set for the second day following at sunset. "Meanwhile I hope you will regard my poor house as your own. This is Liberty Hall. My tennis courts, my billiard room, my library are all at your disposal. I should not advise you to pass the palace gates — it would not be safe, for popular feeling, I must warn you, runs very high. Besides, where could you go? There are three hundred miles of almost impassable country between you and the nearest British post."

They question him regarding his method of receiving the news; they can only think of its being by wireless, they admit, but that seems hardly credible. Craftily, as he thinks, the Raja assures himself by questioning them, that they know nothing of the workings of a wireless plant. Then he boastfully admits its presence.

TRAHERNE — And with whom do you communicate?

RAJA — Do you think that quite a fair question,

Doctor? Does it show your usual tact? I have my agents — I can say no more. Shall I ring for the ayah, Madam, to see you to your room?

LUCILLA — If you please. No; stay a moment. Prince, I have two children. If it weren't for them, don't imagine that any of us would beg a favor at your hands. But for their sakes won't you instruct your agent to communicate with Simla and try to bring about an exchange — your brothers' lives for ours?

RAJA — I am sorry, Madam, but I have already told you why that is impossible. Even if your Government agreed, it would assuredly take revenge on me for having extorted such a concession. No whisper of your presence here must ever reach India, or — again forgive the vulgarism — my goose is cooked.

LUCILLA — The thought of my children does not move you?

RAJA — My brothers have children — does the thought of them move the Government of India? No, Madam, I am desolated to have to refuse you, but you must not ask for the impossible. (*He presses the bell.*)

LUCILLA — Does it not strike you that, if you drive us to desperation, we may find means of cheating your Goddess? What is to prevent me, for instance, from throwing myself from that loggia?

RAJA — Nothing, dear lady, except that clinging to the known, and shrinking from the unknown, that all of us feel, even while we despise it. Besides, it would be foolishly precipitate, in every sense of the word. While there is life there is hope. You can't read my mind. For aught you can tell, I may have no intention of proceeding to extremities and may only be playing a little joke upon you. I hope you have observed that I have a sense of humor. (*The ayah enters*) Ah, here is the ayah. Good night, Madam; sleep well. (*He bows her to the door*) Gentlemen, a whisky and soda. No? No? Then good night, good night.

After they have retired "the Raja takes from the table a powerful electric torch and switches it on. Then he switches off the lights of the room, which is totally dark except for the now moonlit background. He goes up to the idol on the mantelpiece, throws the light of the torch upon it, and makes it an ironic salaam. Then he lights himself toward the door as the curtain falls."

Act III

The scene is the Raja's snuggery — "an entirely European and modern room, its comfort contrasting with the old-fashioned, comfortless splendor of the scene of Act II." The time is the following morning. The casual investigations of Major Crespin, the first of the three "guests" to be stirring, reveal the heavy doors at the back of the room to be locked. A door at the left leads to a billiard room; another to a hallway connecting with the rest of the palace. A large open window at the right has the effect of being at a great height and commands a view across the valley to the snow peaks beyond. It is Traherne's conclusion, the moment he joins Crespin and has had a look around, that the locked doors at back let into the wireless room. Their minds are now intent upon finding some way to outwit their wily host. They might, Major Crespin suggests, pick him up and drop him out of the window on to the jagged rocks a hundred feet below. But Traherne does not approve. "They'd only tear us to pieces the quicker," says he. Before they can plan further the Raja enters.

Raja — Good morning, Major; good morning, Doctor. How do you like my snuggery? I hope you have slept well? (*They make no answer*) No? Ah,

perhaps you find this altitude trying? Never mind. We have methods of dealing with insomnia.

CRESPIN — Come now, Raja, a joke's a joke, but this cat-and-mouse business gets on one's nerves. Make arrangements to send us back to the nearest British outpost, and we'll give you our Bible oath to say nothing about the — pleasantry you've played on us.

RAJA — Send you back, my dear Major? I assure you, if I were ever so willing, it would be as much as my place is worth. You don't know how my faithful subjects are looking forward to tomorrow's ceremony. If I tried to cancel it there would be a revolution. You must be reasonable, my dear sir.

CRESPIN — Do you think we would truckle to you, damn you, if it weren't for my wife's sake? But for her we'll make any concession — promise you anything.

RAJA — What can you promise that is worth a brass farthing to me? (*With sudden ferocity*) No. Asia has a long score against you swaggering, blustering, whey-faced lords of creation, and, by all the gods! I mean to see some of it paid tomorrow! (*Resuming his suave manner*) But in the meantime there is no reason why we shouldn't behave like civilized beings. How would you like to pass the morning? I'm sorry I can't offer you any shooting. I mustn't lead you into temptation. What do you say to billiards? It soothes the nerves. (*Opening the door*) Here is the billiard room. I have a little business to attend to, but I'll join you presently.

With the major and Traherne safely disposed of in the billiard room, the Raja carefully closes the door between and summons Watkins. He is a little worried, he admits to the butler, to have his guests so near the wireless apparatus and a little doubtful as to their pretended ignorance of its mechanism. The fact that they have not yet tried to bribe Watkins is suspicious. It

looks as though they might have something up their sleeves. He would plan a trap to catch them, if they have. "I want you, in their presence, to send some message that is bound to startle or enrage them, and see if they show any sign of understanding it." Before the message can be formulated Lucilla Crespin enters the room. She is worn by a sleepless night, anxious about her companions, and not in a mood to respond pleasantly to the Raja's renewed interest in her. And yet, he attempts to assure her, he is in no way responsible for the desperate situation in which she finds herself. That must be charged against "chance, fate, the gods, Providence — whoever, or whatever pulls the strings of this unaccountable puppet show." He is quite powerless to save the men of her party, whatever he might be able to do for her. Has she seriously considered his offer to help her?

RAJA — Listen to me. It will be worth your while. I could not undertake to send a letter to your children — but it would be very easy for me to have them carried off and brought to you here.

LUCILLA — (*starts, and faces him*). What do you mean?

RAJA — I mean that, in less than a month, you may have your children in your arms, uninjured, unsuspecting, happy — if —

LUCILLA —If?

RAJA — If —oh, in your own time, of your own free will —you will accept the homage it would be my privilege to offer you.

LUCILLA — That!

RAJA — You have the courage to die, dear lady — why not have the courage to live? (*Pause*) You believe, I dare say, that tomorrow, when the ordeal is over, you will awaken in a new life, and that there your children will rejoin you. Suppose it were so: suppose that in forty — fifty — sixty years, they passed

over to you: Would they be your children? Can God Himself give you back their childhood? What I offer you is a new life, not problematical, but assured; a new life, without passing through the shadow of death; a future utterly cut off from the past, except that your children will be with you, not as vague shades, but living and loving. They must be quite young; they would soon forget all that had gone before. They would grow to manhood and womanhood under your eyes; and ultimately, perhaps, when the whole story was forgotten, you might, if you wished it, return with them to what you call civilization. And, meanwhile, you are only on the threshold of the best years of your life. You would pass them, not as a memsahib in a paltry Indian cantonment, but as the absolute queen of an absolute king. I do not talk to you of romantic love. I respect you too much to think you accessible to silly sentiment. But that is just it: I respect as much as I admire you; and I have never pretended to respect any other woman. Therefore I say you should be my first and only queen. Your son, if you gave me one, should be the prince of princes; my other sons should all bow down to him and serve him. For, though I hate the arrogance of Europe, I believe that from a blending of the flower of the East with the flower of the West the man of the future — the Superman — may be born.

"Lucilla has sat motionless through all this speech, her elbows on the end of the couch, twisting her handkerchief in her hands and gazing straight in front of her. There is now a perceptible pause before she speaks in a toneless voice."

LUCILLA — Is that all? Have you quite done?
RAJA — I beg you to answer.
LUCILLA — I can't answer the greater part of what

you have been saying, for I have not heard it; at least I have not understood it. All I have heard is "In less than a month you may have your children in your arms," and then again, "Can God Himself give you back their childhood?" These words have kept hammering at my brain till (*showing her handkerchief*) — you see — I have bit my lip to keep from shrieking aloud. I think the devil must have put them in your mouth —

RAJA — Pooh! You don't believe in these old bugbears.

LUCILLA — Perhaps not. But there is such a thing as diabolical temptation, and you have stumbled upon the secret of it.

RAJA — Stumbled!

LUCILLA — Mastered the art of it, if you like — but not in your long harangue. All I can think of is, "Can God Himself give you back their childhood?" and, "In a month you may have them in your arms."

RAJA — (*eagerly*). Yes, yes — think of that. In three or four weeks you may have your little ones —

LUCILLA — (*rising and interrupting him vehemently*). Yes — but on what conditions? That I should desert my husband and my friend — should let them go alone to their death — should cower in some back room of this murderous house of yours, listening to the ticking of the clock and thinking, "Now — now — the stroke has fallen" — stopping my ears so as not to hear the yells of your bloodthirsty savages — and yet, perhaps, hearing nothing else to my dying day. No, Prince! — you said something about not passing through the shadow of death; but if I did this I should not pass through it, but live in it, and bring my children into it as well. What would be the good of having them in my arms if I could not look them in the face?

RAJA — That is your answer?

LUCILLA — The only possible answer.

The message the Raja conspires with Watkins to send out within hearing of Crespin and Traherne reads: "The lady has come to terms. She will enter His Highness' household." If, before or after the message is sent, either Crespin or Traherne should attempt to bribe Watkins, or to get at the wireless, the butler is to summon the guard and let the Raja know. "I have the most implicit confidence in you, Watkins," he says. "I know that anything they can offer you would have to be paid either in England or in India, and that you daren't show your nose in either country."

Their signals are agreed upon, and Crespin and Traherne are summoned. They have said, the Raja reminds them, that they have had no experience with wireless. Perhaps it would amuse them to see it work. They admit that it would, and Watkins is told to open the doors of the wireless room and "order additional champagne from Tashkent." During the sending of the message the visitors pretend a complete ignorance of what is going on and at its conclusion the Raja is satisfied they were telling the truth when they declared their ignorance of its workings. Summoned by the High Priest, the Raja explains that he is obliged personally to attend to "some arrangements for tomorrow's ceremony," and begs to be excused for half an hour.

Satisfying themselves that they are alone and unwatched, the three prisoners hold a hasty conference as to their succeeding course of action. They cannot break down the doors leading to the wireless without arousing the palace. Therefore they must include Watkins in their plans. First they will try to bribe him. If that can be done, the major, who is struggling to recall his knowledge of wireless, will send a message to Amil-Serai, reading, "Major Crespin, wife, Traherne, imprisoned, Rukh, Raja's palace; death threatened tomorrow evening; rescue urgent." If they fail to bribe Watkins there is but one other thing they can do

— bind and gag him and drop him out of the window onto the rocks below. This much agreed upon, they summon the butler.

WATKINS — (*standing by the door*). You rang, sir?

TRAHERNE — Yes, Watkins, we want a few words with you. Do you mind coming over here? We don't want to speak loud.

WATKINS — There's no one understands English, sir.

TRAHERNE — Please oblige me, all the same.

WATKINS — (*coming forward*). Now, sir!

TRAHERNE — I dare say you can guess what we want with you.

WATKINS — I'm no 'and at guessin', sir. I'd rather you'd put it plain.

TRAHERNE — Well, you know that we've fallen into the hands of bloodthirsty savages? You know what is proposed for tomorrow?

WATKINS — I've 'eard as your number is up.

TRAHERNE — You surely don't intend to stand by and see us murdered — three of your own people, and one of them a lady?

WATKINS — My own people, is it? And a lady —!

LUCILLA — A woman, then, Watkins.

WATKINS — What has my own people ever done for me — or women, either — that I should lose a cushy job and risk my neck for the sake of the three of you? I wouldn't do it for all your bloomin' England, I tell you straight.

CRESPIN — It's no good, Traherne. Come down to tin tacks.

TRAHERNE — Only a sighting shot, Major. It was just possible we might have misread our man.

WATKINS — You did if you took 'im for a V. C. 'ero wot 'ud lay down his life for England, 'ome and beauty. The first thing England ever done for me was to 'ave me sent to a reformatory for pinchin' a silver rattle

off a young haristocrat in a p'rambulator. That, and the likes of that, is wot I've got to thank England for. And why did I do it? Because my mother would have bashed my face in if I'd have come back empty handed. That's wot 'ome and beauty has meant for me. W'y should I care more for a woman being scragged than what I do for a man?

TRAHERNE — Ah yes, I quite see your point of view. But the question now is, What'll you take to get us out of this?

WATKINS — Get you out of this! If you was to offer me millions 'ow could I do that?

TRAHERNE — By going into that room and sending this message through to the Amil-Serai aerodrome.

But Watkins is not interested in the price they have to offer for his assistance. After considerable bargaining they double, then treble it, and finally sign their I. O. U's, agreeing to pay him fifteen thousand pounds sterling if they make their escape. Then with a show of interest he goes to the instrument to send the message. His first call, however, reveals to Major Crespin that he is cheating them. The message he starts over the keys reads, "The — white — goats — are — ready — for —" But before he can get any farther Crespin and Traherne are upon him. With Lucilla's scarf they gag him and with Crespin's handkerchief they tie his hands behind him. Struggling, they carry him to the window. "Watkins' head falls back, and his terror-stricken eyes can be seen over the swathing gag. They rest him a moment on the balustrade."

TRAHERNE — Must we —?

CRESPIN — Nothing else for it — one, two, three! (*They heave him over.* LUCILLA, *who has been watching, petrified, gives a gasping cry.*)

CRESPIN — At least we haven't taken it lying down! (*He pours out some whisky and is about to drink when he pauses, puts down the glass, and then cries in great excitement*) Hold on! Don't speak! (*A pause*) I have it! Yes, by God, I have it! I've remembered the call! Can you lock that door?

LUCILLA — (*at door*). No key this side!

TRAHERNE — (*whispering and running to the door*). Don't open it. There are soldiers in the passage. I'll hold it. (*He stations himself before the door.* CRESPIN *rushes to the instrument and rapidly examines it.*)

CRESPIN — The scoundrel has reduced the current. (*Makes an adjustment with feverish haste*) Now the wave length! (*He begins to transmit.*)

TRAHERNE — Do you get any answer?

CRESPIN — No, no; I don't expect any — I'm sure they haven't the power. But it's an even chance that I get them all the same.

"He goes on transmitting hurriedly while Traherne and Lucilla stand breathless, Traherne with his shoulder to the door." Suddenly there is the sound of the guards approaching through the hall. Traherne braces himself against the door and for a moment is able to hold them back. Gradually he is forced back and the Raja rushes into the room. Seeing Major Crespin at the wireless machine he whips out his revolver and fires. The major falls forward on the instrument, but recovers himself and unmakes the adjustments. Then he topples to the floor. Lucilla and Traherne get him to the couch. The Raja, at the wireless table, picks up the copy of the message. He turns menacingly toward Crespin.

RAJA — (*holding out the paper*). How much of this did you get through?

CRESPIN — (*raising himself a little*). Damn you — none! (*Falls back dead.*)

LUCILLA — (*crying out*). Antony!

RAJA — All over, eh? (TRAHERNE, *still kneeling, makes an affirmative sign.*)

At this moment a noise is heard outside, and three soldiers burst open the door and rush in. One of them speaks to the Raja, pointing to the window, the other two rush up to Traherne, seize him and drag him over to the left. Lucilla remains kneeling by Crespin's body. The Raja goes calmly over to the window and looks out.

RAJA — Tut — tut — most inconvenient. And foolish on your part — for now, if my brothers should be reprieved, we cannot hear of it. (*Looks at the message reflectively*) Otherwise, the situation remains unchanged. We adhere to our programme for tomorrow. The major has only a few hours' start of you.

ACT IV

It is the hour set for the execution. The scene is "a gloomy hall, its roof supported by four wooden columns, two in a row, rudely carved with distorted animal and human figures. . . . At the back, center, is a wide opening, curtained at the beginning of the act. When the curtains are withdrawn they reveal a sort of balcony or tribune, raised by two steps above the level of the hall, over the balustrade of which can be seen the head and shoulders of a colossal image of the Goddess, apparently at a distance of some fifty yards. . . . When the curtain rises a group of priests is gathered round the doorway, left, while the chief priest stands

at the center, holding the curtains a little way apart and looking out. A priest is on guard at the door, right. For a moment after the rise of the curtain there is a regular and subdued murmur from the crowd without. Then it swells into a chorus of execrations." Two soldiers bring in Traherne, strapped to a mountain chair. They are followed by the Raja, in splendid Eastern attire.

TRAHERNE — Listen to me, Raja. Do what you will with me, but let Mrs. Crespin go. Send her to India or to Russia, and I am sure, for her children's sake, she will swear to keep absolute silence as to her husband's fate and mine.

RAJA — You don't believe, then, that I couldn't save you if I would.

TRAHERNE — Believe it? No!

RAJA — You are quite right, my dear Doctor. I am not a High Priest for nothing. I might work the oracle. I might get a command from the Goddess to hurt no hair upon your heads.

TRAHERNE — Then what devilish pleasure do you find in putting us to death?

RAJA — Pleasure? The pleasure of a double vengeance. Vengeance for today — my brothers — and vengeance for centuries of subjection and insult. Do you know what brought you here? It was not blind chance, any more than it was the Goddess. It was my will, my craving for revenge, that drew you here by a subtle, irresistible magnetism. My will is my religion — my god. And by that god I have sworn that you shall not escape me. (*Yells from the crowd outside*) Ah, they are bringing Mrs. Crespin.

Suavely the Raja apologizes to Lucilla for the manners of his people. Their fanaticism is quite beyond his control. Traherne, as a last request, asks

that he and Mrs. Crespin be left for a few moments alone.

RAJA — Why, by all means, if it is in my power. In spite of your inconsiderate action of yesterday —

TRAHERNE — Inconsiderate —?

RAJA — Watkins, you know — poor Watkins — a great loss to me! But *à la guerre comme à la guerre!* I bear no malice for a fair act of war. I am anxious to show you every consideration.

TRAHERNE — Then you will leave us alone for the time that remains to us?

RAJA — Why, by all means. And oh, by the way, you need have no fear of the — ceremony — being protracted. It will be brief and — I trust — painless. The High Church Party are not incapable of cruelty; but I have resolutely set my face against it. (LUCILLA *has meanwhile stood stonily gazing straight in front of her*) Before I go, Madame, may I remind you of my offer of yesterday? It is not yet too late. (LUCILLA *takes no notice*) Is it just to your children to refuse? (*She looks at him stonily*) Immovable? So be it! (*He turns to go. At this moment a great yell of triumphant hatred goes up from the populace.*)

RAJA — Your husband's body, Madam. They are laying it at the feet of the Goddess.

LUCILLA — You promised me —

RAJA — That it should be burnt. I will keep my promise. But you see I had three brothers — a head for a head.

"He goes into the inner chamber, encircled by his priests. Only the guard at the door remains, half hidden by the door jamb." As gently as possible Traherne asks Lucilla if she is determined not to make the sacrifice that will bring her children to her; is she sure it is not wrong to refuse? Sadly she confesses

that she has thought of nothing else through all the torturing hours. "If I *could* live I *would* — there, I confess it!" she says. "But I should die of shame and misery, and leave my children — to that man. Or, if I did, what sort of a mother should I be to them? They would be much better without me! Oh, my precious, precious darlings! (*She clasps her arms across her breast, and rocks herself in agony.*)

With the time left to them drawing to an end they speak finally of themselves and their love. "I meant to leave it all unspoken," says Traherne. "The thought of *him* lying out there seemed to tie my tongue. But we have only one moment on this side of eternity. Lucilla, shall I go on? (*After a perceptible pause Lucilla bows her head*) Do you think it is with a light heart that I turn my back upon the life of earth and all it might have meant for you and me — for you and me, Lucilla!"

LUCILLA — Yes, Basil, for you and me.

TRAHERNE — Rather than live without you, I am glad to die with you; but oh, what a wretched gladness compared with that of living with you and loving you I wonder if you guess what it has meant to me ever since we met at Dehra Dun, to see you as another man's wife, bound to him by ties I couldn't ask you to break. It has been hell, hell! . . . My love has not been quite selfish, Lucilla, since I can say I really do love your children, though I know they have stood between me and heaven.

LUCILLA — Yes, Basil, I know. I have known from the beginning.

TRAHERNE — Oh, Lucilla, have we not been fools, fools? We have sacrificed to an idol as senseless as that (*with a gesture toward the image*) — all the glory and beauty of life! What do I care for a bloodless,

shadowy life — life in the abstract, with all the senses extinct. Is there not something in the depths of our heart that cries out: "We don't want it! Better eternal sleep!"?

LUCILLA — Oh, Basil — you are going back on your own wisdom.

TRAHERNE — Wisdom! What has wisdom to say to love, thwarted and unfulfilled? You were right when you said that it is a mockery to speak of love without hands to clasp, without lips to kiss. We may be going to some pale parody of life; but in our cowardice we have killed love for ever and ever.

LUCILLA — No, Basil, don't call it cowardice. I, too, regret — perhaps as much as you — that things were — as they were. But not even your love could have made up to me for my children. (*A trumpet blast is heard — a prolonged, deep, wailing sound*) There is the signal! Good-by, dear love.

She holds out her hands to him. They kiss and stand embraced, until, at a sound of tom-toms and a low muttered chant from behind the curtains, they part, and stand, hand in hand, facing the doorway.

"Suddenly, at a great shattering note from a gong, the curtains of the doorway part, and a procession of chanting priests enters, all wearing fantastic robes and headdresses, and all, except the chief priest, masked. The Raja follows them, also wearing a priestly headdress, and gorgeously robed. Behind him come three dark-robed and masked figures, carrying heavy swords. Musicians bring up the rear. The priests group themselves round the throne."

The Raja is still bent on torturing them. To Lucilla he repeats his offer regarding her children; even though she "had rather die a hundred deaths"

than see them in his power he could, he reminds her, have them kidnapped, or have them killed. As Lucilla shrieks Traherne throws himself savagely at the Raja's throat. There is a struggle, and the priests pull Traherne away and pinion his arms. "Chivalrous, but ill-advised, Dr. Traherne," observes the now angry Raja. "I regret it and so will you. My colleagues here insist that, as you have laid impious hands on the chief of their sacred caste, your death alone will not appease the fury of the Goddess. They insist on subjecting you to a process of expiation — a ritual of great antiquity — but —

TRAHERNE — You mean torture?

RAJA — Well — yes.

(LUCILLA *rushes forward with a cry.*)

LUCILLA — I must speak to you — speak to you alone! Send Dr. Traherne away.

TRAHERNE — Lucilla! What are you thinking of! Lucilla — !

(*The* RAJA *motions to the priests, who do something to* TRAHERNE *which causes him to crumple up, and his voice dies away.*)

LUCILLA — I beg you — I beg you! One minute — no more!

"The Raja looks at her for a moment, then shrugs his shoulders and gives an order. Traherne is dragged through the doorway. Lucilla, in her desperation, has rushed up the steps of the throne. She now sinks, exhausted, upon the end of the throne itself.

LUCILLA — Let him go, send him back to India unharmed and — it shall be as you wish.

RAJA — Soho! You will do for your lover — to save him a little additional pain — what you would

not do to have your children restored to you! Suppose I agree — would he accept this sacrifice?

LUCILLA — No, no, he wouldn't — but he must have no choice. That is part of the bargain. Send him — bound hand and foot, if need be — down to Kashmir, and put him over the frontier —

RAJA — You don't care what he thinks of you?

LUCILLA — He will know what to think.

RAJA — And I, too, Madam, know what to think. (*He seizes her by the shoulders and turns her face toward him*) Come, look me in the eyes and tell me that you honestly intend to fulfill your bargain! (*Her head droops*) I knew it! You are playing with me! But the confiding barbarian is not so simple as you imagine. No woman has ever tried to fool me that has not repented it. You think, when you have to pay up, you will fob me off with your dead body. Let me tell you, I have no use for you dead — I want you with all the blood in your veins, with all the pride in that damned sly brain of yours. I want to make my plaything of your beauty, my mockery of your pride. I want to strip off the delicate English lady, and come down to the elemental woman, the handmaid and the instrument of man. (*Changing his tone*) Come now, I'll make you a plain offer. I will put Dr. Traherne over the frontier, and, as they set him free, my people shall hand him a letter written by you at my dictation. You will tell him that you have determined to accept my protection and make this your home. Consequently you wish to have your children conveyed to you here —

LUCILLA — Never — never — never! I will make no bargain that involves my children.

RAJA — You see! You will give me no hostages for the fulfillment of your bond. But a pledge of your good faith I must have. For without a pledge, Madam, I don't believe in it one little bit.

LUCILLA — What pledge?

RAJA — Only one is left — Dr. Traherne himself. I may — though it will strain my power to the uttermost — save his life, while keeping him in prison. Then, when you have fulfilled your bond — fulfilled it to the uttermost, mark you! — when you have borne me a child — I will let him go free. But the moment you attempt to evade your pledge, by death or by escape, I will hand him over to the priests to work their will with; and I will put no restraint upon their savage instincts. (*Pause*) Choose, my dear lady, choose!

The subdued murmur of the crowd below is suddenly stilled and through the silence is heard a faint, but rapidly increasing, whirr and throb. "Lucilla, who has been crouching on the steps of the throne, looks up slowly, hope dawning in her face. For a few seconds she says nothing, waiting to assure herself that she can believe her ears. Then she says, in a low voice, with a sort of sob of relief: "Aeroplanes! (*She springs up with a shriek*) The aeroplanes! Basil! Basil! The aeroplanes!"

With a rush that thrusts aside the incoming priests she runs from the room. The Raja does not change his attitude, but stands listening intently. The curtains at back are thrust aside revealing the guards standing and pointing upward. "So the good old major lied like a gentleman," he mutters. "Good old major! I didn't think he had it in him.". . .

Now one of the machines has landed on the parade ground flanking the palace and Lieutenant Cardew is demanding the immediate release of the prisoners, on threat of bombing the place and blowing the Raja and most of his people into kingdom come. The Raja is still slow to surrender. One bomb is released and explodes with a distant roar. A second falls, much

nearer to the palace. "Your comrades up yonder can no doubt massacre quite a number of my subjects — a brave exploit! — but when they've spent their thunderbolts, they'll just have to fly away again — if they can. A bomb may drop on this temple, you say? In that case, you and your friends will escort me — in fragments — to my last abode. Does that prospect allure you? I call your bluff, Lieutenant Cardew."

A third bomb falls, and there is a shattering detonation. "The priests rush up to the Raja and fall before him in panic-stricken supplication, with voluble remonstrances, pointing to the idol in the background. The Raja hesitates for a moment and then proceeds —

"My priests, however, have a superstitious dread of these eggs of the Great Roc. They fear injury to the Sacred Image. For myself, I am always averse from bloodshed. You may, if you please, signal to your squadron commander my acceptance of your terms."

Lieutenant Cardew demands that the body of Major Crespin be turned over to him and that an escort be furnished through the crowd.

RAJA — Certainly. (*Gives an order*) The escort will be here in a moment. (*To* LUCILLA *and* TRAHERNE) It only remains for me to speed the parting guest. I hope we may one day renew our acquaintance — oh, not here! I plainly foresee that I shall have to join the other kings in exile. Perhaps we may meet at Homburg or Monte Carlo and talk over old times. Ah, here is the escort.

(*The escort has formed at the door.*)

RAJA — Good-by, dear lady. I lament the major's end. Perhaps I was hasty; but, you know, "'Tis better to have loved and lost," etc. And oh — Mrs. Crespin — my love to the children!

"The priests and others are all clustered on the balcony, looking at the aeroplane. The Raja turns back from the door, lights a cigarette at the brazier, takes a puff, and says:

"Well, well — she'd probably have been a damned nuisance."

"LILIOM"

A Legend in Seven Scenes and a Prologue

By Frank Molnar

"LILIOM" is not a new play in the sense of having been recently written. It was first produced twelve years ago in Budapest and was, at that time, the first failure scored by its author, the Franz Molnar best known to American audiences as the author of "The Devil," which created considerable stir some seasons back, and "The Phantom Rival," which enjoyed fair success in 1914, when Leo Ditrichstein, then a Belasco star, presented his own American version of it. "Liliom" lasted a matter of thirty-odd performances when first produced in Budapest and was then withdrawn. After the war it was revived, and its success overseas is reported to have been great. The manuscript was first brought to America a matter of six or seven years ago, and at different times various managers have threatened to produce it. The Theater Guild, however, was the first to make good a promise to do so and the play was given at the Garrick Theater the night of April 20, 1921. Its reception was generally enthusiastic, though a fair percentage of its early auditors confessed themselves as puzzled as did those first audiences in Budapest. The particular public to which the Theater Guild caters, however, was greatly pleased and the commercial success of the venture soon justified a transfer of the play from the Garrick to the

Fulton Theater, which is nearer the center of the theatrical district.

The play reveals a curious mixture of fantasy and realism. The Liliom of the title, the name being a free translation of a Hungarian term meaning "roughneck" or "tough," is a barker in an amusement park, his particular value to his employer being his success as a "jollier" of the younger girls of the servant class who are attracted to the merry-go-round over which he presides. The atmosphere of the park is established in a prologue showing various booths and side shows, and the play proper opens in another section of the park just outside the amusement reservation. Marie and Julie have been riding on Liliom's merry-go-round and have attracted the attention of Mrs. Muskat, the proprietress. She has followed them away from the carrousel to continue the quarrel which was started when she invited them to leave. She is particularly angry with Julie, who evidently has been doing most of the flirting with Liliom. She will have no such goings on in her carrousel; she can't be too particular, but there are some things she will not stand, and any girl who lets Liliom fool with her, lets him lean against her and put his arm around her waist, has got to get out and stay out.

Julie as spiritedly denies the charge; Liliom wasn't leaning against her, but against the panther on which she was riding, and he always leaned against something; as for his arm — that, too, was common property, more or less; Liliom usually kept it around some girl. Liliom's appearance serves to add to the anger of the woman. At first he would treat the quarrel lightly, but soon Mrs. Muskat's attitude irritates him, and he is inclined to take Julie's part.

Liliom — Here's something new! I'm not to put my arm around a girl's waist any more! I suppose

I'm to ask your permission before I touch another girl!

MRS. MUSKAT — You can touch as many girls as you want and as often as you want — for my part you can go as far as you like with any of them — but not this one — I permit no indecency in my carrousel. . . .

LILIOM — (*to* MRS. MUSKAT). And now I'll ask you please to shut your mouth.

MRS. MUSKAT — What?

LILIOM — Shut your mouth quick, and go back to your carrousel.

MRS. MUSKAT — What?

LILIOM — What did she do to you, anyhow? Tryin' to start a fight with a little pigeon like that . . . just because I touched her? You come around to the carrousel as often as you want to, little girl. Come every afternoon and sit on the panther's back, and if you haven't got the price, Liliom will pay for you. And if anyone dares to bother you, you come and tell *me*.

MRS. MUSKAT — You reprobate!

LILIOM — Old witch!

JULIE — Thank you, Mister Liliom.

MRS. MUSKAT — You seem to think I can't throw you out, too. What's the reason I can't? Because you're the best barker in the park? Well, you are very much mistaken. In fact, you can consider yourself thrown out already. You're discharged!

. . . . . .

LILIOM — In that case, dear lady (*takes off his cap with a flourish*), you are respectfully requested to get out o' here as fast as your legs will carry you. I never beat up a woman yet — except that Holzer woman who I sent to the hospital for three weeks — but — if you don't get out o' here this minute, and let this little squab be, I'll give you the prettiest slap in the jaw you ever had in your life.

MRS. MUSKAT — Very good, my son. Now you *can* go to the devil. Good-by. You're discharged, and you needn't try to come back, either. (*She exits. It is beginning to grow dark.*)

MARIE — (*with great concern*). Mister Liliom —

LILIOM — Don't you pity me or I'll give you a slap in the jaw. (*To* JULIE) And don't you pity me, either.

JULIE — (*in alarm*). I don't pity you, Mister Liliom.

LILIOM — You're a liar, you *are* pitying me. I can see it in your face. You're thinking, now that Madame Muskat has thrown him out, Liliom will have to go begging. Huh! Look at me. I'm big enough to get along without a Madame Muskat. I have been thrown out of better jobs than hers.

JULIE — What will you do now, Mister Liliom?

LILIOM — Now? First of all, I'll go and get myself — a glass of beer. You see, when something happens to annoy me I always drink a glass of beer.

It is Liliom's suggestion that he go back to the carrousel and get his clothes and things. If the girls are there — or if one of them is there — when he returns he knows a beer garden where they can go. It is Marie's conviction that Julie is in love with Liliom, but Julie declares she isn't. She is only sorry that he lost his job. But she decides to wait for Liliom — and to send Marie away when he comes back, even though she knows that if she stays much longer she will be locked out and lose her own job.

"Marie goes, reluctantly, but comes back and says, uncertainly, 'Good night.' She waits a moment to see if Julie will follow her. Julie does not move. Marie exits. Meantime it has grown quite dark. During the following scene the gas-lamps far in the distance are lighted one by one. Liliom and Julie sit on the bench. From afar, very faintly,

comes the music of a calliope. But the music is intermittently heard; now it breaks off, now it resumes again, as if it came down on a fitful wind. Blending with it are the sounds of human voices, now loud, now soft; the blare of a toy trumpet; the confused noises of the show booths. It grows progressively darker until the end of the scene. There is no moonlight. The spring iridescence glows in the deep-blue sky."

LILIOM — Now we're both discharged. . . . Have you had your supper?

JULIE — No.

LILIOM — Want to go eat something at the Garden?

JULIE — No.

LILIOM — Anywhere else?

JULIE — No.

LILIOM — (*whistles softly, then*). You don't come to this park very often, do you? I've only seen you three times. Been here oftener than that?

JULIE — Oh yes.

LILIOM — Did you see me?

JULIE — Yes.

LILIOM — And did you know I was Liliom?

JULIE — They told me.

LILIOM — (*whistles softly, then*) Have you got a sweetheart?

JULIE — No.

LILIOM — Don't lie to me.

JULIE — I haven't. If I had, I'd tell you. I've never had one.

LILIOM — What an awful liar you are. I've got a good mind to go away and leave you here.

JULIE — I've never had one.

LILIOM — Tell that to someone else.

JULIE — (*reproachfully*). Why do you insist I have?

LILIOM — Because you stayed here with me the first time I asked you to. You know your way around, you do.

JULIE — No, I don't, Mister Liliom.

LILIOM — I suppose you'll tell me you don't know why you're sitting here — like this, in the dark, alone with me — You wouldn't 'a' stayed so quick if you hadn't done it before — with some soldier, maybe. This ain't the first time. You wouldn't have been so ready to stay if it was — what *did* you stay for, anyhow?

JULIE — So you wouldn't be left alone.

LILIOM — Alone! God, you're dumb! I don't need to be alone. I can have all the girls I want. Not only servant girls like you, but cooks and governesses, even French girls. I could have twenty of them if I wanted to.

JULIE — I know, Mister Liliom.

LILIOM — What do you know?

JULIE — That all the girls are in love with you. But that's not why I stayed. I stayed because you've been so good to me.

LILIOM — Well, then you can go home.

JULIE — I don't want to go home now.

LILIOM — And what if I go away and leave you sitting here?

JULIE — If you did, I wouldn't go home.

Two policemen emerge from the shadows and confront them. They question Liliom, and then Julie. One feels that he should warn the girl against Liliom. "He's only after your money," he tells her. "We know this fine fellow. He picks up you silly servant girls and takes what money they have. Tomorrow you'll probably be coming around to report him. If you do I'll throw you out. . . . I'm not your father, thank God, but I'm telling you what kind of a fellow

he is. . . . You needn't be afraid of him. This officer will take you home if you're afraid."

But Julie isn't afraid, and she doesn't want to go home. Liliom is puzzled. What kind of a girl is this Julie? Why isn't she afraid of him — after what the officer said? Julie doesn't know why she isn't afraid — but she isn't. For one thing she hasn't any money for anyone to take away from her — and if she had she would give it to him if he asked for it. No, she never had had a sweetheart — never one she gave money to. Far away the music of a dance orchestra is heard.

LILIOM — Want to dance?

JULIE — No. I have to be very careful.

LILIOM — Of what?

JULIE — My — character.

LILIOM — Why?

JULIE — Because I'm never going to marry. If I was going to marry it would be different. Then I wouldn't need to worry so much about my character. It doesn't make any difference if you're married. But I shan't marry — and that's why I've got to take care to be a respectable girl.

LILIOM — Suppose I were to say to you — I'll marry you.

JULIE — You?

LILIOM — That frightens you, doesn't it? You're thinking of what the officer said and you're afraid.

JULIE — No, I'm not, Mister Liliom. I don't pay any attention to what he said.

LILIOM — But you wouldn't dare to marry anyone like me, would you?

JULIE — I know that — that — if I loved anyone — it wouldn't make any difference to me what he — even if I died for it.

LILIOM — But you wouldn't marry a rough guy like me — that is, — eh — if you loved me —

JULIE — Yes, I would — if I loved you, Mister Liliom.

LILIOM — (*whispers*). Well — you just said — didn't you? — that you don't love me. Well, why don't you go home then?

JULIE — It's too late now ; they'd all be asleep.

LILIOM — Locked out?

JULIE — Certainly. (*They are silent awhile.*)

LILIOM — I think — that even a low-down good-for-nothing — can make a man of himself.

JULIE — Certainly. (*They are silent again. A lamp lighter crosses the stage.*)

LILIOM — Are you hungry?

JULIE — No. (*Another pause.*)

LILIOM — Suppose — you had some money — and I took it from you?

JULIE — Then you could take it, that's all.

LILIOM — (*after another brief silence*). All I have to do is go back to her — that Muskat woman — she'll be glad to get me back — then I'll be earning my wages again. (*The twilight folds darker about them.*)

JULIE — (*very softly*). Don't go back — to her — .

LILIOM — There are a lot of acacia trees around here.

JULIE — Don't go back to her —

LILIOM — She'd take me back the minute I asked her. I know why — she knows, too —

JULIE — I can smell them, too — acacia blossoms — (*Some blossoms drift down from the tree-top to the bench.*)

LILIOM — White acacias!

JULIE — The wind brings them down. (*They are silent. There is a long pause before the curtain falls.*)

SCENE II

The scene is the "dilapidated hovel" of Mother Hollunder, Julie's aunt, who, with her son, runs a

photographer's "studio" on the fringe of the amusement park. Here Liliom and Julie have been living for two months. Things have not been going well with them. Liliom has refused repeatedly to go back to his old job with Mrs. Muskat, though she has been after him many times. He has refused to work at all, in fact. "He's always wanting something, but never willing to work for it," mumbles Mother Hollunder, who is given to talking to herself; "he won't work and he won't steal, but he'll use up a poor old widow's last bit of firewood. He'll do that cheerfully enough. A big, strong lout like that lying around all day resting his lazy bones. He ought to be ashamed to look decent people in the face."

Marie has called, and the old crone's mumbling is largely for her benefit. Julie would defend Liliom if she could. True, he will not work at all. But not because he is lazy.

JULIE — . . . He never learned a trade, you see, and he can't just go and be a day laborer — so he just does nothing.

MARIE — That ain't right.

JULIE — No. Have the Breiers got a new maid yet?

MARIE — They've had three since you left. . . .

JULIE — He won't go back to work at the carrousel, either. I ask him why, but he won't tell me — Last Monday he hit me.

MARIE — Did you hit him back?

JULIE — No.

MARIE — Why don't you leave him?

JULIE — I don't want to.

MARIE — I would. I'd leave him. (*There is a strained silence.*)

MOTHER HOLLUNDER — (*Enters, muttering aloud*). He can play cards, all right. He can fight, too; and take money from poor servant girls. And the police

turn their heads the other way. The carpenter was here.

JULIE — Is that water for the soup?

MOTHER HOLLUNDER — The carpenter was here. There's a *man* for you! Dark, handsome, lots of hair, a respectable widower with two children — and money, and a good paying business. . . . He wants to take her out of this and marry her. This is the fifth time he's been here. He has two children, but —

JULIE — Please don't bother, Aunt Hollunder, I'll get the water myself.

MOTHER HOLLUNDER — He's waiting outside now.

JULIE — Send him away.

MOTHER HOLLUNDER — He'll only come back again — and the first thing you know that vagabond will get jealous and there'll be a fight. Oh, he's ready enough to fight, he is. Strike a poor little girl like that! Ought to be ashamed of himself! And the police just let him go on doing as he pleases. (*Still scolding she exits at back.*)

MARIE — A carpenter wants to marry you?

JULIE — Yes.

MARIE — Why don't you?

JULIE — Because —

MARIE — Liliom doesn't support you, and he beats you —he thinks he can do whatever he likes just because he's Liliom. He's a bad one.

JULIE — He's not really bad.

MARIE — That night you sat on the bench together — he was gentle then.

JULIE — Yes, he was gentle.

MARIE — And afterward he got wild again.

JULIE — Afterward he got wild — sometimes. But that night on the bench . . . he was gentle. He's gentle now, sometimes, very gentle. After supper, when he stands there and listens to the music of the carrousel, something comes over him — and he is gentle.

MARIE — Does he say anything?

JULIE — He doesn't say anything. He gets thoughtful and very quiet, and his big eyes stare straight ahead of him.

MARIE — Into your eyes?

JULIE — Not exactly. He's unhappy because he isn't working. That's really why he hit me on Monday.

MARIE — That's a fine reason for hitting you! Beats his wife because he isn't working, the ruffian!

JULIE — It preys on his mind —

MARIE — Did he hurt you?

JULIE — (*very eagerly*). Oh no.

Mrs. Muskat comes again to try to induce Liliom to return to the carrousel. But he is not easily interested. For one thing he has taken up recently with a chap named Ficsur — "the Sparrow," his friends and the police call him — and for another he doesn't just see how he can go back to his old life without leaving Julie. That, at least, is plainly what Mrs. Muskat expects him to do. And why not? The carrousel lady would like to know. He beats Julie, doesn't he? She'd be a lot better off without him. She'd probably marry again, or go back and be a servant girl. The offer is not without its temptations to Liliom.

MRS. MUSKAT — You've always been happy at the carrousel. It's a great life — pretty girls and beer and cigars and music — a great life and an easy one. I'll tell you what — come back and I'll give you a ring that used to belong to my dear departed husband. Well, will you come?

LILIOM — She's not that kind. She'd never be a servant girl again. But — but — for my part — if I decide — that needn't make any difference. I can go on living with her even if I do go back to my art —

MRS. MUSKAT — My God!

LILIOM — What's the matter?

MRS. MUSKAT — Who ever heard of a married man — I suppose you think all the girls would be pleased to know that you were running home to your wife every night. It's ridiculous! When people found out they'd laugh themselves sick —

LILIOM — I know what you want.

MRS. MUSKAT — (*refuses to meet his gaze*). You flatter yourself.

LILIOM — You'll give me that ring, too?

MRS. MUSKAT — (*pushes the hair back from his forehead*). Yes.

LILIOM — I'm not happy in this house.

MRS. MUSKAT — (*still stroking his hair*). Nobody takes care of you. (*They are silent.* JULIE *enters, carrying a cup of coffee.* MRS. MUSKAT *removes her hand from* LILIOM'S head.)

LILIOM — Do you want anything?

JULIE — No. (*She exits slowly into the kitchen.*)

MRS. MUSKAT — The old woman says there is a carpenter, a widower, who —

LILIOM — I know — I know —

JULIE — (*re-entering*). Liliom, before I forget — I have something to tell you.

LILIOM — All right.

JULIE — I've been wanting to tell you — in fact, I was going to tell you yesterday —

LILIOM — Go ahead.

JULIE — But I must tell you alone — if you'll come in — it will only take a minute.

LILIOM — Don't you see I'm busy now? Here I am talking business and you interrupt with —

JULIE — It'll only take a minute.

LILIOM — Get out of here, or —

JULIE — But I tell you it will only take a minute —

LILIOM — Will you get out of here?

JULIE — (*courageously*). No.

LILIOM — (*rising*). What's that?

JULIE — No.

MRS. MUSKAT — (*rises, too*). Now don't start fighting. I'll go out and look at the photographs in the showcase awhile and come back later for your answer. (*She exits at back.*)

JULIE — You can hit me again if you like — don't look at me like that. I'm not afraid of you . . . I'm not afraid of anyone. I told you I had something to tell you.

LILIOM — Well, out with it — quick.

JULIE — I can't tell you so quick. Why don't you drink your coffee?

LILIOM — Is that what you wanted to tell me?

JULIE — No. By the time you've drunk your coffee I'll have told you.

LILIOM — (*gets the coffee and sips it*). Well?

JULIE — Yesterday my head ached — and you asked me —

LILIOM — Yes —

JULIE — Well — you see — that's what it is —

LILIOM — Are you sick?

JULIE — No. . . . But you wanted to know what my headaches came from — and you said I seemed — changed.

LILIOM — Did I? I guess I meant the carpenter.

JULIE — I've been — what? The carpenter? No. It's something entirely different — it's awfully hard to tell — but you'll have to know sooner or later — I'm not a bit scared — because it's a perfectly natural thing —

LILIOM — (*put the coffee cup on the table*). What?

JULIE — When — when a man and a woman — live together.

LILIOM — Yes.

JULIE — I'm going to have a baby.

For a moment Liliom is stunned by the prospect. Then he is thrilled. Joyfully he proclaims the fact to his friend, the Sparrow, and is disgusted at the latter's stolid acceptance of it. It settles once for all the question of his going back to Mrs. Muskat. He needs a lot of money now — and the Sparrow is the one to help him get that. Curtly he dismisses the carrousel queen and the Sparrow and joyfully turns to call through the door to the mumbling Mother Hollunder: "Aunt Hollunder! Julie's going to have a baby!"

"Then he goes to the window, jumps on the sofa, looks out. Suddenly, in a voice that overtops the droning of the organ, he shouts as if addressing the far-off carrousel, "I'm going to be a father." . . . He throws himself on the sofa and buries his face in the cushion. Julie watches him a moment, comes over to him and covers him with a shawl. Then she goes on tiptoe to the door at back and remains standing in the doorway, looking out and listening to the droning of the organ as the curtain falls.

Scene III

Again the Hollunder studio, later the same afternoon. The Sparrow has had time to convince Liliom of the soundness of his scheme to get money — more money than either had ever had before. They are in close consultation now as to the details and quite jovial. Whenever there is danger of their being overheard they break into a thieves' song. The Sparrow is teaching it to his protégé.

"Lookout, lookout, my pretty lad,
The damn police are on your trail;
The nicest girl you ever had
Has now commenced to weep and wail;

Lookout, here comes the damn police,
The damn police,
The damn police,
Lookout, here comes the damn police
They'll get you every time."

Julie, troubled and uneasy, flits in and out of the house. Finally the Sparrow has a chance to outline his plan. The cashier of a certain leather factory carries a payroll amounting to 16,000 kronen. Every Saturday he takes the same route, and he goes alone. It will be easy for one of them to accost him, as he passes a certain lonely spot by the railroad embankment, and when he is off his guard the other can stick a knife between his ribs or smash in his skull. Liliom doesn't like the idea of killing the man. Does he have to be killed. "No," admits the Sparrow, "he doesn't have to be. He can give up the money without being killed — but most of these cashiers are peculiar — they'd rather be killed."

LILIOM — And when it's done, do we start right off for America?

FICSUR — No.

LILIOM — What then?

FICSUR — We bury the money for six months. That's the usual time. And after the sixth month we dig it up again.

LILIOM — What then?

FICSUR — Then you go on living just as usual for six months more — you don't touch a heller of the money.

LILIOM — In six months the baby will be born.

FICSUR — Then we ll take the baby with us, too. Three months before the time you'll go to work so as to be able to say you saved up your wages to get to America.

LILIOM — Which of us goes up and talks to him?

FICSUR — One of us talks to him with his mouth and the other talks with his knife. Depends on which you'd rather do. I'll tell you what — you talk to him with your mouth.

LILIOM — Do you hear that?

FICSUR — What?

LILIOM — Outside . . . like the rattle of swords. (FICSUR *listens. After a pause,* LILIOM *continues*) What do I say to him?

FICSUR — You say good evening to him and, "Excuse me, sir; can you tell me the time?"

LILIOM — And then what?

FICSUR — By that time I'll have stuck him — and then you take *your* knife —

A policeman enters. They eye him suspiciously, but he has only come to have his photograph taken. Soon he is gone, and they are free to go on with their plans. Liliom is to sneak into the house and get a kitchen knife — a big sharp knife to slit the victim's throat with. . . . Now Liliom has the knife, and they are ready to start. But Liliom is still worried. The sight of Julie, furtively eying them, serves to unnerve him. Bravely he tries to pick up the refrain of the thieves' song while she lingers within hearing. And when she is gone he turns again to the Sparrow. "At night, in my dreams," he murmurs, "if his ghost comes back — what will I do then?"

FICSUR — His ghost won't never come back.

LILIOM — Why not?

FICSUR — A Jew's ghost don't never come back.

LILIOM — Well then — afterward —

FICSUR — (*impatiently*). What do you mean — afterward?

LILIOM — In the next world — when I come up before the Lord God — what 'll I say then?

FICSUR — The like of you will never come up before Him.

LILIOM — Why not?

FICSUR — Have you ever come up before the high court?

LILIOM — No.

FICSUR — Our kind comes up before the police magistrate — and the highest we *ever* get is the criminal court.

LILIOM — Will it be the same in the next world?

FICSUR — Just the same. We'll come up before a police magistrate, same as we did in this world.

LILIOM — A police magistrate?

FICSUR — Sure. For the rich folks — the heavenly court. For us poor people — only a police magistrate. For the rich folks — fine music and angels. For us —

LILIOM — For us?

FICSUR — For us, my son, there's only justice. In the next world there'll be lots of justice, yes, nothing but justice. And where there's justice there must be police magistrates; and where there're police magistrates, people like us get —

LILIOM — (*interrupting*). Good evening. Excuse me, sir, can you tell me the time? (*Lays his hand over his heart.*)

FICSUR — What do you put your hand there for?

LILIOM — My heart is jumping — under the knife.

FICSUR — Put it on the other side then. (*Looks out at the sky*) It's time we started — we'll walk slow —

LILIOM — It's too early.

FICSUR — Come on.

Before they can get away Julie stops them. She is thoroughly suspicious now. She begs Liliom not to go. Pleadingly she presents all the excuses she can think of. It is going to rain. The carpenter is coming — with an

offer of work for Liliom. Marie and her husband are coming to have their pictures taken. Roughly Liliom puts her aside. Won't he stay — if she will get him some beer — or wine? No — he's going for a walk with the Sparrow. If she tries to stop him he'll — He clenches his fist and brushes her out of the way.

Now they are gone. Hopelessly Julie gazes after them as they disappear down the street. Mother Hollunder arouses her. She has missed the kitchen knife. Julie is sure Liliom didn't take it. What use would he have for a knife? Marie and her intended have come to pose for their pictures. They can't understand why Julie is crying. She tries to conquer her tears. Softly from the distance is heard the refrain of the thieves' song. The curtain falls.

Scene IV

At the railroad embankment. Dusk has begun to fall. Through an arch under the tracks the fields on the outskirts of the city can be seen. Overhead are strung the wires that "the Jews talk through," as Liliom expresses it. But the Sparrow corrects him. The Jews don't talk — they telegraph. Again the would-be highwaymen rehearse the tragedy they are about to play. Liliom is to accost the cashier. "Good evening. Excuse me, sir; what time is it?" And while the victim is reaching for his watch the Sparrow is to stab him.

But the cashier doesn't come. Liliom is nervous. The Sparrow suggests a game of "Vengt et un." They play, and the Sparrow cheats. Soon Liliom has lost his last heller. He cannot play any more. But the Sparrow agrees to trust him — and deduct his winnings from Liliom's share of the sixteen thousand kronen

they are to take from the cashier. "Whoever has the most luck will have the most money." The game continues. The Sparrow wins again. The Sparrow always wins. Now he has taken the last of Liliom's share of the haul they expect to make. A fight threatens, when suddenly the cashier appears in the arch.

"He is a strong, robust, red-bearded Jew about forty years of age. At his side he carries a leather bag slung by a strap from his shoulder. The Sparrow coughs warningly, moves to the right between the cashier and the embankment, pausing just behind him. Liliom stands bewildered. . . . "Good evening, sir. Excuse me, sir, can you tell me the time? . . ."

The Sparrow springs forward, but he is too late. The cashier catches him by the wrist with one hand, forcing him to his knees, and with the other draws a revolver from his coat pocket, which he presses against Liliom's breast.

LINZMAN — (*the cashier, in a low, even voice*). It is twenty-five minutes past six. (*Looks ironically down at* FICSUR) It's lucky I grabbed the hand with the knife instead of the other one. (*Looks appraisingly from one to the other*) Two fine birds! (*To* FICSUR) Rothschild has more luck than you. (*To* LILIOM) I'd advise you to keep nice and quiet. If you make one move, you'll get two bullets in you. Just look into the barrel. You'll see some little things in there, made of lead.

FICSUR — Let me go. I didn't do anything

LINZMAN — (*mockingly shakes the hand which still holds the knife*). And this? What do you call this? Oh yes, I know. You thought I had an apple in my pocket, and you wanted to peel it. That's it. Forgive me for my error. I beg your pardon, sir.

LILIOM — But I — I —

LINZMAN — Yes, my son, I know. It's so simple.

You only asked me what time it is. Well, it's twenty-five minutes after six.

FICSUR — Let us go, honorable sir. We didn't do anything to you.

LINZMAN — In the first place, my son, I'm not an honorable sir. In the second place, for the same money, you could have said Your Excellency But in the third place you'll find it very hard to beg off by flattering me.

LILIOM — But I — *I* really didn't do anything to you.

LINZMAN — Look behind you, my boy. Don't be afraid. Look behind you, but don't run away or I'll have to shoot you down. (LILIOM *turns his head slowly around*) Who's coming up there?

LILIOM — (*to* FICSUR). You hold still or — (*To* LILIOM, *teasingly*) How many policemen are there?

LILIOM — Two.

LINZMAN — And what are the policemen sitting on?

LILIOM — Horses.

LINZMAN — And which can run faster, a horse or a man?

LILIOM — A horse.

LINZMAN — There, you see. It would be hard to get away now. (*Laughs*) I never saw such an unlucky pair of highway robbers. I can't imagine worse luck. Just today I had to put a pistol in my pocket. And even if I hadn't — old Linzman is a match for four like you. But even that isn't all. Did you happen to notice, you oxen, what direction I came from? From the factory, didn't I? When I *went* there I had a nice bit of money with me. Sixteen thousand crowns! But now — not a heller. (*Calls off left*) Hey, come quicker, will you? This fellow is pulling pretty strong.

Suddenly the Sparrow frees himself with a mighty wrench and darts rapidly away. Liliom makes a dash

for a wooden stairway that leads to the top of the embankment. He gains the top as the policemen arrive. For a moment he stands there, defiantly. Then he draws the kitchen knife from under his coat. "You won't get me!" he shouts, and thrusts the knife deep into his breast. As he falls he rolls down the other side of the embankment.

One of the policemen follows. Soon his voice is heard reporting that the wounded man has apparently made "a good job of it."

FIRST POLICEMAN — Hey, Stephan!

SECOND POLICEMAN — What?

FIRST POLICEMAN — Shall I pull the knife out of his chest?

SECOND POLICEMAN — Better not or he may bleed to death.

FIRST POLICEMAN — Stephan!

SECOND POLICEMAN — Yes.

FIRST POLICEMAN — Lot of mosquitoes around here.

SECOND POLICEMAN — Yes.

FIRST POLICEMAN — Got a cigar?

SECOND POLICEMAN — No. (*There is a pause. The* FIRST POLICEMAN *appears over the top of the embankment.*)

FIRST POLICEMAN — A lot of good the new pay schedule's done us — made things worse than they used to be — we *get* more but we *have* less than we ever had. If the Government could be made to realize that. It's a thankless job at best. You work hard year after year, you get gray in the service, and slowly you die — yes.

SECOND POLICEMAN — That's right.

In the distance is heard the bell of the signal tower as the curtain falls.

Scene V

In the photographic studio a half hour later. Julie, Mother Hollunder, Marie and her intended and young Hollunder are waiting. The ambulance attendants bring Liliom in. He is still alive and can talk — a little. . . . They put the stretcher down and slowly they all withdraw. "Julie sits on the edge of the stretcher and looks at Liliom. He stretches his hand out to her. She clasps it. It is not quite dark yet."

Liliom — (*raises himself with difficulty; speaks lightly at first, but later soberly, defiantly*). Little — Julie — there's something — I want to tell you — like when you go to a restaurant — and you've finished eating — and it's time — to pay — then you have to count up everything — everything you owe — well — I beat you — not because I was mad at you — no —only because I can't bear to see anyone crying. You always cried — on my account — and, well, you see — I never learned a trade — what kind of a caretaker would I make? But anyhow — I wasn't going back to the carousel to fool with the girls. No, I spit on them all—understand?

Julie — Yes.

Liliom — And — as for Hollinger — he's good enough — Mrs. Muskat can get along all right with him. The jokes he tells are mine — and the people laugh when he tells them — but I don't care. I didn't give you anything — no home — not even the food you ate — but you don't understand. It's true I'm not much good — but I couldn't be a caretaker — and so I thought maybe it would be better over there — in America — do you see?

Julie — Yes.

Liliom — I'm not asking — forgiveness — I don't do that —I don't. Tell the baby — if you like.

JULIE — Yes.

LILIOM — Tell the baby — I wasn't much good — but tell him — if you ever talk about me — tell him — I thought — perhaps — over in America — but that's no affair of yours. I'm not asking forgiveness. For my part the police can come now. If it's a boy — if it's a girl — Perhaps I'll see the Lord God today. Do you think I'll see Him?

JULIE — Yes.

LILIOM — I'm not afraid — of the police up there — if they'll only let me come up in front of the Lord God Himself — not like down here where an officer stops you at the door. If the carpenter asks you — yes — be his wife — marry him. And the child — tell him he's his father. He'll believe you — won't he?

JULIE — Yes.

LILIOM — When I beat you — I was right. You mustn't always think — you mustn't always be right. Liliom can be right once, too. It's all the same to me who was right. It's so dumb. Nobody's right. A lot they know!

JULIE — Yes.

LILIOM — Julie — come — hold my hand tight.

JULIE — I'm holding it tight — all the time.

LILIOM — Tighter, still tighter — I'm going (*Pauses*) Julie —

JULIE — Good-by.

Liliom sinks slowly back and dies. The doctor and the first policeman make a perfunctory examination of the body and depart. The Hollunders and Marie and her friend seek to console Julie, who listens to them dazedly. Mrs. Muskat enters. She, also, is sympathetic. She would like to "make up" with Julie, but the girl will have none of her sympathy. As for that Mrs. Muskat doesn't care. "Please don't think I am trying to force myself on you," she says. "I

stayed because we two are the only ones on earth who loved him. That's why I thought we ought to stick together." "No, thank you," replies Julie.

Now she is alone with her dead. She puts the candle on the table near Liliom's head, sits on the edge of the stretcher, looks into the dead man's face and caresses it tenderly.

JULIE — Sleep, Liliom, sleep — it's no business of hers — I never even told you — but now I'll tell you — now I'll tell you — you bad, quick-tempered, rough, unhappy, wicked — *dear* boy — sleep peacefully, Liliom — they can't understand how I feel — I can't even explain to you — not even to you — how I feel — you'd only laugh at me — but you can't hear me any more. (*Between tender motherliness and reproach, yet with great love in her voice*) It was wicked of you to beat me—on the breast and on the head and face — but you're gone now. You treated me badly — that was wicked of you — but sleep, peacefully, Liliom — you bad, bad boy — I love you — I never told you before — I was ashamed — but now I've told you — I love you. Liliom — sleep — my boy — sleep.

She is reading the Bible softly to herself when the carpenter comes. He would offer both sympathy — and his hand in marriage — later — when it is time. But Julie dismisses him. "No use, carpenter. God be with you."

The Sparrow slinks in from the house and calls to her that coffee is ready. Slowly Julie goes into the house. The Sparrow gives the body a hurried look and slinks away. Now Liliom lies alone.

"After a brief silence music is heard, distant at first, but gradually coming nearer. It is very much like the music of the carrousel, but slower, graver, more exalted. The melody, too, is the same, yet the tempo is altered

and contrapuntal measures of the thieves' song are intertwined in it. Two men in black, with heavy sticks, soft black hats and black gloves, appear in the doorway at back and stride slowly into the room. Their faces are beardless, marble white, grave and benign. One stops in front of the stretcher, the other a pace to the right. From above a dim violet light illuminates their faces." They are the heavenly police and they have come to conduct Liliom into the next world.

THE FIRST — (*bends down, touches* LILIOM'S *shoulder*). Get up and come with us. (LILIOM *slowly sits up.*)

THE SECOND — Come along.

THE FIRST — (*paternally*). These people suppose that when they die all their difficulties are solved for them.

THE SECOND — (*raising his voice sternly*). That simply by thrusting a knife in your heart and making it stop beating you can leave your wife behind with a child in her womb —

THE FIRST — It is not as simple as that.

THE SECOND — Such things are not settled so easily.

THE FIRST — Come along. You will have to give an account of yourself. We are God's police. (*An expression of glad relief lights upon* LILIOM'S *face. He rises from the stretcher*) Come.

THE SECOND — You mortals don't get off quite as easy as that.

THE FIRST — Come. (LILIOM *starts to walk ahead of them, then stops and looks at them*). The end is not as abrupt as that. Your name is still spoken. Your face is still remembered. Remembered, too, are the manner of your glance, the ring of your voice, the clasp of your hand and how your step sounded — as long as one is left who remembers you, so long is the matter unended. Before the end there is much to be undone.

Until you are quite forgotten, my son, you will not be finished with the earth — even though you *are* dead.

THE SECOND — (*very gently*). Come.

The music begins again. All three exit at back, Liliom leading, the others following. The stage is empty and quite dark save for the candle which burns by the stretcher, on which, in the shadows, the covers are so arranged that one cannot quite be sure that a body is not still lying. The music dies out in the distance as if it had followed Liliom and the two policemen. The candle flickers and goes out. There is a brief interval of silence and total darkness before the curtain falls.

SCENE VI

A whitewashed courtroom "in the beyond"; a ceilingless room from which there are exits on either side, one leading to the region of the purifying flames, the other to that of the heavenly peace. There is an entrance at back through which Liliom is presently escorted by the celestial police, and a grated window, through which can be seen a vista of rose-tinted clouds.

This, the inquiring Liliom discovers, is that part of the police court devoted to the trial of suicide cases. Here "justice is done." Two who have preceded him are already seated on a bench in the center of the room. One is richly, the other poorly dressed. They are inclined to be sociable, but Liliom is surly and suspicious.

The Police Magistrate, a tall, bald, white-bearded patriarch, enters. He has come to consider "yesterday's cases." That of the richly dressed man is called first. He is, he says, "forty-two, married, and a Jew —" "Religion does not interest us here," interrupts the Magistrate. "Why did you kill yourself?"

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN — On account of my debts.

THE MAGISTRATE — What good did you do on earth?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN — I was a lawyer —

THE MAGISTRATE — (*coughs significantly*). Yes — we'll discuss that later. For the present I shall only ask you: Would you like to go back to earth once more before sunrise? I advise you that you have the right to go if you choose. Do you understand?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN — Yes, sir.

THE MAGISTRATE — He who takes his life is apt, in his haste and his excitement, to forget something. Is there anything important down there you have left undone? Something to tell someone? Something to undo?

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN — My debts —

THE MAGISTRATE — They do not matter here. Here we are concerned only with the affairs of the soul.

THE RICHLY DRESSED MAN — Then — if you please — when I left — the house — my youngest son, Oscar — was asleep. I didn't trust myself to wake him — and bid him good-by. I would have liked — to kiss him good-by.

THE MAGISTRATE — (*To the* SECOND POLICEMAN). You will take Dr. Reich back and let him kiss his son, Oscar.

When Liliom's name is called he still is defiant. He rather resents being questioned, If he, too, is to have a chance to return to earth he would like to go back long enough to break the Sparrow's head. However, so long as he is in heaven he thinks he might as well stay. So far as his earthly record is concerned he stubbornly refuses to admit that he regrets any part of it. He knows that he left Julie without food or shelter, that there is a baby coming, and that it, too, will be without

food or shelter. But so long as he will not be there, what has that to do with him? There is one thing he would like to know, however. Will the baby be a boy or a girl?

THE MAGISTRATE — You shall see that for yourself.

LILIOM — (*excitedly*). I'll see the baby?

THE MAGISTRATE — When you do it won't be a baby any more. But we haven't reached that question yet.

LILIOM — I'll see it?

THE MAGISTRATE — Again I ask you: Do you not regret that you deserted your wife and child; that you were a bad husband, a bad father?

LILIOM — A bad husband?

THE MAGISTRATE — Yes.

LILIOM — And a bad father?

THE MAGISTRATE — That, too.

LILIOM — I couldn't get work — and I couldn't bear to see Julie — all the time — all the time —

THE MAGISTRATE — Weeping. Why are you ashamed to say it? You couldn't bear to see her weeping. Why are you afraid of that word? And why are you ashamed that you loved her?

LILIOM — (*shrugs his shoulders*). Who's ashamed? But I couldn't bear to see her — and that's why I was bad to her. You see, it wouldn't do to go back to the carrousel — and Ficsur came along with his talk about — that other thing — and all of a sudden it happened, I don't know how. The police and the Jew with the pistol — and there I stood — and I'd lost the money playing cards — and I didn't want to be put in prison. (*Demanding justification*) Maybe I was wrong not to go out and steal when there was nothing to eat in the house? Should I have gone out to steal for Julie?

THE MAGISTRATE — (*emphatically*). Yes.

LILIOM — (*after an astounded pause*). The police down there never said that.

THE MAGISTRATE — You beat that poor, frail girl; you beat her because she loved you. How could you do that?

LILIOM — We argued with each other — she said this and I said that — and because she was right I couldn't answer her — and I got mad — and the anger rose up in me — until it reached here (*points to his throat*) — and then I beat her.

THE MAGISTRATE — Are you sorry?

LILIOM — (*shakes his head but cannot mutter the word "no"; continues softly*). When I touched her slender throat — then — if you like — you might say — (*Falters, looks embarrassed at the* MAGISTRATE.)

THE MAGISTRATE — (*confidently expectant*). Are you sorry?

LILIOM — (*with a stare*). I'm not sorry for anything.

THE MAGISTRATE — Liliom, Liliom, it will be difficult to help you.

LILIOM — I'm not asking any help.

Soon the Magistrate is forced to summon all his "heavenly patience" before he can proceed with Liliom's case. As it is, he is obliged to send him back to his seat while he hears the case of the poorly dressed man. This man has just completed a sentence of thirteen years in the purifying flames. And to prove that his soul has been burned clean he had returned to earth to perform a good deed. Finding a hole in the roof of his cottage and the rain beating in upon his wife and children, he had mended the roof. "Stephen Kadar, you have done a good deed," announces the Magistrate; "what you did will be written in books to gladden the hearts of children who read them. The door is open to you. The eternal light awaits you."

The poorly dressed man passes on into the kingdom of kings. Still Liliom is not impressed. "Any roofer

can fix a roof," he sneers; "it's much harder to be a barker in an amusement park."

Now the Magistrate is passing sentence. For sixteen years Liliom shall remain in the crimson fire. By that time the pride and stubbornness will have been burned out of him. By that time, too, his daughter — and Liliom had so confidently expected his baby to be a boy he could weep at the Magistrate's prophecy — by that time his daughter will be sixteen years old and Liliom will be sent back to earth for a single day to show how far the purification of his soul has progressed. It will be a test, and if he meets it as he should, if he does something good, something splendid for his child, then —

But the Magistrate does not complete his promise. Suddenly he rises, preparatory to adjourning court. The attendants attend him reverently.

THE MAGISTRATE — Now I'll bid you farewell, Liliom. Sixteen years and a day shall pass before I see you again. When you have returned from earth you will come up before me again. Take heed and think well of some good deed to do for your child. On that will depend which door shall be opened to you up here. Now go, Liliom. (*He exits at left. The* GUARD *stands at attention. There is a pause.*)

THE FIRST POLICEMAN — (*approaches* LILIOM). Come along, my son. (*He goes to the door at right; pulls open the bolt and waits.*)

LILIOM — (*to the old* GUARD, *softly*). Say, officer —

THE GUARD — What do you want?

LILIOM — Please — can I get — have you got —?

THE GUARD — What?

LILIOM — (*whispers*). A cigarette.

The old Guard stares at him and shakes his head disapprovingly. "Then his expression softens. He

takes a cigarette from his pocket and, crossing to Liliom — who has gone over to door at right — gives him the cigarette The First Policeman throws open the door. An intense rose-colored light streams in. The glow of it is so strong that it blinds Liliom and he takes a step backward and bows his head and covers his eyes with his hand before he steps forward into the light. The curtain falls.

Scene VII

Sixteen years later Julie and her daughter, Louise, are living in "a small, tumble-down house on a bare, uninclosed plot of ground. Before the house is a tiny garden, inclosed by a hip-high hedge." It is a bright Sunday in spring and in the garden a table is laid for two.

It is while Julie and Louise are at their midday meal that Liliom and the two heavenly police appear at back. The police pass slowly by. Liliom stands there alone a moment, then comes slowly down and pauses at the opening of the hedge. He is dressed as he was on the day of his death. He is very pale, but otherwise unaltered. Julie, at the table, has her back to him. Louise sits facing the audience.

Liliom addresses them cordially, and is as cordially answered by Louise. Julie does not turn around, but assumes that he is "another beggar." He has traveled far, Liliom admits, and he is very tired. He would be glad of the plate of soup Julie offers him. He sits on a stone by the side of the road and eats his soup, and as he eats questions Louise concerning her father. He has been dead a long time, the girl tells him; he died in America, where he had gone to work, before she was born. He was a very handsome man, and very good. But Julie is inclined to deny the child's statement

which disappoints Liliom. Surely she might let "the poor little orphan" say that much of her father. Besides, he knew Liliom himself — knew him to be not so handsome, perhaps, nor so good. In fact he was something of a bully. But a pretty good sort. Of course, he'd fight anyone. And once he had "even hit your poor little mother."

JULIE — That's a lie.

LILIOM — It's true.

JULIE — Aren't you ashamed to tell the child such awful things about her father? Get out of here, you shameless liar. Eats our soup and our bread and has the impudence to slander our dead

LILIOM — I didn't mean — I —

JULIE — What right have you to tell lies to the child? Take that plate, Louise, and let him be on his way. If he wasn't such a hungry-looking beggar I'd put him out myself. (LOUISE takes the plate out of his hand.)

LILIOM — So he didn't hit you?

JULIE — No, never. He was always good to me. . . . (*To* LOUISE) Don't speak to him any more.

. . . . . .

LILIOM — (*to* LOUISE). Don't chase me away, miss; let me come in for just a minute — just for a minute — just long enough to let me show you something pretty, something wonderful. (*Opens the gate*) Miss, I've something to give you. (*Takes from his pocket a big red handkerchief in which is wrapped a glittering star from heaven. He looks furtively about him to make sure that the police are not watching.*)

LOUISE — What's that?

LILIOM — Pst! A star! (*With a gesture he indicates that he has stolen it out of the sky.*)

JULIE — (*sternly*). Don't take anything from him. He's probably stolen it somewhere. (*To* LILIOM) In God's name, be off with you.

LOUISE — Yes, be off with you. Be off. (*She slams the gate.*)

LILIOM — Miss — please, miss — I've got to do something good — or — do something good — a good deed —

LOUISE — (*pointing with her right hand*). That's the way out.

LILIOM — Miss —

LOUISE — Get out!

LILIOM — Miss! (*He looks up at her suddenly and slaps her extended hand, so that the slap resounds loudly.*)

LOUISE — Mother! (*looks dazedly at* LILIOM, *who bows his head dismayed, forlorn.* JULIE *rises and looks at* LILIOM *in astonishment.*)

JULIE — (*Comes over to them slowly*). What's the matter here?

LOUISE — (*bewildered, does not take her eyes off* LILIOM). Mother — the man — he hit me — on the hand — hard — I heard the sound of it — but it didn't hurt — it was like a caress — as if he had just touched my hand tenderly.

She hides behind her mother. Sulkily Liliom raises his head and looks at Julie. For a second she is stunned by her recognition of him. Quickly she sends Louise into the house and turns again slowly to the stranger.

JULIE — In the name of the Lord Jesus, who are you?

LILIOM — (*simply*). A poor, tired, beggar who came a long way and who was hungry And I took your soup and bread and I struck your child. Are you angry with me?

JULIE — (*her hand on her heart, fearfully, wonderingly*). Jesus protect me — I don't understand it — I'm not angry — not angry at all — (LILIOM *goes to the doorway and leans against the doorpost, his back to the audience.* JULIE *goes to the table and sits.*)

JULIE — Louise! (LOUISE *comes out of the house*). Sit down, dear, we'll finish eating.

LOUISE — Has he gone?

JULIE — Yes. (*They are both seated at the table.* LOUISE, *her head in her hands, is staring into space*). Why don't you eat, dear?

LOUISE — What has happened, mother?

JULIE — Nothing, my child. (*The* HEAVENLY POLICEMEN *appear outside.* LILIOM *walks slowly off at left. The* FIRST POLICEMAN *makes a deploring gesture. Both shake their heads deploringly and follow* LILIOM *slowly off at left.*)

LOUISE — Mother dear, why won't you tell me?

JULIE — What is there to tell you, child? Nothing has happened. We were peacefully eating, and a beggar came who talked of bygone days, and then I thought of your father.

LOUISE — My father?

JULIE — Your father — Liliom. (*There is a pause.*)

LOUISE — Mother — tell me — has it ever happened to you — has anyone ever hit you — without hurting you in the least?

JULIE — Yes, my child. It has happened to me, too.

LOUISE — Is it possible for some one to hit you — hard like that — real loud and hard — and not hurt you at all?

JULIE — It is possible, dear — that someone may beat you and beat you and beat you, — and not hurt you at all.

Near by an organ grinder has stopped. The music of his organ is heard. The curtain falls.

"MARY ROSE"

A Play in Three Acts

By J. M. Barrie

FOLLOWING its year's success in London, Sir James M. Barrie's somewhat mystifying but profoundly impressive psychical drama, "Mary Rose," reached the Empire Theater Christmas week. It was not, in New York, as definitely successful as it had been in London, and there was a sharper division of opinion as to its merits as entertainment. But the Barrie following found much that was charming even in its mystery and it continued for a run of 127 performances. Started on an extended tour in March, it proved a more popular attraction in the West than it had in the East.

"Mary Rose" is a dream play that is not a dream play; a fantasy that is only moderately fantastical; a whimsical treatment of a serious theme that is so close to the thought and sympathy of its audiences they are much more impressed by its seriousness than by its whimsies. It has its beginning in an unfurnished room on the second floor of a small and empty manor house in England, "a melancholy, dishonored sort of room — all the more so because there is a suggestion of its having once been bright and comfortable, the happy home of gentlefolks though not of great people."

The house has been in the hands of a caretaker for some months, a Mrs. Otery, "an indifferent, dull woman who has lost the sense of enjoyment long ago." There is something strange about Mrs. Otery, "as if she knew the house had an ill name and is anxious to conceal it,

and was herself a little frightened, like one who had been sometimes scared by the presence that haunts the house."

She is now engaged in showing a young man over the premises, an Australian soldier, lately returned from the great war. "He has an Australian tang in his voice, manners and movements; a rough fellow from the sheep farms and the bush," and he evidently has known something of the house in the old days. His interest in it, however, is one of curiosity rather than sentiment. It transpires later that he had lived there as a boy, and that he had run away at the age of twelve and "set off to make his fortune on the blasted ocean." Gradually he recognizes the room as the one he had known as the "big room," and vaguely he can refurnish it from memory — "there were blue curtains to that window, and I used to hide behind them and pounce out upon Robinson Crusoe. There was a sofa just here, where I had my first lessons in swimming." He remembers that there was a sort of attic above, where apples were stored, and the door at the left leads to a smaller room in which he used to sleep. It is quite plain Mrs. Otery is averse to showing him the smaller room; evidently her fear of the place has something to do with strange sights or sounds her imagination has pictured as emanating from that direction. It is just an empty room, she insists, and "hasn't been entered for months by any — human being." It's locked now and Mrs. Otery strongly advises him not to investigate it further. But the more she puts him off the more anxious is he to go to the bottom of the strange things he has heard and seen about the place. If it's true the place is "haunted" who has a better right to know it?

Harry — My train's not for an hour yet, and we've got on so nicely I wonder if you would give me a mug

of tea. Not a cup; we drink it by the mugful where I hail from.

MRS. OTERY — (*ungraciously*). I see no reason why I should — but I have no objection.

HARRY — Since you're so pressing I accept.

MRS. OTERY — Come down to the kitchen.

HARRY — No, no, I'm sure the Prodigal got his tea the first day in the drawing-room — though what made them make such a fuss about that covey beats me.

MRS. OTERY — I see what you're up to. You're meaning to go into that room. I wouldn't if I was you.

HARRY — Maybe if you were me you would. But I thought you said it was locked.

MRS. OTERY — Unless I have your promise —

HARRY — What the blazes has your ghost got to do with me! It's a woman, isn't it? (*Her silence is a sort of assent: he is serious*) What has — brought her back — to this house? (*No answer: he becomes sarcastic*) See here, I'll sit in this chair — saying my prayers in case she tries to get me. It's an even thing that she may be some relative of mine and if so the least she can do is to introduce herself and tell me for what uncanny object she haunts my ancestral home. By jugs! There's a lot of ghosts might gather round this chair now if they knew that Harry my lad had come back. Well, I'm ready for them — Let 'em all come.

Reluctantly, and with further warning, Mrs. Otery leaves Harry in the room. He has lighted a fire in the grate, and draws the chair up to it. Less than a moment later he is vaguely conscious of a presence in the room. The door at his back, leading to the mysterious part of the house they have been discussing, has slowly opened as though some one were walking through, and as slowly closed again. He has not seen the door, but he has been startled by something. He has left the clasp knife with which he had cut a pipeful of tobacco

sticking in a packing case in the center of the room. Perhaps it would be better if he recovered that! But the thought strikes him as foolish, even as he reaches for the knife, and he leaves it where it is. In a dazed way he resumes his place before the fire, but there is no suggestion that he is falling asleep. His eyes are open and staring into the dull flames as the stage darkens and he is blotted from sight.

When the scene lightens the same room is revealed, "as it used to be" thirty years before — "as warm and homely as it has hitherto been cold and neglected." It is furnished much as Harry had pictured it and is peopled now by three persons, Mr. and Mrs. Morland (Harry's grandparents) and the village clergyman. Mr. Morland "is the type of man who passes his life pleasantly and profitably in being a J. P., and will discuss for days or months the advisability of putting a new roof on a tenant's cowshed. . . . His wife is a very delightful little lady, a mixture of sunshine and shrewd sense, her preserves, ciders, roses, lavenders, etc., are undoubtedly the best in the district, and she has a joke that has kept her merry through all her married life, viz., her husband. . . . Mr. Amy is a dear creature of a clergyman, quite unlike Mr. Morland in appearance, and they are close friends except when they have momentary quarrels about prints, for print collecting is their hobby, and each likes to show the other his latest purchase and gloat over it until the other says jealously that it is worthless, when they nearly come to blows." Soon the clergyman and Mr. Morland are indulging this favorite diversion of theirs, and only the gentle diplomacy of Mrs. Morland prevents a quarrel that might, though probably it would not, have resulted in a break of their life-long friendship. With Mr. Amy retired, the conversation turns to Mary Rose, the Morland daughter. She is no longer a child, the mother is at pains to convince her husband. Soon

she will be falling in love. Even now she is down at the boathouse with Simon Blake, a young midshipman who has been her playmate from childhood, and Simon, it seems to the mother, has been more than usually attentive these last few months. Soon the time will come when he — or some other young man — will be asking for Mary Rose's hand in marriage, and then — what will they tell him of the strange things that happened to their girl some years before? For tell him they must — as they had agreed they would.

Outside the window the voice of Mary Rose is heard speaking to them. She has climbed the branches of the apple tree and is hiding, she calls — hiding from Simon, partly, but mostly, she thinks, from herself. She is a little afraid to come in, but finally she does. "She is a very pretty girl of about nineteen, capable of the wildest gayety and fun, a gleeful child, overfull of happiness and little aware of the future that lies before her. She is really extremely impulsive, capable of many emotions at present hidden beneath the surface. As we see her for the first time she is a girlish mixture of joy and fright over the terrific event that has been happening at the boathouse."

The "terrific event," when it is haltingly confessed by Mary Rose, is Simon's proposal of marriage. His leave is up the next day, and he has asked her to marry him. That is what has frightened and excited her.

MRS. MORLAND — . . . But he is only a boy, Mary Rose — just a very delightful boy!

MARY ROSE — (*her eyes shining and her manner almost solemn*). Oh, mother, that is the wonderful, wonderful thing. He *was* just a boy — I *quite* understood that — he was just a mere boy till today at eleven o'clock — and then, daddy, he suddenly changed, all at once he became a *man*. It was while he was — telling me. You'll scarcely know him now, mother.

MRS. MORLAND —Darling, he breakfasted with us. I think I shall know him still.

MARY ROSE — He is quite different from breakfast time. He doesn't laugh any more — he would never think of capsizing the punt intentionally now — he has grown so grave, so manly, so — *protective* — he thinks of everything now, even of freeholds and leaseholds — and gravel soil — and the hire system — and (*breaks down again*) — and hot and cold —

MORLAND — (*firing up a little*). He has got as far as that, has he? Does he propose that this marriage should take place tomorrow?

MARY ROSE — (*eagerly, to soften the blow*). Oh no, not for quite a long time. At *earliest*, not till —

MRS. MORLAND — Mary Rose!

MARY ROSE — He is waiting down there, mummy. May I bring him in?

MRS. MORLAND — Of course, dearest.

But they must see Simon alone, they tell her. She agrees to that — if they will let her stay in the apple room, overhead, and pound on the floor occasionally to give him courage. Simon is so shy, even if he is a grown man. She goes to fetch the bashful lover, and comes clattering back a moment later dragging a fishing pole after her. There's a reason for the fishing pole, she explains. Again the parents debate the advisability of telling Simon about Mary Rose. Yet it must be told. On that they are agreed.

Soon Simon enters. He is "a manly fellow of twenty-three, in flannels. Though played by the same actor, he should be very different from Harry. He is as smart as Harry is slouching, he is essentially a jolly young fellow while Harry was hard, bitter, and rather morose; his manner is frank and open, while Harry was rather a cynic; he has an educated voice, while Harry's had the tang of the Bush. He is fresh-

complexioned, while Harry was sallow. At present he is in a state of mingled exultation and trepidation."

The pounding above gives him courage, however, at those psychological moments when he needs it most. He is awfully in love with Mary Rose. He "would let himself be cut into little chips for her." "To some young people marriage is a thing to be entered on lightly," he says, "but that is not my style. What I want is to give up larks, and all that, and insure my life and read the political articles." The knocking above reminds him of something else. "Oh yes!" he continues, "and I promise you it won't be like losing a daughter, but like gaining a son."

Finally he has stated his case, and they have agreed that it is a good case. But before he raps on the ceiling (that's what the fishing rod is for) there is something he must be told; something that had happened seven years before, when Mary Rose was twelve and while the Morlands "were in a remote part of Scotland, in the outer Hebrides." There was an island there, a strange, barren bit of an island, not more than six acres in extent, and uninhabited. Near the island, Mr. Morland explains, he was in the habit of fishing, and often he took Mary Rose with him. It was his custom to row her across to the island and leave her there to sketch. She would sit on the stump of an old tree, and they would wave to each other, and then he would go and fetch her again when he had finished his day's sport. The natives, it seems, had long held a superstition against the island, though at the time the Morlands did not know this. "The Little Island That Likes to be Visited," they called it.

MORLAND — It was on what was to be our last day. I had landed her on this island as usual and fished for some hours. In the early evening I put up my rod while still in the boat and from there I could see her

sitting on a stump of a tree that was her favorite seat, and she waved gayly to me and I to her. Then I rowed over to fetch her, with, of course, my back to her. I had less than a hundred yards to go, but, Simon, when I got across she wasn't there. (MR. *and* MRS. MORLAND *are agitated.*)

SIMON — You seem so serious about it. She was hiding from you.

MRS. MORLAND — She wasn't on the island, Simon.

SIMON — But — but — oh, but —

MORLAND — Don't you think I searched and searched?

MRS. MORLAND — All of us! No one in the village went to bed that night. It was then we learned how they feared that island.

MORLAND — The loch was dragged. There was nothing we didn't try — but she was gone.

SIMON — (*distressed*). I can't — there couldn't — but never mind that. Tell me how you found her.

MRS. MORLAND — It was the thirtieth day after she disappeared — thirty days!

SIMON — Some boat —

MORLAND — There was no boat — but mine.

SIMON — Tell me.

MRS. MORLAND — The search had long been given up, but we couldn't come away.

MORLAND — I was wandering one day along the shore of the loch — you can imagine in what state of mind. I stopped and stood looking across the water at the island — and, Simon, I saw her sitting on the tree trunk sketching!

MRS. MORLAND — Our girl!

MORLAND — She waved to me and went on sketching. I — I waved back to her. I got into the boat and rowed across just in the old way, except that I sat facing her, so that I could see her all the time. When I landed the first thing she said to me was,

"Why did you row in that funny way, dad?" Then I saw at once she didn't know that anything had happened.

It isn't any easier for Simon to accept the mystery than it was for the Morlands. Surely there must be some explanation! A young girl couldn't disappear so completely for a full month without there being some explanation! But they assure him there is none. After they returned to England they consulted certain friends and doctors, but none of them could help. They just didn't believe it, that was all. As for Mary Rose herself, the strange experience had apparently not affected her in any way. Her parents had never told her anything about it. "We had her back, Simon; that was the great thing," explains Mrs. Morland. "At first we thought to tell her after we got her home, and then it was all so inexplicable we were afraid to alarm her — to take the bloom off her. In the end we decided never to tell her." And now apparently all recollection of the island has faded from Mary Rose's mind. At least she never mentions it — though up until two years before there had been times when she seemed to have momentary glimpses back into the mysterious adventure; times when she seemed to be talking casually to some person who could not possibly be there.

Strange as the story may be, it is not one to frighten Simon or change in any respect his great love for Mary Rose. Soon he is standing on a chair, pounding the ceiling with the fishing rod to let his sweetheart know all is well and that she is to come down. She comes bouncing in a moment later, a little abashed, but greatly excited, too, and ever so happy. If she is frightened at anything it is at the thought of being married, of being settled, and all that. She isn't just ready to give up all her play. Neither is Simon,

for the matter of that — and so there can be no quarrel on that score. It is just as they are about to start for the boathouse to talk things over that Mary Rose gives her happy lover a bit of a shock. "Simon," says she, "I had such a delicious idea about our honeymoon. There is a place in Scotland — in the Hebrides. I should love to go there."

SIMON — (*taken aback*). The Hebrides?

MARY ROSE — We once went to it when I was little. Isn't it funny, I had almost forgotten about it and then suddenly I saw it quite clearly as I was sitting up there in the dark. (*Innocently*) Of course the little old woman came and pointed it out to me. Isn't she a queer one! (*This is the sort of strange remark* MR. *and* MRS. MORLAND *have warned him about and* SIMON *is disturbed. She is almost in a trance.*)

SIMON — Mary Rose —(*After a pause*) Mary Rose! (*She comes to*) There are only yourself and the three maids in the house, aren't there?

MARY ROSE — (*surprised, for she has already forgotten what she said*). You know there are! Whatever makes you ask?

SIMON — (*cautiously*). There isn't a little old woman in the house, is there?

MARY ROSE — A little old woman? No! (*Completely puzzled*) What do you mean?

SIMON — It doesn't matter. (*He is secretly troubled, but doesn't let on*) What was there particular about the place in the Hebrides?

MARY ROSE — Oh, the fishing for father. But there was an island, where I often — my little island! I wonder if it misses me!

SIMON — I don't think we'll go there.

MARY ROSE — Why not?

SIMON — I'm not keen on fishing, you see, on my honeymoon.

Which, of course, is reasonable, Mary Rose admits. But she is not quite ready to abandon the idea altogether. She would like so much to show him the very spot where her father used to leave her — because it was such a safe place. Simon shivers a little at the recollection. And then, a sort of defiant curiosity assailing him, "I should like to go there — some day — and see that island," he says. "Yes — let's," answers Mary Rose. They are off to the boathouse as the curtain falls.

Act II

The scene is the island and at the very spot where Mary Rose's father had left her on that mysterious first visit. There is a suggestion of water at back, and in the distance the mainland can be seen. The island is thick with underbrush and standing prominently in the foreground is a Scotch fir tree, much beaten by the winds, and beside it "a rowan tree gleaming with red berries," which serves to soften the somber effect of the scene.

For four years Mary Rose and Simon have been happily married, and as they come through the brushwood now they are exuberantly gay. "Mary Rose is more impulsive than ever," mentions the author and "Simon is an adoring husband who likes to pit his matter-of-factness against her enthusiasm." For some days they have been visiting in the vicinity and today they have rowed over to the island with Cameron, a Scotch boatman, leaving their three-year-old son, Harry, with his nurse. Now that they have found the spot Mary Rose has been looking for, the object of their visit is accomplished and Simon is for having lunch. He is a little bored with an adventure that promised much and has revealed little.

The island has not quite met his expectations as a place of mystery. In fact he is convinced now Mr. Morland must have dreamed all that stuff about Mary Rose's disappearance. Still, he is not just comfortable being there and is rather anxious to get away. He is willing to humor Mary Rose, however. Let her adore her darling island, if she will; let her tell her beloved old tree stump all the news — even that they haven't been able to buy a home of their own yet. Which Mary Rose promptly does, kneeling on the moss that she may be the nearer. "You see, dear, we live with my daddy and mother because Simon is so often away to sea. But I have a much more wonderful secret than that. This *will* startle you. I — have — got — a — baby! A girl? (*She slaps the tree*) No, thank you! He is two years and nine months and he says such beautiful things to me about loving me. (*Anxiously*) Oh, rowan, do you think he means them?"

"I distinctly heard it say yes," answers Simon, that the matter may be the more quickly settled — and a little thought given to lunch. Mary Rose doesn't altogether approve of Simon's making sport of her island and her sentimental interest in it. In fact she remembers quite well that he never has been particularly keen about letting her come there again. Even today he proposed making the trip alone! Why? Simon dodges the question as best he can — and returns to the subject of lunch.

They build a fire and Cameron, "a gawky youth of twenty or more, dressed as the poorest sort of gillie, but proud, and with accomplishments," cooks the trout for them. Cameron is really a student of Aberdeen university, preparing for the ministry, but in the vacation period he acts as boatman to help pay his fees. An odd character and amusing, particularly to Simon. It is Cameron who again brings up the subject of the island legends as the lunch progresses.

He, for instance, refuses to risk sitting down. It has a bad name, that island; he never landed on it before. It is not considered a "chancy thing to do" in these parts.

SIMON — What is there against the island?

CAMERON — For one thing, they are saying it has no right to be here. It was not always here, so they are saying. Then one day it was here.

SIMON — That little incident happened before your time, I should say, Mr. Cameron.

CAMERON — It happened before the time of anyone now alive, Mr. Blake.

SIMON — I thought so. And does the island ever go away for a bit in the same way?

CAMERON — There are some who say it does.

SIMON — But you have not seen it on the move yourself?

CAMERON — (*with dignity*). I am not always watching it, Mr. Blake.

SIMON — Anything else against it?

CAMERON — There are the birds. These trees would be very nice for them — but no one has ever seen a bird on this island. Its name is against it for one thing, for, mark you, Mistress Blake, an island that had visitors would not need to want to be visited — and why has it not visitors? Because they are afraid to visit it.

MARY ROSE — Whatever are they afraid of?

CAMERON — That is what I say to them. Whateffer are you afraid of? I say.

MARY ROSE — But what are *you* afraid of, Mr. Cameron?

CAMERON — The same thing that they are afraid of. There are stories, ma'am.

MARY ROSE — Do tell us! Simon, wouldn't it be lovely if he would tell us some real eerie Highland stories?

SIMON — Oh, I don't know. They mightn't be pretty. I warn you, my friend, I'm not a sympathetic listener. You'll find me a bit of a cynic about your island.

MARY ROSE — Please, Mr. Cameron, I love to have my blood curdled.

So Cameron tells them of the little boy, no older than their own Harry, who disappeared there one day and was never found again; whisked away almost before his parents' eyes. Some said he must have fallen into the water — but none believed it. And some said he was on the island still. It is Mary Rose's idea that the child must have wandered away, and that if his parents had been as watchful as they should have been — But Cameron will none of such doubtings. The boy had heard the call of the island, a call that none but the chosen hear. "I might be standing close to you, Mrs. Blake," he explains, "and I might hear it very loud, terribly, or soft whispering — no one knows. But I would have to go, and you would not have heard a sound."

Simon is still cynical and eager to change the subject. But Mary Rose is fascinated and insists on hearing more. Then Cameron tells of the "young English miss" who had disappeared twelve years before; of how her father had left her and come for her later and found her gone; of the search for her in which all the people of the village joined and of the finding of her a month later. It is a weird story, as Cameron tells it, and shivery. It makes Mary Rose a little afraid, and she clings closely to Simon, though she only "pretends" she believes it. Still —

MARY ROSE — Suppose it *were* true, Simon?
SIMON — But it isn't.

MARY ROSE — No, of course not, but if it had been, how awful for the girl when her father told her.

SIMON — (*studying her cautiously*). Perhaps he never told her. He may have thought it wiser not to disturb her.

MARY ROSE — Yes, I suppose that would have been best. And yet — it was taking a risk.

SIMON — How?

MARY ROSE — Well, not knowing what had happened she might come back and — and be caught again! Little island, I don't think I like you today.

SIMON — If she ever comes back, let's hope it is with an able-bodied husband to protect her.

MARY ROSE — Nice people, husbands! (*Luxuriating in pretended shudders*) You won't let them catch *me*, will you, Simon?

SIMON — Let 'em try! And now to pack up the remnants (*burlesquely*) — and escape from the scene of the crime. We'll never come back again, Mary Rose; I'm too frightened. (*This is burlesque to make her bright.*)

MARY ROSE — It's a shame to be funny about my island. (*To island*) You poor, lonely dear — I never knew about your liking to be visited — and I dare say this is my last visit. (*To* SIMON) The last time of anything is always sad, don't you think?

SIMON — There must always be a last time, dearest dear.

MARY ROSE — Yes — I suppose — for everything. There must be a last time I shall see you, Simon.

She is whimsical, rather than sad, but the thought that there must be a "last time" persists with her. There will be the last time that Simon will kiss her, and the last time that she will pat down the standing locks at the back of his head. There will be the last

time she will see her baby — "But," Simon points out, reassuringly, "the day after you have seen him for the last time as a baby you will see him for the first time as a little gentleman. Think of that!" And the loveliest time of all, agrees Mary Rose, will be when Harry is a man and takes his mother on his knee instead of being held on hers. "But don't you think the saddest thing is that we seldom know when the last time *has* come?" she demands, suddenly. "We could make so much more of it." "Oh, lor no," answers Simon. "To know would spoil it all."

Again he tries valiantly to change the current of her thoughts and to get started home. But she will not let him go. She would talk of all the things, the little intimate things, that have happened to them since they were married. Of the day she flung the butter dish at him, for instance, before Harry was born. Still, she has been a "tolerably good wife," hasn't she? Even if she had played that trick on him when the baby came, craftily getting him out of the house and away to Plymouth and then surprising him when he returned by inquiring, innocently, "Dearest, what *is* that funny thing in the basinette?" Quite suddenly she is serious again.

Mary Rose — Simon, if one of us had to — to go, and we could choose which one —

Simon — (*with a groan*). She's off again!

Mary Rose — Well, but *if* — I wonder which would be best. I mean for Harry, of course.

Simon — Oh, I should have to hop it.

Mary Rose — (*clutching him*). Dear!

Simon — Oh, I haven't popped off yet. Steady — you nearly knocked over the pickles. (*He looks at her curiously*) If I did go, I know your first thought would be, "The happiness of Harry mustn't be interfered with for a moment." You would blot me out forever, Mary

Rose, rather than he should lose one of his hundred laughs a day.

MARY ROSE — (*guiltily*). Oh no!

SIMON — It's true, isn't it?

MARY ROSE — It's true, at any rate, that if I was the one to go, that's what I should like *you* to do.

Now Cameron has returned with the boat, and Simon is stamping out the fire. Their backs are turned to Mary Rose, who is sitting demurely "holding her tongue." And now the island has begun to call Mary Rose. "The sound is like the wash of waves on some untrodden shore with wind whistling through it and a strange moaning. It is mysterious and threatening and is at first soft as a whisper, but it rapidly increases in volume till it is horribly loud. It is furtive, fearsome, seductive, but beneath it there is lovely music and calls of Mary Rose as if there were something very beautiful about the 'call' which is trying to assert itself but is largely drowned in the more eerie sounds. To the eye all is as placid and sunny as before. We hear the call and Mary Rose hears it, but Simon and Cameron continue as above, hearing nothing. At first Mary Rose continues sitting, only conscious of a sound, but soon she is like one mesmerized. She has risen now. Once one arm goes out to Simon for help, but thereafter she is oblivious of his existence. She is not frightened, but neither is there joy in her face. She has a wrapt face. When the storm is at its loudest she passes through the brushwood out of sight, her arms outstretched. Then the call dies away and there is silence — the island has got her."

At first Simon does not miss Mary Rose. Then he thinks she is hiding to frighten him. But soon he is calling anxiously for her as he stumbles out through the underbrush. He comes back a moment later.

"Cameron, I can't find her," he says, anxiously, and dashes away again. From a distance we hear him calling: "Mary Rose! Mary Rose!"

Act III

Twenty-eight years have passed. The scene is again that of the Morlands' home "as it used to be" and as we left it at the end of the first act. "The chintzes are more worn or have been replaced; the curtains are faded, etc.," but otherwise the room is unchanged and is still "a bright and happy room." It is peopled by the same three old friends — Mr. and Mrs. Morland and Mr. Amy, the clergyman. "They are all over seventy now, but, on the whole, are well preserved and full of vigor. Mrs. Morland, who looks a greater dear than ever, is sitting in an easy-chair reading a copy of *Punch* with the help of a magnifying glass. Mr. Amy is on the couch beside her, half asleep. Mr. Morland is stirring up the fire." Their lives have settled into the ways of those of advancing years, but they cling to old habits. The two old men, for instance, are still pettishly quarrelsome, and take great delight in nagging each other. Mr. Amy is, by his own reckoning, "still in the sixties," and has been, according to Mr. Morland, much longer than it is usual to be in them. Mr. Morland is wearing glasses, not because his eyesight is failing, but because the type used by newspapers nowadays is vile. And as for his hearing — well, at least no one has to shout at him. They are still at it over their collection of prints, too, and soon Mrs. Morland must act as peacemaker again if Mr. Amy is "not to leave that friendly house in wrath."

It is an autumn day, and the twilight is gathering.

As they stand by the window gazing after the departing Amy the Morlands are reminded of the order that has just been given to cut down the old apple tree, just outside, before it falls and hurts some one. It was Mary Rose's apple tree, and it isn't easy to see it go. And yet these two dears have almost forgotten Mary Rose. At least they seldom speak of her any more. Why is that, they wonder. "Why is my heart not broken?" queries Mr. Morland. "If I had been a man of real feeling my heart would have broken twenty-five years ago — just as yours did." "Mine didn't, dear," Mrs. Morland confesses. . . . "I have passed through the valley of the shadow, dear, but I can say thankfully that I have come out again into the sunlight. I suppose it is all to the good that as the years go by the dead should recede farther from us."

MORLAND — Some say they don't.

MRS. MORLAND — You and I know better, James.

MORLAND — Up there in the misty Hebrides, I dare say they think of her as on the island still. Fan, how long is it since . . . since you have thought *that* yourself?

MRS. MORLAND — So many years ago. Perhaps not the first year. . . . I did cling for a time . . .

MORLAND — The neighbors didn't like it. I pretended to agree with them before I did.

MRS. MORLAND — She wasn't their Mary Rose, you see.

MORLAND — And yet her first disappearance . . .

MRS. MORLAND — It's all unfathomable. It's as if Mary Rose was just something beautiful that you and I and Simon had dreamt together. You have forgotten much, but so have I. Even that room (*looks toward the door*) that was hers so long — even during all her short married life — I often go into it now without remembering that it was hers.

MORLAND — It's strange! It's rather terrible! (*A little bitterly*) You're pretty nigh forgotten, Mary Rose!

MRS. MORLAND — You know that isn't true, dear. But Mary Rose belongs to the past, and we have to live in the present — for a little longer. Even if we could drag her back to tell us what these things mean, I think it would be a shame.

Even Simon has come to accept Mary Rose's disappearance philosophically. He never has married again. For years he kept going back to the island hoping against hope that there might be some word of her, but there came a year when he missed going — and after that he never went again. "Mercifully, the wound has healed." Simon has been at sea a great deal. Today he is expected home on leave. . . .

When Simon comes he, too, is full of his own affairs — of the new ship he is to command, the *Bellerophon;* of the possibility of the war of which there is beginning to be much talk. "He looks his fifty-three years or so, grizzled, gray hair and not very much of it; heavier, more commanding, full of vigor; a manly fellow; could be stern, but is at present frank and expansive." . . . There is a telegram waiting for Simon. He hopes it isn't a recall. He would like to have a little rest. Perhaps it is from Harry —

He opens it, and as he reads it "gets a dreadful shock." For a moment he is quite dazed. Only by degrees is he able to recover his equilibrium, and then his first thought is one of solicitude for Mrs. Morland. "It's all right, mother," he reassures her; don't be afraid. It's good news. You're a brave one, you've come through a lot; you'll be brave for another minute, won't you? Mother dear — it's Mary Rose! . . . Mary Rose has come back!"

The telegram is from Cameron, the boatman, who

long since had taken orders and become the minister of the village near the mysterious island, and it reads: "Your wife has come back. She was found today on the island. I am bringing her to you. She is quite well, but you will all have to be very careful."

MRS. MORLAND — Simon, can it be?

SIMON — I believe it absolutely. Cameron wouldn't deceive me.

MORELAND — He might be deceived himself. He was a mere acquaintance.

SIMON — I'm sure it's true. He knew her to look at as well as any of us.

MORLAND — But after twenty-five years!

SIMON — Do you think *I* wouldn't know her after twenty-five years?

MRS. MORLAND — My — my — she will be — very changed.

SIMON — However changed, mother, wouldn't I know my Mary Rose at once? Her hair may be as gray as mine — her face — her little figure — her pretty ways — though they were all gone, don't you think I would know Mary Rose at once? (*He is suddenly stricken with a painful thought*) Oh, my God, I saw her, and I didn't know her.

MRS. MORLAND — Simon!

SIMON — It had been Cameron with her. They must have come in my train, mother. It was she I saw going across the fields — her little walk when she was excited, half a run, I recognized it, but I didn't remember it was hers.

Simon starts across the fields to meet Mary Rose and tremblingly the old folks await her coming, feeling a little dazed and helpless in the face of this repetition of a miracle. Instinctively Mrs. Morland sinks to her knees to pray. . . .

Cameron comes first, "already quite elderly in appearance; he is grave and troubled." He has come on to warn them that they will find Mary Rose "different," — but not in the way they expect. "She is not different as we are different," he explains. "She is just as she was on the day she went away. These five and twenty years, she thinks they were just an hour in which Mr. Blake and I left her in some incomprehensible jest." She has not recognized Cameron as the boy of the island adventure, and he has not tried to add to her worried state of mind by trying to explain. Already "there is some terrible dread lying in her heart," which the intuition of Mrs. Morland immediately diagnoses as her craving to see her son. What if she should still think of Harry as a child? And Harry a grown man in some far-off part of the world. They had had only a few letters from him since the day he ran away to sea.

Cameron is explaining how Mary Rose had been found on the island, lying asleep by the side of a rowan tree at the exact spot where Simon had built the fire so long ago, when Mary Rose is heard clattering up the stairs as she used to do as a girl. Now the door opens and she runs in — "just as we saw her last; the same age and in the same clothes, much faded." The Morlands are standing before the fire, their hands clasped the better to strengthen each other for the meeting. Joyously, as in the old days, Mary Rose starts toward her mother, whose arms are outstretched to receive her, when suddenly she stops short. The change in her mother's appearance startles her. Instinctively she shrinks from the contact. Then she turns to her father with the old love note in her voice. "Dad!" she cries — and then sees that he, too, has changed. Wonderingly she turns to her husband. "What is it, Simon?" But even as she asks, she sees, under the lights that were missing when she had first

met him in the twilight, that he is not the old Simon. "He takes her in his arms and she is glad to be there, but soon she softly disengages herself, for there is more on her mind." Awkwardly, hesitantly, the Morlands try to make Mary Rose feel that she is welcome, and that everything really is as it was when she left them, but she hears only a part of what they say to her. Her thought is on the inner room, the room in which her baby used to play. Appealingly she looks from one to the other, but none can answer her, until finally, with a sort of despair in her voice, she cries, "Where is my baby?" And when they cannot answer she hurries into the inner room, with Simon and Mrs. Morland following anxiously after her. . . .

The scene changes back to the dismantled room "as it is today," and as it was at the beginning of the play. Harry is still sitting staring into the fire with "wide-open, unblinking eyes; . . . like one seeing things so strange he is deprived of the power of motion. It is like an open-eyed trance, and the very antithesis of sleep." Mrs. Otery, bringing the tea she had gone to fetch him, finds him thus and is a little startled at the expression on his face. "What's the matter, mister? Here's the tea. . . . I've just been the ten minutes." But he only stares at her. She realizes that he has had some strange experience, nor is she surprised; so she waits for him to recover his thoughts.

"See here," he says to her, finally; "as I sat in that chair — I wasn't sleeping, mind you — it's no dream, things of the far past connected with this old house — things I knew naught of — they came crowding out of their holes and gathered around me till I saw — I saw them all so clear. I don't know what to think, woman. Never mind that. Now then — tell me about this — ghost."

MRS. OTERY — It's no concern of yours.

HARRY — Yes, it is some concern of mine! The folk that used to live here — the Morlands —

MRS. OTERY — That was the name. I suppose you heard it in the village?

HARRY — I've heard it all my days. It's the name I bear. I'm one of the family.

MRS. OTERY — (*who has suspected it*). Ah!

HARRY — I suppose that's what made them come to me as I sat here. Tell me about them.

MRS. OTERY — It's little I know. They were gone from here before my time. The old man and his wife, they grew too frail to live alone — they're with friends in some other part of the country, if they're still alive.

HARRY — They're still alive. I'm going to see them. (*Harshly*) It's not *them* I'm asking you about.

MRS. OTERY — They had a son-in-law, a sailor. The war has made a great man of him.

HARRY — I'm going to see him, too. He is my father. Hard, I used to think him, but I know better now. Go on — there's the other one.

But Mrs. Otery is reluctant to speak of any other. There was one other, it is true, but she's dead these many years and buried down by the church. It's her ghost, they say, that haunts the old house; a restless, unhappy ghost always searching, searching for something. Yet there's no such things as ghosts, really! Anyhow, there's but one way to find out. "I am going into that room!" announces Harry, determinedly.

Outside the night is starlit. Inside the flickering candles increase the uncanniness of the situation as Harry starts down the passage. "We see him open the door of the inner room," writes Barrie, "and we probably expect something to happen there. But he holds up the light, evidently seeing nothing. He returns down the passage shielding the candle with his

hand so that it casts no light in front of him until he takes his hand away, when he, and we, see Mary Rose standing in the middle of the drawing-room. She looks as we saw her last except that she is paler. She is wearing what seems to be the same clothes, but the color has gone out of them. The candle in his hand lights his face, but she is in a blue-gray light with which the room is suffused and is a vague figure. The effect is that he is always in light and she in semi-darkness."

For a moment they stand looking at each other. "She is a little afraid of him, and he is too taken aback to speak, though he holds his ground. He is not afraid of her. No one could be afraid of this wistful little ghost." But she does not know him. It is not a grown man of twenty-five for whom she has been searching so long a time. When they speak to each other it is of the old house and the people that once lived in it. It is a nice house, she agrees, and once there was one who laughed living there. His name is Harry, he tells her, thinking to help her recognize him. But she will not have that. He is not Harry, and she rather resents his saying he is. But he is a nice man. She has been watching him for a long time, while he sat there in the chair. At first she thought he might be the man who had stolen her baby from her. She would do him harm if she thought he were. But he isn't. She can see that now.

HARRY — Do you mean you have forgotten whom you are searching for?

MARY ROSE — (*she nods*). I knew once. I can't remember. It is such a long time. I am so tired. Please can I go away and play?

HARRY — Go away? Where? You mean back to that — that place? (*She nods*) What sort of a place is it? Do they play there? Is it good to be there?

MARY ROSE — Oh! Lovely, lovely, lovely!

HARRY — It's not just the island, is it — that's so lovely?

MARY ROSE — No.

HARRY — Is the island just the beginning of the loveliness?

MARY ROSE — Yes!

HARRY — I thought that.

. . . . . .

MARY ROSE — Please, I don't want to be a ghost any more.

HARRY — It's no use your expecting me to be able to help you out of that. I'm at my wits' end, Ghostie! Come to me. I wish you would. (*He indicates that he wants in a tender way to take her on his knee.*)

MARY ROSE — Certainly not.

HARRY — No? If you'll come I'll try to help you.

A little timidly, but quite contentedly, she sits upon his knee and remembers, with his prompting, that once she said "the loveliest time of all will be when he is a man and takes me on his knee instead of me taking him on mine." But still she does not recognize him, and he is worried now as to what is to be done with her. "I'd willingly stay here, though I have my clearing in Australy, but you're just a ghost. It's no life for a woman. They say there's a way of laying ghosts, but I'm so ignorant."

MARY ROSE — Tell me!

HARRY — I wish I could; but you're even more ignorant than I am.

MARY ROSE — Tell me!

HARRY — All I know about ghosts for certain is that they are unhappy because they can't find something, and then once they've got the thing they want they go away happy and never come back.

MARY ROSE — Oh, nice! (*Her head has dropped as with fatigue.*)

HARRY — It's not your Harry you want so much to find now — You're dog tired. What you need is to get back to that place you say is lovely, lovely, lovely.

MARY ROSE — Yes! Yes!

HARRY — You know it's lovely, lovely, but you can say no more about it. (*She strokes his head*) Queer — you that know so much can tell nothing, and them that know nothing can tell so much. If there was any way of getting you to that place.

MARY ROSE — Tell me!

HARRY — (*desperate*). They would surely come for you, if they want you.

MARY ROSE — (*frightened by the soundness of his argument*). Yes.

HARRY — (*who is entirely honest*). It's like as if they had forgot you. . . . It's as if nobody wanted you . . . nobody needed you. . . .

She is saddened by that thought and a little resentful. She gets up from his knee. He tries awkwardly to reassure her, but . . . "The thing fair beats me," he confesses. "There's nothing I wouldn't do for you. But what can I do? A mere man's so helpless, so helpless. How should the like of me know what to do with a ghost who has lost her way on earth?" He walks over to the window and gazes at the heavens. "What a night of stars— Good old glitterers. I dare say they are in the know, but I'm doubting you are too small a thing for them to give you a helping hand."

He turns back to her and notices that a change is coming over her. From afar off there is the sound of the island's call again, ever so faint at first, but growing louder. "For a moment the wind sounds are heard. Then they are lost in the lovely music that breaks through and stifles them. At first we only vaguely

see her standing there, but gradually a heavenly light is cast upon her face, and we see her arms going out in an ecstasy of joy. The great glory is coming to her. In the music there are sweet voices calling: 'Mary Rose! Mary Rose!' . . .

"Now a flashing star shoots down as if it were her star come for her and then — still with arms out — she walks out at the window — straight out, trustingly, into the empyrean."

The music ends. Harry stands staring after her, but is only dimly seen in the gathering darkness. It is only upon Mary Rose that the heavenly light shines. The curtain falls.

"NICE PEOPLE"

An American Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By Rachel Crothers

IT was early March before "Nice People" arrived, but its success, with the public rather than with the reviewers this time, was sufficient to warrant the prediction that had it been revealed before the holidays it would have easily run out the season. Its timeliness of theme, its observing and free discussion of the manners and morals of the dominating debutante of present-day society, immediately interested a large public, and though the critics were inclined to patronize it as another of those typically American comedy dramas in which the happy ending is forced and artificial, they admitted the incisiveness of its criticism of society and gave Miss Crothers credit for having written, in her first two acts, at least, one of the best plays of the season.

"Nice People" picks up the career of Theodora Gloucester in her Park Avenue home in New York a year or so after her mother has died and a few days after her aunt, Margaret Rainsford, her mother's sister, has come to pay her and her father a visit. Theodora represents the "younger set." As Miss Crothers sees her: "She is twenty, slender and vibrating; pretty, intelligent and high keyed; alertly and intensely interested in herself and the art of extracting from life all which she considers her due. She has a very radiant charm and vivid responsiveness." Theodora's father is several times a millionaire, and she

has been accustomed for some time to do pretty much as she pleases. This particular evening she is giving a dinner party for a select few of her friends, including Eileen Baxter-Jones, "about twenty-one, dark and piquant, frankly impertinent and wholesomely lovable"; Hallie Livingston, "perhaps twenty-three, beautiful in a large and brilliantly blonde way," who sups her Scotch whisky with "a slow and self-centered enjoyment indicative of her general psychology."

"The girls are exquisite in their youth and freshness," adds the author; "finely bred animals of care and health and money — dressed with daring emphasis of the prevailing fashion, startling in their delicate nakedness and sensuous charm." The younger sons invited are equally representative of their kind, "Trevor Leeds, tall and extremely good looking in rather an effete way," and Oliver Comstock, an inherently decent but thoroughly sophisticated youth. Dinner is over and the party is waiting for "Scottie" Wilbur, Theodora's current admirer, who has been detained. They plan to "go out some place to dance," and while they wait they sip their after-dinner high-balls, smoke their cigarettes, and indulge the small talk peculiar to their set, inspired in this instance by "the carelessness and indifference of very intimate friendship and a keen alertness to each other's foibles and idiosyncrasies." Their estimate of Hallie, for instance, is that "she was beautifully educated in Paris — but not in much of anything else." They hold Rena, one of the prudes of their set, "a fish" who has taken prohibition so seriously her dinners are deadly and the table conversation sounds like the encyclopedia.

HALLIE — Did you see Rena Maxwell's gown last night?

TEDDY — I *did*. It looked as if she were advertising her virtue.

EILEEN — And Lord knows she doesn't need to do that. Scottie was stuck with her last night and nobody would cut in. He whistled and made signs till he was black in the face and had to go through the whole dance with her.

TEDDY — Of course no man wants to dance with her if she *will* wear corsets.

EILEEN — Old Ironsides — they call her.

TEDDY — Rena doesn't go in for much personal contact when she dances.

. . . . . .

HALLIE — Oh, I'm dying to dance with Scottie. Don't you think he's the best dancer in town, Ted?

TEDDY — Oh, I don't know. He thinks I am — so of course I like dancing with him.

HALLIE — I adore the way he holds me. Just as though he were going to crush me.

TEDDY — But he never does.

HALLIE — Not while we're dancing. I adore a man who is absolutely mad about me and yet who controls himself in that perfectly marvelous way.

TEDDY — Oh, I don't know. I'm not so keen about so much self-control.

HALLIE — Oh, I am. I think it's so much more subtle

EILEEN — Well, I must say I like sort of a frank flash of pash once in a while — so you know where you're at. Elemental stuff, you know.

TEDDY — You like to be in danger sometimes?

HALLIE — Oh, I hate horribly obvious emotion. It doesn't interest me in the least.

EILEEN — You're trying to make us think you're subtly and insidiously wicked, Hallie.

TEDDY — Like Trevor. Pychologically he's a devil — and physiologically he's as tame as your grandmother. Eileen, did Teddy ever kiss you?

EILEEN — Don't remember.

HALLIE — Well — really. I don't tell.

TEDDY — That's just it. There'd be nothing *to* tell if he ever did.

The belated Scottie finally arrives. He had been held up by a previous engagement, but his excuses are plausible — to Teddy, at least — who doesn't care what anyone does so long as they don't lie about it.

SCOTTIE — You're a peach not to care. (*She lets him take her in his arms and kiss her*) You're the —

TEDDY — (*drawing away*). Careful!

SCOTTIE — Who's here?

TEDDY — Eileen and Hallie. Let's get off. Was the dinner awful?

SCOTTIE — Not so bad. Only, of course, I wanted to be here.

TEDDY — It really doesn't make the slightest difference to you where you are, Scottie. Does it? So long as the food is good and the fire burns.

SCOTTIE — It wouldn't if you were along.

TEDDY — Every girl you know thinks you mean that.

SCOTTIE — And you *know* I do.

TEDDY — I know you *don't*. That's why you — that's why it's all right with us.

SCOTTIE — It *is* all right, isn't it? (*They dance, their cheeks together.*)

TEDDY — You're wonderful. You're the only man I can dance with.

SCOTTIE — I adore you!

The entrance of Aunt Margaret interrupts them. "She is forty, tall, distinguished; a little tired, a little pale, with a critical intelligence in her face which makes her a trifle cold, but a frank simplicity of manner which makes her extremely appealing." She is plainly

representative of the older generation and the fact that she does not approve of all that she has seen in her brother-in-law's house is evident from her manner. She has tried to adjust herself to the conditions as she has found them, but after the young people have left to find some place to dance — without a chaperone, which nice girls would never have thought of doing in Aunt Margaret's day; and after Teddy has borrowed her father's motor car and eighty dollars to pay for the party — she feels compelled to speak to Teddy's father about the things she has observed.

MARGARET — It's appalling — simply appalling!

GLOUCESTER — What?

MARGARET — All of it — everything.

GLOUCESTER — Oh, you take it too seriously entirely, Margaret.

MARGARET — You mean, you think it's all right — all of it?

GLOUCESTER — It's the way things are. The manners of yesterday have nothing to do with the case. This is today.

MARGARET — If my sister could see her daughter now — I only hope to Heaven she can't.

GLOUCESTER — Bosh! If Lucile had lived she would have come right along with the tide.

MARGARET — No!

GLOUCESTER — Yes!

MARGARET — Never!

GLOUCESTER — Yes. She was too much a woman of the world not to.

MARGARET — A woman of the world — but a gentlewoman.

GLOUCESTER — See here, Margaret, do you mean you think I'm not keeping Teddy up to what Lucile would have made her?

MARGARET — Well, do you think you are?

GLOUCESTER — Why, these are the nicest kind of young people. Smart families — every one of them.

MARGARET — That's just it! That's what makes it so horrible. If they were common little upstarts and parvenus it would be easy enough to understand. But *nice people.* What are their parents thinking of? Can't they see what it's going to do to the future generations?

GLOUCESTER — Why, Margaret — there never was a generation that grew up that didn't think the next one coming on was going to the dogs. They're freer — yes —because they *are* younger. But, by Jove! I actually believe they're safer than the bottled-up age I went through — when we had to sneak about all the deviltry we did. They're perfectly open and above board about it. You have to admit — that. And they're going to work out their own salvation in their own way — and come out all right.

MARGARET — Oh, there's something far more serious in it than merely the difference between two generations.

GLOUCESTER — Oh, you exaggerate. Frankly I think you're awfully priggish. If you measure everything from your own conservative ideas of good form, of course, these youngsters seem a little raw. But this is their day — not ours and we can't —

MARGARET — Oh — *their* day! I'm not talking about superficial fashions and manners. The vital things of character don't belong to anybody's day — they're eternal and fundamental and I see Lucile's daughter without them.

GLOUCESTER — That's rather plain talk.

MARGARET — I mean to be plain. Why not? I know that I am feeling how *she* would feel. I know that what I find in her house since I have come back would have —

GLOUCESTER — And what have you found? I'm able to do more for Teddy than I did for Lucile.

That's the only bad thing about it — that she isn't here to have it.

MARGARET — She would have hated it. She wouldn't have let you give that child eighty dollars to throw away in an evening.

GLOUCESTER — Eighty dollars! Well, that won't get them more than a sandwich or two apiece.

MARGARET — She wouldn't have let her go about half naked and wearing pearls no young girl should ever wear.

GLOUCESTER — Nonsense! You're old fashioned and entirely too damned — something. What in the name of Heaven is the matter with Teddy? What's the matter with her? She's a charming girl and a great success, and her friends are as nice as anybody in New York.

MARGARET — The emptiness — the soullessness of it all.

GLOUCESTER — What?

MARGARET — I've been here three days and I haven't heard her nor any of her friends say a single word or express a thought about anything on earth but their clothes and their motors and themselves. They all talk alike, think alike, dress alike, sound alike. And the drinking — your house is a bar. It pours out — at all hours.

GLOUCESTER — That's prohibition. It only amuses them to have it about when they can't get it other places.

MARGARET — Is that all you can see in it?

GLOUCESTER — That's all there is in it.

MARGARET — And the smoking! Those delicate young girls are as dependent upon their cigarettes to quiet their nerves as any — Oh, it's too horrible. (*She covers her eyes with her hands.*)

GLOUCESTER — I *have* rowed with Ted about the cigarettes. That *is* bad, I admit. But what are

you going to do? It's not her fault. They all do it.

MARGARET — Who are these boys who are making love to her — running about with her alone? Are you willing for her to marry them —

GLOUCESTER — I don't know that she wants to.

MARGARET — Do you never advise her?

GLOUCESTER — I'm doing all I can to make her happy. She's all right. She's a nice girl and perfectly capable of taking care of herself.

MARGARET — She isn't! She isn't! She's only a child. She's surrounded by everything that can hurt her and nothing that can help her. It's all chaos and waste and degeneracy. And my boy lying out there in France! And this is all it was for. He went so gladly. He gave himself for something greater than himself — to save civilization. Oh, the farce of it! The hideous, horrible, useless sacrifice.

Gloucester is sympathetic — but he can't see just what all these prejudiced imaginings have to do with Teddy. It has everything to do with her, Mrs. Rainsford insists. Teddy is the most poignant part of it all. "Hubert, she's been killed and thrown away just as absolutely as John was. She's the very essence of this thing that's in the air. America's infinitely worse than Europe. There's some excuse for it over there, perhaps — as the 'inevitable reaction' that is dinned into one's ears all the time — but why in Heaven's name are sane, decent people over here allowing themselves and their children to wallow in food and clothes and pleasure at the expense of their breeding — their culture — and their inheritance of wholesome American common sense? Why have you let it kill Theodora?"

Gloucester is still unconvinced, but when Teddy returns for a heavier wrap and he discovers that, near

midnight though it is, the party is just getting a good start, he decides to take a stand. He tells his daughter she cannot go.

TEDDY — (*in amused amazement*). Why, dad! What do you mean?

GLOUCESTER — Just that. It's too late. You've done enough tonight.

TEDDY — You're frightfully amusing. Why this sudden sternness? Of course I'm going. I promised. The others are waiting.

GLOUCESTER — You can't go!

TEDDY — Why — dad!

GLOUCESTER — Say good-night to Mr. Wilbur.

TEDDY — Really, you're funny. I'll do nothing of the kind. I'm not going to disappoint those people. (*She starts to the door.*)

GLOUCESTER — You'll not go.

TEDDY — You can't speak that way to me. I'm not a baby.

GLOUCESTER — I'm sorry, but —

TEDDY — I'm sorry, too — but I'm going. You're extremely disagreeable. You can't make me break a positive engagement and treat people —

GLOUCESTER — We won't say anything more about that. You're not going, that will do.

For the moment Teddy is obedient. She dismisses "Scottie" and tells him to make her excuses to the others, but not until she has written him a note of instructions and slipped it into his hand. Her rebellion is not quelled, however, and she demands to know the reason for her being so humiliated. "Do you think we have never done this before? We do it all the time and then we come downtown and have breakfast at Childs' — and it's a lot of fun and I intend to keep on doing it — or anything else I want to. I suppose I

can thank you, Aunt Margaret, for this sudden interest in my affairs."

GLOUCESTER — Teddy —

TEDDY — Father's always had the decency and common sense to believe that whatever I did was all right. This is absolutely the first time he's ever behaved in this absurd manner and I know you put it into his head.

MARGARET — Oh, my dear —

GLOUCESTER — Be careful —

TEDDY — Well — isn't it true?

GLOUCESTER — I — I simply didn't know you were doing such things. It isn't necessary. There are plenty of other things to do for amusement.

TEDDY — I think I must be the judge of what I find amusing. I like this.

. . . . . .

MARGARET — Oh, my dear girl — understand this. It all happened because I'm interested in you — because I love you very much.

TEDDY — Please don't let your interest make father lose his head and behave like this again.

MARGARET — Don't, Theodora! Listen to me just a moment — please. You're so young, dear.

TEDDY — Oh!

MARGARET — I'm saying things your mother would say to you if she were here.

TEDDY — Just what's wrong with what we were going to do tonight? Just what's wrong, pray? Don't you think we're to be trusted alone? Don't you think we're decent enough to behave without being watched every minute?

MARGARET — I think you're young and impetuous and human and that you're getting your pleasure in the very same way that the fastest, commonest sort of people get it, and it all leads to a looseness and

laxness that can't possibly have anything but harm in it.

TEDDY — I don't agree with you at all. I believe in freedom. I think it makes us strong and independent. Nothing is so dangerous as narrow evil-mindedness — and nothing is so safe as frankness.

MARGARET — That's the song the world is riding to the devil on just now. That's what we're fooling ourselves with.

TEDDY — If you're going to judge me and what I do by yourself and what you think is right, I dare say everything I do and say and think is wrong. But I don't think it is — so we aren't getting anywhere — let's drop it. So, good —

MARGARET — Theodora — wait, please. You surely know it's very hard to say these disagreeable things to you.

TEDDY — Then why on earth do you say them?

MARGARET — Because you're in danger — because I want to help you.

THEODORA — What a joke!

MARGARET — The very dress you have on is indecent.

TEDDY — What?

MARGARET — Positively indecent.

TEDDY — Well, really!

MARGARET — These boys — the promiscuous love making I see going on here all the time — the familiarity — the freedom, as you call it — the kissing — it's all wrong — as wrong as it can be.

TEDDY — Kissing? How stupid! There are kisses and kisses. Kissing doesn't mean any more now than shaking hands did — I suppose when you were a girl.

MARGARET — Don't you know that you're wasting the most precious years of your life without — doing one ounce of good to anybody? Or thinking one thought of anything but yourself and your body? Don't you know you're spending too much money —

wasting it here and there, when there never was a time that greater good could be done with it? Don't you know you're being horribly criticized for it?

TEDDY — You've said quite enough, Aunt Margaret.

MARGARET — I've hurt you and I only want to help you.

TEDDY — But I don't need your help. Good night.

MARGARET — My dear little girl — try to see that I'm only — Won't you kiss me good night? (THEODORA *doesn't move.* MARGARET *goes to the hall door*) You will see when you aren't angry. Good night, dear. (MARGARET *goes out. Slow tears come into* THEODORA'S *eyes. She fights them away — crosses to the hall door — takes the telephone.*)

TEDDY — Hello — is there a young man down there. Ask him to come to the telephone. Hello — Scottie — I'll change my gown and be down in fifteen minutes. Telephone the others and ask them to wait for us. I know a peach of a place to go for breakfast. What? Yes, of course he nearly choked. Stuff — I hope you don't think I'm afraid of dad. He was only showing off before Aunt Margaret — trying to make a noise like a father.

She hangs up the receiver as the curtain falls.

ACT II

It is seven o'clock in the evening of the next day and the scene is the Gloucester summer cottage down on Long Island. Teddy and Scott Wilbur have been motoring all day and have broken into the cottage with a package of sandwiches and a thermos bottle of coffee, intending to have a bite to eat and motor back to town. They have not been home since the "party"

of the previous night. This act of open rebellion is Teddy's idea of showing her father that she will not submit to his high and mighty stand in favor of parental authority. She is willing to bet he is mightily stirred up by this time.

SCOTTIE — You can't expect him to be exactly calm about it, you know, old girl. This is going some, even for you.

TEDDY — Well, I want to make an impression — so he won't misbehave again. We can get back by ten. That will be a *very* chaste hour to stroll in and say I've had a *sweet*, quiet day in the country.

SCOTTIE — Having left home last night about midnight —

TEDDY — Danced all night at three different joints —

SCOTTIE — Four!

TEDDY — Had breakfast at a very queer roadhouse, and then, with a few deft lies, gave the others the slip.

SCOTTIE — Motored with me all day —and here we are!

TEDDY — Alone at last with night coming apace. Don't you love it? I'm crazy about it.

SCOTTIE — You're a peach! I adore you! See here, honey, there couldn't be a better time and place to tell me you'll marry me. (*Lighting their cigarettes.*)

TEDDY — Why do you want to marry me — Scott?

SCOTTIE — I like that!

TEDDY — I mean — how do you know you do?

SCOTTIE — How do I know anything?

TEDDY — But you've been in love with so many girls.

SCOTTIE — But I never wanted to marry so many.

TEDDY — Am I the *great* passion of your life?

SCOTTIE — You are! (*He starts to kiss her. The door blows open.*)

TEDDY — Oh, shut it tight! Heavens, is it raining?

SCOTTIE — (*looking out*). Don't think so. (*He closes door*) Are you cold, dear?

TEDDY — No, but I'm not exactly roasting.

SCOTTIE — This will make you all right. (*Taking flask from his pocket.*)

TEDDY — Goodness, is there any left?

SCOTTIE — (*pouring some whisky into the cups*). I got it filled at the last place.

TEDDY — Yes, *you* got filled in the last place, too. (*Taking a sip*) Oh, I hate it this way — without water.

SCOTTIE — But there isn't any water — so don't be so fastidious. Drink it all, dearest. You must. I wouldn't have you take cold for anything. Come and sit over here by the fire. (*He draws an armchair out for her.*)

. . . . . .

TEDDY — See that queer light in the fire. Pretty! Isn't it weird and nice — shut up here with the whole world outside? I *want* to believe in love. I'd like to. It *ought* to be the most wonderful thing in the world.

SCOTTIE — (*putting more whisky in his cup*). It is!

TEDDY — See here, you don't need all that to keep from being chilly.

SCOTTIE — (*putting his arm around her and speaking with his lips on her cheek*). I'm mad about you. I don't give a rap about anybody else in the world!

TEDDY — Not even Hallie?

SCOTTIE — Hallie — stuff!

TEDDY — She's mad about you.

SCOTTIE — Are you jealous of Hallie, sweetheart?

TEDDY — Not a bit — I think she's a pill!

SCOTTIE — Kiss me! (*He snatches her in his arms and kisses her lips*) Dearest! Take your hat off!

TEDDY — No!

SCOTTIE — Please. I want to see your wonderful

hair. Let me! (*He takes her hat off and kisses her hair, then her lips.*)

. . . . . .

TEDDY — Do you know what would make us know that we loved each other?

SCOTTIE — What?

TEDDY — If we hadn't any money at all, just ourselves. Then we'd know.

SCOTTIE — (*holding to her*). Couldn't be done.

TEDDY — What if I hadn't any money?

SCOTTIE — But you have. Thank God, there's nothing like that in ours.

TEDDY — (*looking at him keenly and drawing away from him a little, realizing that he has had too much to drink*). Scott — does it mean an awful lot to you — my money?

SCOTTIE — Kiss me. What does anything else mean?

TEDDY — (*holding him off*). What if you knew this minute I didn't have a cent? What would you do?

SCOTTIE — Don't say disagreeable things. We're happy.

TEDDY — Would you want to marry me then?

SCOTTIE — What's the use of talking moonshine? We know each other too well for that, don't we? I couldn't marry anybody on earth without money.

TEDDY — Is money the most important thing in the world to you, Scott?

SCOTTIE — Kiss me!

TEDDY — No— No! No! You don't love me. This is horrible. I want to go. Listen, it *is* raining. (*A flash of lightning lights the room and thunder is heard.*)

SCOTTIE — Nothing but a little spring shower. We have to wait till it's over. Come and sit down again.

TEDDY — No, I don't want to!

SCOTTIE — Why not? I want to tell you how much I love you. Kiss me!

TEDDY — No!

SCOTTIE — You've got to!

TEDDY — I won't! Let me go! Scott — *don't!* (*He draws her onto the bench. She gets to her feet and pushes him so that he falls full length on the bench.*)

SCOTTIE — (*putting his feet on the bench*). Oh, this feels good. Come here, dearie. Where are you? Come here and sit beside me. Look! See? Here's a nice little place for you right here. (*Another flash of the lightning shows* TEDDY *standing in the middle of the room, horror stricken.* SCOTTIE *lying full length on the bench.*)

TEDDY — Scottie, get up! We must go! I *hate* this! You're not going to sleep! (*There is a peal of thunder. The storm increases. She goes to the fireplace*) Oh, aren't there any candles here?

There is a peal of thunder. Suddenly the door flies open and a strange young man enters. "He wears a rain-soaked top coat and carries an electric lantern." He doesn't see Teddy until after he has closed the door. Then he apologizes frankly and boyishly for the intrusion. He had been to a party farther down the island and was trying to get back to town when the storm overtook him. His car skidded at the top of the hill and he was stuck. Seeing the cottage, he had thought to ask for shelter until the storm passed. No one seemed to hear his knocking, so he had just walked in. Teddy briefly explains that she — that they (*indicating* SCOTT) — had also just dropped in, as it were, and "got caught." "Caught in the rain, I mean," she hastily adds. "This is my house."

HE (BILLY WADE). — Oh, I see! You're not living here?

TEDDY — I've got to get to New York. I've got to! Do you think my car can make it?

BILLY — I'm afraid nothing could do it in this. It's terrific — absolutely terrific! I'm sorry. It's a shame. I wish I could get you in. Can't I make that fire a little better for you? (*He puts his lantern on the mantel shelf and builds up the fire. The lantern and the fire throw a circle of light over them*) You're lucky you made this house. At least it's better than lying in the ditch.

TEDDY — (*as* BILLY *glances at* SCOTTIE). I'm going on the minute it stops a little.

BILLY — She's not going to do that in a hurry. Gee! I'm pretty well soaked. Do you mind if I try to dry out a little?

TEDDY — If you can get anything *dry* tonight, you're welcome. (BILLY *waits for her to sit. She goes to the armchair above the five.*)

BILLY — It was a great piece of luck for me that you were here, I can tell you.

TEDDY — (*as* SCOTTIE *groans in his sleep*). He doesn't feel very well.

BILLY — (*rising*). Is he ill? Could I do anything for him?

TEDDY — No — no. He's only dead for sleep. We've been motoring all day.

. . . . . .

BILLY — I'm glad to be a better talker than the other fellow for once.

TEDDY — It certainly is the chance of your life to sparkle. Well, go on — I was never so much in need of entertainment.

. . . . . .

BILLY — I know a good one.

TEDDY — All right. Fire away.

BILLY — You. Who are you? What are you? What do you do with yourself — and what do you like best?

TEDDY — I said a conversation, not a catechism.

BILLY — That's the best I can do.

TEDDY — Well — who am I? Anonymous. What am I? An ordinary girl. What do I do? Amuse myself as much as possible.

BILLY — (*promptly*). What do I like best?

TEDDY — To have my own way about everything in the world. Now you. You must be the "dook" in disguise at least.

BILLY — No — nothing so dressy. I'm an everyday guy — not so long out of the army — who fell into an awfully soft snap in New York.

TEDDY — What sort of a snap?

BILLY — A job somebody got for me through pull — with so much salary to it it makes me dizzy.

TEDDY — Rather a spiffy dizziness, I should say.

BILLY — Yes, it is. I've been pretty lucky. I've fallen in with some awfully nice people and I don't mind telling you I don't know whether I'm coming or going.

TEDDY — I advise you to keep going.

BILLY — You either have to do that or get out. If you stop in the middle, you drown. (SCOTTIE *groans. They look at him.*)

TEDDY — No — I don't think he's going to contradict you. Go on. What comes next? Oh yes — how do you like New York? Was it all as wonderful as you thought it would be?

BILLY — Much more wonderful and much more rotten.

TEDDY — What do you like best about it?

BILLY — The excitement, I 'spose.

TEDDY — What do you hate most?

BILLY — Oh, it would take a week to tell that.

TEDDY — Well, I think we'll be here a week.

BILLY — I hope so.

TEDDY — You say you've met some awfully nice people?

BILLY — I'm just coming from a house party now — on up further.

TEDDY — Any attractive girls there?

BILLY — Oh yes. One beauty — one stunner and one peach.

TEDDY — You gobbled the peach, I 'spose.

BILLY — No — the bloom on her cheek kept me guessing.

TEDDY — That's the cleverest thing a cheek can do.

BILLY — Oh, I don't know.

TEDDY — There's nothing so dull as being *sure*. Don't you like something left to the imagination?

BILLY — I *do*. But, Lordie! There's precious little a girl leaves to the imagination now.

TEDDY — Oh! That sounds as though you'd been shocked.

BILLY — Shocked? I've been stunned! I knew the place was pretty swift but — *whew! Wow!*

TEDDY — Can't you keep up with it?

BILLY — I'm coming right along. But it knocks the wind out of me sometimes.

TEDDY — If you don't like it — why don't you get out?

BILLY — Oh, I didn't want to go back to the same old thing. I was born on a farm so big you could lose one of these dinky little fellows round here in the fence corners. I wanted to be in New York and see life and it got me, all right. I'm doing just what everybody else is.

TEDDY — You'll get over your provincial ideas. Freedom and frankness and beauty are so easily misunderstood by the outsider.

BILLY — I'm allowing for all I don't understand, but there's one thing I'm dead sure of.

TEDDY — What?

BILLY — They're making a circus out of some things. The way they get engaged and unengaged makes my

hair stand on end. What do they think it is, anyway? A game of tag?

TEDDY — Well — why not? What else can it be?

BILLY — The chasing's fun enough — but why get caught till you're sure you want to stay caught forever — till the whole game's over?

TEDDY — How can anybody be sure of that?

BILLY — They could be a darn sight more sure if they went to it as if it was a little something more than a tryout.

TEDDY — And what on earth do you think it means?

BILLY — Oh — just the most important thing in the world — where everything starts, and where great things come from — if it's right — and where the worst things come from if it's wrong — what do *you* think it means?

TEDDY — Nobody ever finds what he wants, anyway. And I think it's better to keep our dreams shut up tight and never let 'em out — so we won't be disappointed.

BILLY — I don't. I think it's better to let 'em out and make 'em come true.

TEDDY — Can't be done.

BILLY — Oh yes, it can.

TEDDY — How?

BILLY — By wishing and wishing — and never taking anything but the best wish.

TEDDY — I wish —

BILLY — What?

TEDDY — (*rising*). Nothing. I wish the storm would stop.

But the storm doesn't stop; gets more violent by the minute, in fact. Finally they realize that the only thing to do is to make the best of the situation. "You go upstairs and make yourself as comfortable as you can," Billy suggests; "I'll sit here in this chair by

the fire, and everything's all right. . . . I'll get you back in town in the morning — at daylight."

TEDDY — Oh no — please — please — don't wait. I don't want you to — no, *please*. We'll get back all right. I'd rather you'd go before — I'd rather you'd be gone when I came down in the morning. It would be easier.

BILLY — Then I'll never meet you again. But I'll never forget you. My name's Wade — Billy Wade. Do you want to tell me yours?

TEDDY — I'd rather not.

BILLY — And don't be afraid of anything tonight — will you?

TEDDY — Of course not with you here. You've helped me through an awfully hard place — and you're splendid to understand.

BILLY — Why shouldn't I understand? You were held up by the storm and so was I. Why should I misunderstand you any more than you did me? You didn't seem to think I was a highway robber or anything when I banged through that door.

TEDDY — Perhaps you are Good night.

BILLY — Good-by.

TEDDY — Good-by — A — good-by.

"She goes out. Billy watches her off, closes the door, puts some wood on the fire, takes the blanket from the table in alcove and starts to sit and wrap himself in it. Then remembers Scott, goes to him and puts coat over him. He goes back to the armchair, wraps himself in blanket and prepares to sleep for the night. The storm rages all through this. The curtain is lowered to denote the passing of the night."

The sun is shining when Billy wakens next morning. He puts more wood on the fire, adjusts his hat and

coat, takes a final look at the still-sleeping Scott Wilbur and departs. Outside he meets the caretaker of the property, a Mr. Heyfer, who greets him suspiciously but does not stop him. Heyfer is not so easy with Scottie, however, demanding an immediate explanation of that young man's presence in the house. Teddy's entrance saves the situation, though it does not completely allay the Heyfer suspicions. What they doin' thair, anyway? Does her father know she's out? Looks mighty peculiar! Scottie is apologetic, and feels rather to blame for the mess he and Teddy are in, but she doesn't blame him. She is only eager to get back to the city as soon as possible. They are just about to start when Teddy's father and her Aunt Margaret arrive. For a second Teddy and her father look steadily at each other.

TEDDY — Now, father, I've done nothing on earth I'm ashamed of in the slightest degree.

SCOTTIE — Mr. Gloucester —

GLOUCESTER — Were you here all night?

TEDDY — Yes, we were. And I've done nothing that I'm ashamed of, I tell you.

MARGARET — You believe her, Hubert?

GLOUCESTER — Believe her? Why should I?

SCOTTIE — Mr. Gloucester, this thing isn't at all the way it looks.

GLOUCESTER — Damn you! You —

TEDDY — Oh don't, *please*. Do you believe I've done a rotten, low-down thing, or don't you?

GLOUCESTER — My God! How do I know?

. . . . . .

SCOTTIE — You've *got* to listen, Mr. Gloucester. The others were all with us all that first night and Ted and I motored all day yesterday — and came here last evening just to have a look at the place — and expected to be back in town by ten o'clock. The

storm was terrific and we had to stay. We simply *had* to.

GLOUCESTER — That's a *fine* story. By God! it's just as bad to throw your reputation away as it is — to — to — go all the way.

MARGARET — Hubert!

GLOUCESTER — It is. What in the name of Heaven do you *mean* — acting like the commonest, lowest kind of a thing? Does nothing mean anything to you but this brazen, disreputable, loose — Where do you get it? Where does it come from? What have you done with your bringing up? How do you expect me to believe — anything but the — What *am* I to believe?

MARGARET — That she's your daughter. That all the other things you've let her do — have done this. That she needs your help now as she never needed it before. Theodora — you are going to *marry* this boy, aren't you?

SCOTTIE — Of course she is. We're engaged.

TEDDY — Oh no, we're not.

GLOUCESTER — What? What do you say?

TEDDY — I'm not engaged to him.

SCOTTIE — Ted!

MARGARET — But didn't you expect to be?

TEDDY — Perhaps. Probably. I don't know. I was considering.

GLOUCESTER — Oh, you were. There'll be no more of that. You'll announce your engagement at once.

TEDDY — Why should I? What good will that do? How can that change anything?

GLOUCESTER — What? At least it's some faint hope of persuading people that you haven't quite gone to the dogs. That you wouldn't have been quite so wild as to go off with him if you weren't going to marry him. It's a very little thing, I admit. But at least it's the only thing we *can* do.

SCOTTIE — Ted — listen! Come and marry me now quick. We'll go on to another town and telephone back to your father that we've eloped.

TEDDY — What?

MARGARET — That's a very good idea, Theodora — really it is. The best possible thing you could do.

GLOUCESTER — Yes, it is. Do it! Do it — and get at it now.

TEDDY — I don't want to. . . . I'd do a good deal for your sake, dad, but I can't marry somebody I don't want to — for your sake.

GLOUCESTER — And why don't you want to marry him?

TEDDY — Because I don't love him — like that.

GLOUCESTER — You probably love him as much as you're capable of loving anybody.

TEDDY — You must let me be the judge of that. I can't marry you, Scott — I know now. I'm sorry. (SCOTTIE *turns away.*)

MARGARET — Be careful, dear. Don't make another mistake with this serious thing.

TEDDY — (*almost breaking at* AUNT MARGARET'S *tenderness, but controling herself*). I'm trying not to. Why do you ask me to marry him when I tell you I don't want to. I don't love him that way, I tell you! What has anybody else got to do with it? How can you be so stupid and old fashioned and afraid? Of course, I've done a perfectly idiotic thing and I'm just as sorry as I can be. But what has that got to do with the rest of my life? What if people do talk and tell a few lies about me? I'm not going to sneak and do a trumped-up thing as though I *were* guilty. If you can't take me home now, dad, and hold up your head and say this is my daughter and I trust her and know she hasn't done anything wrong, then I never want to go home at all.

GLOUCESTER — And if you don't obey me — if you don't do this little thing for my sake, I don't want you to come home.
MARGARET — Hubert!
GLOUCESTER — Are you going to do it?
TEDDY — No! (GLOUCESTER *goes out quickly.*)
MARGARET — Teddy!
TEDDY — No!
SCOTTIE — Ted!
TEDDY — No!

The lowered curtain indicates another lapse of time. For thirty-six hours Teddy and her Aunt Margaret have been waiting for some word from Mr. Gloucester, but none has come. The Heyfers have been good enough to send in their food, though the old gentleman is still far from approving of what he has seen. Still, as Mr. Heyfer says, there ain't no use tryin' to understand city ways. "There ain't nothin' to hitch to nor git hold on one way or t'other, nohow." Teddy has found an old pair of khaki riding breeches and has been having a fine time roaming over the place. She'd be quite happy if it weren't for the thought of her father's lack of confidence in her.

TEDDY — (*to* MARGARET). . . . Isn't it a joke? Just because I'm a girl. Scottie's strutting about in town of course, as usual — while I'm waiting here for my father to forgive me. Isn't it priceless! A girl can be alone all day with a man and nobody says a word — but one night in the most innocent accident, and she's damned. Lord! the things I could tell that have happened in the daytime. (*Going to* MARGARET *and putting out her hand*) Aunt Margaret, I give you good on this. You haven't once said I told you so. I know I've done a damn fool thing and I know I deserve all that's comin' to me — and I think you know

what it means to me for you to stick by me. (*She turns away quickly to hide her tears.*)

MARGARET — Teddy, I want to ask you one question.

TEDDY — Yes.

MARGARET — Are you sure you aren't coquetting with Scottie Wilbur now? Are you sure you don't intend to marry him after you've kept him dangling a little longer and made your father suffer a little more? Uh?

TEDDY — No. I give you my word I'm not. If I loved Scott, I'd marry him like a shot. But I don't. Of course that's a pretty weak argument — coming from me. I admit I don't know much about the divine passion, but at least I know it hasn't hit me, yet — and I'll never marry anybody till it does.

MARGARET — But the pity of it is you'll play with it so much you won't know it when it comes.

TEDDY — Oh yes, I will. I saw a boy once who was so sure he'd know that if he had said he loved me I would have known he did. I would have known he would have taken care of me all my life and it was only up to me to be worth it.

MARGARET — Who was he?

TEDDY — You wouldn't know — he was just different.

Soon the crowd arrives, Eileen and Hallie, Trevor and Oliver and Scottie. They come to sympathize with Teddy, and to make their report of the scandal's spread in New York. Everybody's talking, of course, and everybody apparently is delighted to believe the worst. "I went out to tea yesterday," says Eileen, "and to dinner and a dance afterward, and by the time I got home the story was you'd done this several times before. They say that's what you keep this place for."

MARGARET — Oh, how can they be so cruel!

OLIVER — Don't, Eileen. What difference does it make what they say?

TEDDY — Oh, I want to know. Don't be delicate. I love the details. I s'pose dad's hearing it all, too?

EILEEN — Mrs. Allister's rubbing it in. She's not missing this chance of getting back for all the snubs you've given her.

TEDDY — Mrs. Allister must be really and truly deeply shocked. She is such a pure and holy lily herself.

OLIVER — What *are* you going to do, Ted? You've got to do something!

EILEEN — You can't stay here!

TEDDY — Oh yes, I can — till I rot. Dad's *got* to give in. He's got to. He's wrong — just as wrong as he can be!

Scottie reports that he has spent hours with Mr. Gloucester trying to get him to agree to take Teddy back, whether she marries him or not —

SCOTTIE — But I haven't made the slightest dent in him. I've never seen anyone so angry in my life. He's like a raging bull. Horribly cut up, too, Ted; gone to pieces. I'm sorry for him — I actually am.

TEDDY — So am I. But his way is not the way out.

SCOTTIE — It's the only way under heaven I see. He'll never give in. If *you* do — he's going to be awfully wonderful and generous to you, Ted. But if you don't — he's going to — he threatened — you know.

TEDDY — Threatened?

SCOTTIE — Money and stuff.

TEDDY — Cutting me off. (SCOTTIE *nods.*) Oh, that's divine! That's the last touch! You go straight back to him and tell him I don't care whether I ever have a cent of his money or not!

SCOTTIE — Oh, Ted, don't! Don't lose your head! You can't live without your father. Now see here,

tell him you'll marry me — announce the engagement and break it afterward. I give you my word, Ted, I won't try to make you stick — if you don't want to.

TEDDY — You're a brick, boy, you are! But can't you see I can't do that sort of stuff? It's getting awfully, awfully serious with me, Scott. I meant what I said to dad with everything in me, and if I go back on it — I go back on myself! It doesn't hurt you a bit — or your reputation — or anything about you. I never promised to marry you. If I had, I'd come through. You know that — don't you? And I'm sorry, Scott, I don't love you that way — but I don't.

SCOTTIE — I'm so sorry about the whole rotten business I could kill myself!

TEDDY — (*taking his hand*). Don't worry! It'll all come out in the wash. If we loved each other well enough we could snap our fingers and tell the whole lot to go sit on a tack. But we don't care — like that, do we?

SCOTTIE — (*evading her eyes*). Why, I — you — I do.

TEDDY — Don't try to make a brave speech.

SCOTTIE — If I only had money, Ted.

TEDDY — Yes, I know, I know. It's quite all right.

SCOTTIE — But, Ted dear — what *are* you going to do?

Teddy doesn't just know. Both Ollie and Trevor beg her to marry them, but, while she is grateful, she can't see that as a way out. They all think that, perhaps, if they were to make up a really plausible yarn, and stick to it, after a while they could make people believe it. Which gives Teddy an idea. "All the fish stories you can possibly dig up won't be half as fishy as the truth," she exclaims. "Scott and I were *not* alone here that night. I haven't even told Aunt Margaret this part of it. It's too much to expect even her generosity to believe. Scottie did have a drink or

two and went to sleep — over there; and the storm raged — and the door opened — and a young man walked in out of the nowhere — into the here — and we sat by the fire and talked — and talked — and talked. . . .

EILEEN — And what was Scottie doing all this time?

TEDDY — Scottie was sleeping.

TREVOR — Oh! That was very careless of you, Scottie.

TEDDY — The strange young man said he lived in New York and thought some of the nice people he had met did rather asinine things. And then he said the storm was going to last all night and that I'd better go to bed. And I said I thought I would. And I took the young man's light and opened that door and he said there was nothing to be afraid of — that he would take care of me — and that his name was Billy Wade and that he would never see me again — but he would never forget me and then he said good-by and I went upstairs and when I came down in the morning — the door was open and the young man was gone — and—

At which moment Billy Wade appears in the doorway. He has come back, he explains to Teddy, to see if by any chance she was still there or if she had any difficulty getting back to the city. It isn't a very good excuse, he confesses, but it is the best he can think of. To which Teddy replies that he really didn't need an excuse to come back to find an "old friend." And now that he is there he can verify the story she has just been telling her friends — about the night he blew in so unexpectedly. He does so, and picks out Scottie as the man asleep on the bench. But still they are skeptical. Particularly Hallie, who is a catty sort, anyway, and frankly in love with Scottie Wilbur herself.

HALLIE — (*to* TED). It's a priceless story. You're as clever as the deuce. And we've actually seen the strange young man with our own eyes. And what shall we say when people say, "But would she have been alone all night with Scott Wilbur if the young man hadn't fallen from the skies?"

TEDDY — How dare you say that to me, Hallie! How dare you! I've been the biggest fool in the world — I know. I was stubborn and bullheaded and I thought I could get away with anything, and I've walked right into a beautiful mess with my eyes wide open. I don't want anybody to be sorry for me. It's absolutely my own fault. But I do expect *you*, Eileen, and *you*, Ollie, not to think I'm telling a ridiculous lie and trying to put something over on you.

EILEEN — But we don't understand.

TEDDY — What if you *don't* understand? What difference does that make? And what difference does it make *how* it all looks? I've asked you to believe me — in spite of everything. A perfect stranger came in when things looked just as rotten as they possibly could — but he was big enough and kind enough to — to — trust me. And now he sees — you don't. You can go back to town and say I've told you the most impossible lie anybody ever heard of. You can also say I'm not going to marry Scottie, and nobody knows what I'm going to do next and I don't give a damn what any of you think. (TEDDY *breaks into tears and leaves the room.*)

BILLY — Do you mean you really don't believe I was here that night? (*There is no answer*) I told you I was, you know. I sat here in that chair — till morning — while she was upstairs and he was asleep there. If it makes any great difference one way or the other whether I was here or not — I'll do anything on earth to prove it.

TREVOR — But there isn't anything you can do to

prove it, old man. You just ask us to take your word for it — and that's all there is to it.

BILLY — And you do take my word — of course? (*Looking from* TREVOR *to* OLIVER.)

OLIVER — We take Miss Gloucester's word. It isn't necessary to discuss it further.

BILLY — Yes — I see you believe everything she says. Of course, you're her friends and you know her well — so you couldn't possibly be rotten enough to doubt her in any way. She's lucky to have such good friends to stand by and fight for her. I think I'll wait outside — in case she needs somebody who knows she isn't lying.

This last experience is too much for Teddy. If her friends won't believe her, what can she expect of others? Probably the best thing to do, after all, is to marry Scottie and win father's forgiveness. "I was a fool to think I could beat the game," she confesses to Scottie. ". . . We'll blaze and have the most gorgeous wedding anybody ever had . . . and if we don't make a go of it we'll get our divorce right off the bat. . . . I'll make a settlement on you now, and the whole transaction will be very neat." Scottie tries to be properly shocked at the sordidness of Teddy's view, but secretly he is well pleased. Everybody, in fact, is quite likely to be pleased — except Billy. That young man is amazed, not to say shocked, at the very suggestion of such a marriage. Teddy admits that it is not a particularly noble thing she is doing.

TEDDY — He's marrying me for my money and I'm marrying him to save my reputation.

BILLY — That's hell!

TEDDY — Is it? It's often done, you know.

BILLY — You don't have to do that.

TEDDY — My father has a right to force me into it, I suppose.

BILLY — He has not.

TEDDY — What did *you* think when you found me here?

BILLY — I knew when I saw your eyes that you didn't have anything to hide.

TEDDY — But you think I did a deadly common, stupid thing coming out here just to be reckless — by way of amusing myself?

BILLY — Yes — I do. But why in the name of Christopher should that put a crimp in your whole life and make you do a much worse thing now — marry a man you don't — love?

TEDDY — It's the only way out.

BILLY — No, it's not. You're in bad — but you could come out big.

TEDDY — How?

BILLY — By turning this into something big.

TEDDY — It's easy enough for you to talk. You're a man. Men can do anything.

BILLY — If they *will*. So can a girl.

TEDDY — Oh no. One dose of a thing like this for a girl — and she's done for if she hasn't any money.

BILLY — How much money do you need to live?

TEDDY — I don't know. I don't know. Dad gives me twenty-five thousand a year and then pays all my debts. I have three thousand a year of my very own from my mother and this little place — so that doesn't leave much if I throw dad over, does it?

BILLY — Well, I've just thrown up a job of ten thousand a year, which seemed like a million to me.

TEDDY — Given it up?

BILLY — Yes. I got just what was coming to me. I knew it was crooked when I went into it. I knew the man stole from the Government and called it big business, but I fell for it — and I stuck because of what it could do for me. And do you know what happened to me? After I saw you the other night I hated

it so I went back and chucked it. I haven't got a job and it won't be so easy to get another one — but I can look myself in the face — and I'm free. And I don't see why you can't be the same way.

TEDDY — You don't know what you're talking about!

BILLY — The whole point is this: Do you *want* what you're going back to or don't you?

TEDDY — It doesn't matter whether I want it or not. It's what I've got to take.

BILLY — Do you hate it? . . .

TEDDY — I don't dare let myself hate it — or I never can come through. I don't dare think what I'm going to do — but I know — oh, I know. (*She puts her head on the table with a sob.*)

BILLY — Then why in the name of God do you do it? How can you — do anything you're ashamed of?

TEDDY — (*going to the door*). But I can't live without my father.

BILLY — (*following her*). With this little place? What's the reason you can't? You can take care of yourself. I'll help you. That's where I belong— outdoors. I could make this little farm sit up — if you'll help me.

TEDDY — How could I help?

BILLY — Work — with your own hands.

TEDDY — I can't. I don't know how.

BILLY — Learn. I'll help you. I'll go halves. I'll put what I've got into it —

TEDDY — Oh — how good you are! If I try — with all I've got — if I work with my own hands — if I'm not a fool — do you think I can take care of myself?

BILLY — I know you can.

TEDDY — How wonderful of you to believe in me. I don't see how you can.

BILLY — I do. Believe in yourself.

TEDDY — But it's all so strange. I've never done

anything like this in my life. I'm cutting myself off from everything.

BILLY — Don't be afraid. You're stronger now than you ever were in your life.

TEDDY — No, I'm not. I'm awfully weak. I may fail.

BILLY — You can't. You've got hold of something to fight for.

TEDDY — I'll try. I'll try.

BILLY — No — you're going to do it!

TEDDY — I will! I will! I will!

ACT III

For three months Teddy, Aunt Margaret and Billy have been "farming it" with generally satisfactory results on the Gloucester place. Occasionally their young friends have come out from the city for a round of golf at the near-by links or a picnic on the cottage lawn, and the summer has passed happily. As for the material success of the venture, that has not been anything to boast of, though Teddy points with pride to her growing flock of chickens, now eight hundred-odd in number, and Billy has been able to scratch a living for the three of them from the soil. Now the winter approaches and all three know in their hearts that some kind of a decision will have to be made as to their immediate future, even though each has studiously avoided the subject. Little has been heard from Mr. Gloucester save the occasional report that he is still determined to have nothing more to do with his daughter until she comes back to him, a yielding and repentant prodigal. Of late, however, there have been rumors that he is beginning to melt, and that he would probably be willing to listen to any reasonable sug-

gestion of compromise, a fact that is now borne out by his sudden and quite unexpected arrival at the cottage. He is not, however, in a particularly promising frame of mind. He frankly accuses his sister-in-law of having been party to the conspiracy to keep Teddy away from him.

GLOUCESTER — (*to* MARGARET). If you've let Ted get mixed up in another affair and haven't warned me —

MARGARET — What do you mean?

GLOUCESTER — Why haven't you told me? Why haven't you kept me informed about everything she was doing?

MARGARET — Why should I have told you anything about Theodora? Didn't you give her up when she needed you most?

GLOUCESTER — What *is* this thing out here?

MARGARET — You'll have to tell me what you mean.

GLOUCESTER — The story is all over town that *another* boy was here that night while Scott was drunk and asleep. That this boy was the reason she so suddenly refused to marry Scott. That he gave up a ten-thousand-dollar job in New York to come here and work for Ted — that he wants her money — and is making love to her. Is it true? Is it true?

MARGARET — No — yes — some of it.

GLOUCESTER — How much?

MARGARET — Some of the bare facts. The boy was here — yes — Billy Wade. He came in out of the storm — and stayed with her — and kept her from being terrified that night.

GLOUCESTER — And he *did* come back?

MARGARET — Yes — but not because he wants her money.

GLOUCESTER — But he *did* give up his job?

MARGARET — Yes. But —

GLOUCESTER — But not because he wants her money! Good Heavens, Margaret, have you been taken in like that? Why, the fellow's a bounder — an adventurer.

MARGARET — Oh, Hubert!

GLOUCESTER — How could you be so gullible? I let Ted stay here with you because I thought it would be the best thing on earth for her. And now *this* thing hits me in the head.

MARGARET — But it isn't true.

GLOUCESTER — Oh yes, it is. Eileen tells me they had all sworn to keep still — never to tell it — but it seems Hallie wants Scott Wilbur and hasn't got him yet — and in desperation broke her word and told this. It's as plain as the nose on your face.

MARGARET — Oh yes. It's very plain. Of course Hallie told it — and it's all colored and —

GLOUCESTER — They say they were all drinking that night — and there's no telling what happened to make Ted give Scott up.

MARGARET — Hubert! Hubert! You don't believe such stuff!

GLOUCESTER — (*sitting*). Oh, I'm in despair, Margaret — I don't know what to think or what to do.

MARGARET — Teddy certainly has paid for that one foolish, headstrong thing. And now *this* — a really good and beautiful thing — has been distorted and turned against her.

GLOUCESTER — You've been taken in, Margaret.

MARGARET — Oh no, I haven't. I happen to know the truth. And it does sound like a fairy story if you hear it with sordid ears that can't believe in anything unselfish and disinterested.

GLOUCESTER — (*rising*). God! And you've let Ted be fed up on that and — *Is* this fellow making love to her?

MARGARET — You'll have to ask Ted that.

Gloucester decides to do that very thing and goes in search of his daughter. It is while he is searching that Teddy and Billy have their first serious talk, a talk that begins lightly enough with Teddy's report of her day's activities, ranging from the building of a chicken coop for the debutante chickens to the patching of a hole in the shed roof, and including the darning of a pair of Billy's socks.

BILLY — Is anybody coming out for tea?

TEDDY — I hope so.

BILLY — It amuses 'em to come out and see the flowers bloom, but they haven't the dimmest idea what you've gone through to *make* them.

TEDDY — That doesn't matter. It's been the most beautiful summer of my whole life.

BILLY — Would you want another just like it?

TEDDY — Of course, if it were necessary, but it won't be. And it's the climbing along — making things better — that's the fun.

BILLY — This little farm is just a springboard to jump from to something else. I'm not afraid of money, Ted. Good work will always make it. But, Gosh! — aren't you sick of measuring everything with money? I want to do some things that are worth doing whether they ever make a damned cent or not — some things that are worth losing money on — just because you want to try. And some that are worth spending all you can get on — just because they ought to be done.

TEDDY — Of course — things for other people, Billy.

BILLY — Yes.

TEDDY — I never used to think of that at all — but, oh — I've found out so much myself — since I've known you — I want everybody else to know.

BILLY — Me, too — I've got some great schemes to tell you about. I'm awfully ambitious, Ted. But I

have to work like the devil to make the money first to tackle the big things.

TEDDY — Oh, I like that. I'll help.

BILLY — But there are things ahead we've got to look square in the face. Winter's coming and it will be harder than the summer — lonelier for you. No friends to count on coming out — and you'll be bored.

TEDDY — Will you be bored?

BILLY — It doesn't matter about me.

TEDDY — And how about you and me?

BILLY — That's it. That's the thing I've got to face. How can there be any you and me?

TEDDY — How can there be anything else? Aren't we going to be together forever?

BILLY — Are we?

TEDDY — I can't imagine anything else — unless the world comes to an end — and then we'd go on together, anyway.

BILLY — Do you mean you could marry me?

TEDDY — Why, I've always taken that for granted — since — well — since I can't tell you when it began — any more than I can think of it ending. . . . Billy — look at me. What is it? You — you didn't think it was ever any other way — did you? Look at me. (*She lifts his head and holds it in her hands*) Isn't that the way you've always thought it was? (*He kisses her.*)

BILLY — Oh Ted, I don't know whether you realize yet — what it would really mean to give up all you've had — forever. To begin all over again — at the very bottom. What if you find you just can't get on without it? You'd hate me then.

TEDDY — Why do you think about what I've had? It's what we'll do that matters. And we'll never stop doing. The end is in us — not in anything else. We may be two great birds — you and I. We may see things that no one has ever seen before. It's in *us* the magic is.

BILLY — It's in you. If you love me I'm not afraid of anything. (*He kisses her lips.*)

But their problems can't be quite as easily settled as that. Soon the crowd from town is out again and eager to have a further hand in the complication. Certainly something must happen. Severally and individually they try to make Billy see that. Surely he must realize that, however Ted may *think* she feels, she will never be able to give up the life to which she has been so long accustomed. And everybody will quite naturally say, if he should persist in marrying her, not only that she has made a very unwise step marrying out of her class, but that he is nothing more than a bounder after her money. "You couldn't possibly get it through you that Ted Gloucester means a damned sight more to me without her money than she does with it, could you? That would be a little too much to expect you to believe," Billy says to Trevor Leeds. To which Trevor replies that it would. Even Eileen, sympathetic though she is, can give him little encouragement. "It's the new thing that gets Ted and interests her," she tells him. "I know how many fellows she's been about to marry and didn't. She likes new excitement. That's why she's been so amazing about all she's done out here. It was a novelty and you were new to her, Billy. Something she'd never come in contact with before. And she's flirted with you from a new standpoint altogether."

BILLY — Eileen, why are you telling me this? You say you're her best friend.

EILEEN — I am — and I'm telling you because I honestly think if she married you it would be the worst possible thing that could happen to you both. You don't realize you're only a new experience to her.

BILLY — I can take care of myself, I think.

EILEEN — I've seen a good many other people who thought that, too. Poor old Ollie hasn't given up hope yet.

BILLY — Oliver Comstock?

EILEEN — Of course. You don't think *you're* going to fare any better than *he* has — with all his charm and all his money, do you? It's because I like you so much, Billy, I'm saying this. And, by Jove! I know you're too decent to hang onto her and try to keep her from going back to all the wonderful things that are waiting for her.

The suggestion sets Billy thinking. But Ted, blithely ignorant of Eileen's warning, goes merrily on dreaming of her future as Mrs. William Wade. She laughs heartily at her friends' suggestion that she is merely pretending to like the farm, and startles them further by announcing her intention of staying there all winter. "The joke of it is you're all sorry for me and I'm having the time of my life," says she. "I've discovered that too much money cheats people out of half the thrilling things in the world." And again, when they admit she is looking altogether fit, she answers exultantly: "Of course — I'm husky. No more smokes — no more nerves. I sleep all night and am interested all day. It's great to feel this way. Trevor, even you would get so you'd like to wake up feeling like an ox instead of a shoestring."

But there is a cloud gathering on Teddy's horizon. Billy, who has been keeping to himself while he figured out some reasonable answer to his problem, now comes from the house just in time to see Oliver Comstock leave Teddy's side. Instinctively he knows that Ollie has been proposing again. In which he is right. If he had arrived a minute sooner he would have heard Ted's answer: "Don't, Oliver — please. I used to adore having people propose to me — the more the

better. But I've had enough to last me the rest of my life."

To Billy there is no thrill now in the thought that Ollie is probably being given his congé. It merely serves to make him all the more conscious of his own "unfitness." Unconsciously Teddy's first words confirm his conclusions.

"Billy," says she, as Oliver disappears, "Billy, I've been thinking. I want money now more than I ever did in my life." "What?" he demands, as though he had suddenly discovered a guilty secret.

TEDDY — I want it for you. So you can go on with your dreams and schemes.

BILLY — My schemes will take care of themselves.

TEDDY — No, they can't. And do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to dad and tell him my pride's all gone. I'm going to tell him how wonderful you are —

BILLY — You'll do nothing of the —

TEDDY — He'll be so proud of you. So glad to have me marry anybody so splendid. I'm going to him — tomorrow.

BILLY — Not to tell him anything about *me*.

TEDDY — Of course I will.

BILLY — They think I want your money. They couldn't think anything else.

TEDDY — Who does? No, they don't. Why shouldn't you want it? It's mine. It'll be yours.

BILLY — It won't.

TEDDY — Now, Billy, don't be stupid. I want you to have what everybody else has. I want you to have what Oliver has. I want everybody to respect *you* and to feel *your* power.

BILLY — You want it yourself — you mean.

TEDDY — But for *you*.

BILLY — Of course you're tired of this — why

shouldn't you be? It's pretty dull — and pretty grubby —

TEDDY — Billy, don't be nasty.

. . . . . .

BILLY — They've always been throwing it into me that I was only something new — and I wouldn't believe it. But what you've just said to me now — yourself — has opened my eyes. Fool? I should say I *have* been.

TEDDY — Somebody's kindly told you how many times I've supposed to have been in love. I've done a very great many things which were pretty silly and which you wouldn't think I was nice if I did do. I didn't think it was necessary to review my whole life to you. I certainly didn't want you to do that for me. But I thought you did understand the new part of me — and that nothing on earth could shake your faith in me — or make you doubt what I've given to you.

BILLY — You'll want the old excitement so you can't stand it.

TEDDY — Are you asking me to give up everything — all my friends — forever?

BILLY — I'm not asking you to give up anything.

TEDDY — I — can't make myself over — entirely. I can't change all my old habits and feelings and point of view. I can't. I'm just like my friends. I'm one of them. After all, how can you expect me to change?

BILLY — My God! I'm not asking you to change. I love you — but I know I can't take the place of all you've had — and you want it, Ted — you want it.

TEDDY — Of course I do. And I want it for you. Why shouldn't you come into my world and be somebody in it?

BILLY — Because I despise it. But I want you to be happy, Ted — and get what you want — and what you think is worth while in the whole game. And I'm going to clear out so you'll get it quick.

He hears her call him as he walks away, but he does not turn. She is still standing there, a little stunned, when her Aunt Margaret finds her. "Billy says he won't have my money and he won't marry me," she reports. "How much do you love him?" inquires Mrs. Rainsford. "More than I ever thought anybody could love anything," she answers.

Fortunately at this psychological moment Ted's father finds her. He has stood the separation as long as he can and is willing to make any reasonable compromise to have his daughter with him again. Will she come? She will, Teddy agrees. "There has never been a day or an hour when I haven't wanted you," she confesses. But — she can't come right away. Neither will she agree to sell the place. She loves it and she has been happier there than she has ever been before.

"Tut," says father; "I'm going to make you happier than you ever have been in your whole life . . . by giving you everything you want." But it just happens that what Teddy wants can't be bought. And so the story of Billy and his refusal to marry Ted and her money is told. The boy must be insane, concludes Gloucester. However, it probably is a blessing in disguise. 'Twill be easier to get away and forget him. Shall they tour the world? Or buy a house in London? Or get a yacht and go cruising?

TEDDY — Oh, you always want to *buy* something, dad.

GLOUCESTER — Well, I don't know many things that can't be bought.

TEDDY — I know *one* thing that can't — and it's the only thing I want.

GLOUCESTER — Now, see here, Ted, if you want this fellow — I'll buy him for you.

TEDDY — I'd like to see you try it.

GLOUCESTER — Get him. Get him. Where is he?

MARGARET — I'll see if he will come and speak to you. (MARGARET *goes into the house.*)

GLOUCESTER — My dear child, I want to make you forget all this and make you happy.

TEDDY — That's what several people have said this afternoon. But I seem to have my own ideas of being happy. Do you want me to go straight back into the same things that made me selfish, the extravagant thing that I was?

GLOUCESTER — Don't put it on too thick, Ted. After all, you were one of the most successful girls in New York.

TEDDY — Yes — of course — all those things helped to make me a success. To say nothing of what *you* did for me. Don't you think I don't want all you can do for me, dad. One side of me wants it *awfully*.

GLOUCESTER — And you're going to have it —

TEDDY — But another side of me has found more precious things than that — not only things that have made me happy — things that never touched you and me at all — but things that are worth being unhappy for. Why, dad — there's something in the world that you and I never knew anything about. It's —

When Billy comes Mr. Gloucester casts an appraising eye over him. Then, rather diplomatically he thanks him for all the things he has done for Theodora. He would, if he could, like to repay him. Billy declines payment, also with thanks. Perhaps, suggests Mr. Gloucester, he could put Billy in the way of "something good" in New York, but Billy doesn't think much of New York — or most of the people he has met there. "Why don't you buy him, dad?" calls Teddy.

GLOUCESTER — Have you made love to my daughter — asked her to marry you and then changed your mind? Have you the faintest idea of the insufferable impertinence of that?

BILLY — Theodora has decided she wants her money and I can't marry her with that — Mr. Gloucester.

GLOUCESTER — *What?*

TEDDY — Billy — when you thought I didn't have any — you loved me and I know you love me now. It's the money, dad. He won't take me with it, so I give it up, absolutely — everything you could possibly give me.

GLOUCESTER — Steady, Ted. You're talking very big.

TEDDY — (*crossing to* BILLY). Billy, I'm just the way I was an hour ago — and I love you better than anything in the world. Will you marry me?

For a second Billy Wade stares at her. Then his capitulation is complete. There is still a tone of unalterable defiance in his voice — but the light in his eyes is adoring, as he says — "Ted — I know you've flirted an awful lot, but you're the only girl in my life — and if you're fooling me I'll kill you."

TEDDY — (*putting her arms around his neck*). Go on, dear — I love that.

(*The Curtain Falls*)

"THE BAD MAN"

An American Drama in Three Acts

By Porter Emerson Brown

"THE BAD MAN" was one of the early successes of the season. Produced at the Comedy Theater August 30, 1920, it ran through till June. It declares a certain timeliness of theme in that in it Porter Emerson Browne employs the former Mexican bandit, Francisco Villa, as a hero of the proceedings, though he thinly disguises him under the name of Pancho Lopez. The scene is a cattle ranch near the Mexican border in Arizona. Gilbert Jones, a young American, is the ostensible owner of the ranch, but the $10,000 with which he bought it was borrowed from his uncle, Henry Smith of Bangor, Me., who is living with him. A year after the purchase young Jones enlisted in the American army, saw service in France, and when he returned found his property practically worthless. Mexican bandits had stolen most of his cattle and such crops as had been planted had failed. In an effort to save the property he mortgaged the ranch to Jasper Hardy, the sheriff of the county, and the play opens the day the mortgage is to be foreclosed by Hardy.

Jones is packing his belongings preparatory to getting out, much to the disgust of the testy Uncle Henry.

Gilbert — You act as though I were to blame for what's happened.

SMITH — Well, ain't you? Why did you want to go to war in the first place? That's what started it.

GILBERT — (*writing at table*). Well, somebody had to go.

SMITH — Mebbe so. But you didn't!

GILBERT — Why not?

SMITH — You could have asked exemption.

GILBERT — Exemption?

SMITH — Absolutely — as the sole support of an invalid uncle. (*As* GILBERT *is silent*) And on top of that, engaged in an essential industry — if you can call those rotten steaks you feed us on essential. The bones are softer than the meat.

GILBERT — Now, Uncle, what's the use of going over all this again?

SMITH — What's the use? There's lots of use. Here you go and persuade me to sell the old home and buy this rotten ranch down here in this God-forsaken country, and just when I, like a darned old fool, take and do it, along comes the war and you enlist and leave me here with nothing but a lot of rotten cows.

GILBERT — I left the foreman and the cook.

SMITH — (*scornfully*). Yes, Red Giddings, playin' the harmonicy until I go almost crazy, an' a Mexican cook that can't cook nothin' but firecrackers! An' not even them when you want 'em! (*Pause*) Say, ain't we never goin' to have no dinner? I'm hungry.

GILBERT — I'm sorry.

SMITH — First you rob me and then you starve me. An' all you got to say is you're sorry!

GILBERT — I did the best I could.

SMITH — If that's your best I'd hate to see what yer worst is like! An' now we're broke an' they're goin' to foreclose today. By gollies! Mebbe they've foreclosed already!

GILBERT — No. Not till eight o'clock tonight.

SMITH — Eight o'clock tonight?

GILBERT — Yes.

SMITH — You're crazy. Courts don't stay open at night.

GILBERT — This court does. Somebody told the judge where he could get a bottle of liquor for eighteen dollars.

SMITH — So if we don't get ten thousand dollars there by eight o'clock tonight we're set out on the bricks without no more home than a prairie dog — not as much. And then you say why talk about it!

It is Uncle Henry's idea that the whole situation can be satisfactorily adjusted if Gilbert will listen to reason. Angela Harding, the daughter of the man holding the mortgage, is intent on getting married and is interested in Gilbert. Why not marry her and keep the ranch in the family? But Gilbert is not interested. He does not love Angela, and he is secretly nursing the memory of a romance of his youth when he was deeply in love with Lucia Pell. He felt at the time that he was too poor to marry Lucia, and after he had left home to make a fortune for her she married Morgan Pell, a rich young bounder. The Pells are now in Arizona, and for several weeks have been visitors at the Jones ranch. Lucia is unhappy with Pell and still in love with Gilbert, but both have studiously avoided mentioning their former affair. Uncle Henry, knowing enough of Gilbert's feelings toward Lucia to scent trouble, has enlisted her aid in bringing about the match between Gilbert and Angela. He sets the plan in motion and leaves Gilbert and Lucia alone to talk it over. For the first time Gilbert tells her of his giving up the ranch.

LUCIA — Then we won't see each other again. (GILBERT *shakes his head*) I don't quite know what to say, Gil. I've had a wonderful time. I want to thank you for it.

GILBERT — Having you here is all the thanks I want.

LUCIA — I'm glad we happened to meet again. Though it does seem strange — doesn't it? — that we should run across each other after all these years!

GILBERT — All these years! You talk as though you were a hundred.

LUCIA — I am, nearly; I'm twenty-four.

GILBERT — Really?

LUCIA — (*sits by table*). I was eighteen when you went away. And that's nearly six years ago. (*Pause.*) Gil, why didn't you come to see me before you went away.

GILBERT — I don't know.

LUCIA — You went without my knowing; without even coming to say good-by. . . .

GILBERT — I was broke and I —

LUCIA — (*crosses to* GILBERT). But you're all right now, aren't you, Gil?

GILBERT — Huh? Oh my, yes! I'm doing splendidly now.

LUCIA — I'm so glad, Gil! But you haven't answered my question.

GILBERT — About my not coming to say good-by? It was pride, I suppose.

LUCIA — Very foolish pride. It hurt me a great deal.

GILBERT — I'm sorry.

LUCIA — I thought I had done something to offend you. And it's worried me even until now. I didn't do anything to offend you, did I, Gil?

GILBERT — You? You couldn't do anything to offend me.

LUCIA — It was only pride? Because you were poor! Gil! Did you think so little of me as that?

GILBERT — I had hoped to pick a fortune off a tree somewhere and come back and surprise you with it. I was going to buy an automobile — one of those low

ones as long as a Pullman car — and fill it full of roses — and come dashing up to your front door and take you for a ride through the hills. It was to be autumn. I even had that fixed. But I couldn't find a fortune tree anywhere . . . I guess they don't grow any more. At least — not in this part of the country.

LUCIA — What did you do, Gil?

GILBERT — Well, I was timekeeper on a railroad and weigh boss in a coal mine, and after that I punched cows until I got uncle to come here, and then the war started, and that's all.

LUCIA — Why didn't you ever write to me?

GILBERT — I was waiting for some good news to tell you.

LUCIA — Why don't you marry, Gil?

GILBERT — Marry?

LUCIA — You need some one to take care of you.

GILBERT — I guess you're right. But it ought to be a guardian; or maybe a keeper.

LUCIA — We're such old friends; I don't like to go — to think of you always, like this — alone.

GILBERT — I shall still have uncle.

LUCIA — Don't joke, Gil. You need a woman — a wife. Some one to mother you.

GILBERT — All those?

LUCIA — Please be serious, Gil.

GILBERT — I don't dare to, Lucia.

LUCIA — (*a bit puzzled*). Why?

GILBERT — The minute you begin to take life seriously, it takes you that way.

LUCIA — But don't you see what it would mean to you, Gil? To have some one always here; to kiss you when you go; to greet you when you come back; to laugh with you when you are glad and comfort you when things go wrong. To give you the sympathy, the understanding, that a man finds only in a woman's heart. Don't you see, Gil?

GILBERT — Yes, I see.

LUCIA — Then why don't you, Gil? She'd make you very happy — a woman like that. I want you to understand.

GILBERT — (*stops in front of* LUCIA). Don't you suppose I do? Don't you suppose I've always understood, ever since —

LUCIA — Ever since when, Gil? Then you have known such a woman? (*He nods*) You have . . . And you cared for her? (*He nods again*) You loved her?

GILBERT — (*hoarsely*). Yes.

LUCIA — You still love her . . . Who is she, Gil? I want to know.

GILBERT — Don't you know?

As they stand gazing intently at each other Lucia's husband enters. "Something in their attitude arrests his attention. He eyes them shrewdly, covertly, briefly." A little embarrassedly Gilbert leaves the room. . . .

Hardy, the man with the mortgage, arrives to complete his arrangements about taking over the property, which unexpectedly develops a new interest. Pell, who has surreptitiously been examining the soil of the place, suddenly offers to pay off the mortgage and give Jones an additional $10,000 for his equity. When Hardy objects, Pell increases the offer to $30,000 if Jones will give him a ten-day option to complete payment. Then Uncle Henry discovers the dirt samples in Pell's bag and realizes that Pell is buying the ranch because he believes there is oil to be found there. The ranch, instead of being worth practically nothing, may be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. And he and his nephew are to be cheated out of it! Still, Gilbert sees no chance of raising the money necessary to hold the property before eight o'clock that night

and is ready to go through with the sale. Which so arouses Uncle Henry that he blurts out all he knows about his nephew's being in love with Mrs. Pell. Pell accepts the statement calmly — until he gets the option, which Gilbert passes over to him.

PELL — (*taking paper from* GILBERT). Thank you. (*To* LUCIA) And now that this is settled, we will proceed to matters of more importance. This gentle soul (*indicating* SMITH) has said that our friend here loves you and that you love him. Is it true?

GILBERT — I thought we were through with all that!

PELL — You were wrong. I'm a business man. I do one thing at a time. (*To* LUCIA) Well?

GILBERT — You mean to say you took that seriously?

PELL — I'm talking to my wife. (*To* LUCIA) Well, I am waiting. Do you love him?

LUCIA — No.

PELL — (*to* GILBERT). Do you love her?

GILBERT — Certainly not.

PELL — (*pause; looks at both*). You're a couple of rotten liars.

GILBERT — But you said you didn't believe —

PELL — I didn't — then — The time was inopportune.

SMITH — Ooooh! The dirty bum!

PELL — But now that she herself has admitted it —

GILBERT — Admitted it!

PELL — By everything she has said and done today. My dear fellow, God knows I am no prude. But there are limits to what any husband can endure.

There is an ugly look in Pell's eyes as he asks to be left alone with his wife for a moment. When the others are gone he calls the frightened Lucia to him.

PELL — You've had your turn. Now it's mine.

LUCIA — What are you going to do?

PELL — (*sees spurs hanging on wall*). What I once saw another sensible husband do under these circumstances. (*Gets spur from peg.*)

LUCIA — What is that?

PELL — Horses don't always know who they belong to. (*Drags spur on table*) So they are branded. (LUCIA *shrinks*) There is no reason why women equally as ignorant shouldn't be similarly treated.

LUCIA — No! No! For God's sake —

PELL — Come here, now —

He seizes her and thrusts her back upon the table, her arms pinioned, and is about to brand her by drawing the sharp spur across her face. Suddenly there is a shot off stage. As Pell hesitates, Hardy, Angela, Smith and the others begin backing into the room, their hands raised above their heads. They are followed by Pancho Lopez, the bandit, the guns of whose followers are leveled at them.

"Señors, si señoras — you are my prisoner," calmly announces Pancho as the curtain falls.

ACT II

The scene is unchanged and there is a time lapse of only five minutes. Lopez, having taken command of the situation, has sent his prisoners out of the room under guard and is thinking seriously of his own comfort. He is hungry. Bueno! He will not kill the cook until after dinner. Meantime, bring in the women! Lucia and Angela, the sheriff's daughter, are pretty badly frightened. Angela, who has her own theory as to how bandits should be approached, is inclined to be playful and friendly, but this bandit

does not respond. He is more interested in Lucia. She he will take with him to Mexico. Lucia is much honored, but explains such a trip would be quite impossible under the circumstances. She is a married woman. Which is a good joke to Pancho. To marry wiz one man is bad enough, but to want to go on being married wiz one man, that is silly. It is a sense of humor that is not at all reassuring to Lucia, however, and her hand visibly trembles as she serves Lopez his chile. Why is she afraid of him, he demands. Because, she answers, she has heard that he kills people.

LOPEZ — You sink it wrong to kill?

LUCIA — You talk of killing so matter of factly!

LOPEZ — Why not?

LUCIA — Does life mean as little to you as that?

LOPEZ — Life? To be 'ere, is life. Not to be 'ere, is death. Life is a little — a thing — unless it is one's own.

LUCIA — You do kill your prisoners, then, as they say?

LOPEZ — Sure.

LUCIA — You do!

LOPEZ — Certamente. You capture ze prisoner. You 'ave no jail to put 'im in. You cannot pack him around wiz you. If you let 'im go he come back to fight you again. So you kill him. Sabe?

LUCIA — But it seems so cold blooded!

LOPEZ — To you, perhaps. It is ze difference between zose who live in safety and zose who live in anger. In safety you 'ave ze bill to pay. You pay it, it is forget. In danger you 'ave enemy to kill. You kill 'im, it is forget. Sabe?

LUCIA — It's too horrible.

LOPEZ — Ees life.

LUCIA — I never knew life was like that.

LOPEZ — It is because you 'ave never really lived.

Because you 'ave been always protect by ozzers. I kill only men. And only evil men. And when I kill evil man, it makes me very 'appy. For I 'ave did a good deed.

LUCIA — But who decides whether a man is good or evil?

LOPEZ — I do!

. . . . . .

LOPEZ — . . . Tell me, Señora, 'ave you never lived in a free country?

LUCIA — A free country?

LOPEZ — Si, like Mexico, for instance.

LUCIA — Don't you call the United States a free country?

LOPEZ — The United — Bah! Ees the most unfree country what is. Every man, every woman, is slave — slave to law, slave to custom, slave to everysing. You get up such time; eat such time; every day you go to work such time; every night you go to bed such time; every week, Madre do Dios, you take a bath such a time! And yet you call it a free country! Ees only one free country. Ees one in which man does as she dam' please. Like Mexico.

LUCIA — Haven't you any laws in Mexico?

LOPEZ — We 'ave. Ze best.

ANGELA — But you just said —

LOPEZ — Zey are ze best because each man make them for 'imself. Not like New York. Where everybody tells you what you cannot do until zere is nossing left what you want to do.

ANGELA — You've been in New York?

LOPEZ — Sure, I was agent for Madero. I live at ze big hotel. Ees before ze dam' prohibition. I get plenty dronk. I 'ave 'ell of a good time. Sure. I break the whole ten commandments in one day without muss the hair.

ANGELA — And you don't like it?

LOPEZ — Like it? It makes me seeck, New York, New York! Each beautiful woman what I see 'ave 'osband what is afraid for 'er. Should one get dronk comes big policeman which 'it me on ze 'ead. When one goes to ze teatro, ees some one which 'ide under — ze bed. If one step on ze grass, it is forbid -- New York! It crush ze 'eart!

ANGELA — Yes!

LOPEZ — For me New York can go to hell just as soon as she dam' please.

ANGELA — Oh, Mr. Bandit!

LOPEZ — But Mexico! How different!

ANGELA — I'm sure it is.

LOPEZ — (*to* LUCIA). In Mexico every beautiful woman 'ave 'osband. But what of that, have not 'osband beautiful woman? When one goes to ze teatro shall not be some one which 'ide under ze bed but in it. When you get dronk, ees not policeman which will 'it you on ze 'ead, but you which will 'it policeman on ze 'ead. In Mexico ze 'eart leap! Ze soul she is free! You can do what you please, where you please, when you please — zat is, onless some one shoot you.

His meal finished, the bandit sends for the prisoners. They are all present except Gil, who so far has eluded the round-up. With the deliberation of a soldier conducting a court-martial, Lopez proceeds to examine them, warning them that the first one caught telling him a lie shall be shot. By thus putting rather an attractive premium on the truth he soon learns the exact situation on the ranch; that Hardy is there to foreclose the mortgage, hoping to beat Gil and his Uncle Henry out of what he believes to be a valuable property because of his belief there is oil to be found there. Hardy promptly offers to share profits with the bandit; if he will agree to hold the others on the

ranch until eight o'clock, when the property becomes his, he will give Lopez $10,000. An offer that Pell promptly raises to $20,000 — if the bandit will prevent Hardy's foreclosing and give him a chance to buy in the ranch. Which excites Uncle Henry to suggest that he has still a better scheme.

SMITH — This place don't belong to neither of 'em yet.

LOPEZ — Then to who does it belong?

SMITH — My nephew.

LOPEZ — And which is 'e?

SMITH — He's down in the shed — fixin' the Ford.

LOPEZ — (*to* PEDRO). Venustiano shall find him. Before he make trouble — you shall show 'em where. I guess it's all right. He ain't got anything to lose, anyhow.

SMITH — Now listen, Mr. Robber — I mean Mr. Bandit. You keep both these fellers here till eight o'clock and lend us ten thousand dollars and we'll give you a million!

LOPEZ — A million!

SMITH — The first million we make out of the oil that's here!

LOPEZ — I should lend you ten thousand dollars?

SMITH — Absolutely! Will you?

LOPEZ — I do not lend. I take.

Then it occurs to Lopez that inasmuch as so many claimants are interested in owning this particular ranch it might not be a bad idea to hold an auction. What would they give for the ranch, he asks, if he were to take them to where they could find the oil?

HARDY — You know there's oil on this ranch?

LOPEZ — I 'ave known so for a long time.

PELL — On the level?

LOPEZ — No. Way down below.

PELL — You mean it?

LOPEZ — (*darkly*). Should you doubt my word?

PELL — Oh no, no. Certainly not. Only why didn't you say so before?

LOPEZ — Oil don't interest me. But since to you gentlemen it seem so excitable — I 'ave it.

HARDY — Yes?

LOPEZ — (*showing the option*). Ze little paper. You both want so bad. Bueno. You shall both have chance, for we will, how you say, "'old ze little hauction."

PELL — Auction?

LOPEZ — Si. And to 'im who bids ze 'ighest shall go ze little paper and he shall come wiz me while I show 'im where ze oil she is 'iding. To him what does not bid ze 'ighest, 'e shall stay 'ere wiz Pedro until eight o'clock tonight.

HARDY — You mean the highest bidder will not only get the place, but that you'll show him where the oil is besides!

LOPEZ — Si. Is it so agree'?

PELL — I'm for that.

HARDY — But I —

PELL — I bid one hundred thousand dollars.

The bidding is lively and in earnest. When it reaches $200,000 the bandit is satisfied. He had no intention of selling them the place, anyway. He is much too subtle for that. "I wish to find out if you gentlemen were rich enough to make it worth my w'ile to take you wiz me to Mexico and 'old you for ransome," he explains. "It is plain to be seen zat you are. Zis, if I may say so, has been for me a lucky day!" Did they think him so foolish as to let either of them get away? They would bring him "two hundred thousand dollars." Not likely. "Two hundred

thousand soldiers," perhaps. So he will take them both to Chihuahua, where they will be furnished with pen, ink, paper and messengers and they will send for the money. Uncle Henry he will leave behind. Angela he would not be bothered with — not for a million dollars. But Lucia —

LOPEZ — (*to* LUCIA). . . . Life 'as been unkind to you. Too long 'ave you been marry wiz ze tired business man. You shall come wiz me to ze land of purple mountains, where I will love you myself personal.

LUCIA — But I don't want to love!

LOPEZ — It is not what you want. It is what I want. I am ze law 'ere.

PELL — Look here! There must be some way out of this!

LOPEZ — There is. (*Pointing to the door*) That way.

ANGELA — (*clinging around* HARDY'S *neck*). Dad!

PELL — (*to* HARDY). I guess we're up against it.

HARDY — Looks that way.

LOPEZ — (*to all*). If you are ready, we go. (*Snaps his fingers*) Pedro (*indicates group*), take them all out and shoot ze first one what make trouble. Bueno. I shall follow — wiz my woman.

PELL — Your what? (PEDRO *threatens him with gun.*)

LOPEZ — (*to* LUCIA). Come. We shall be very 'appy togezzer, you and me.

The man who has been sent to bring Gil in returns with his captive, as the others are being driven out. Suddenly the attitude of the bandit changes. He looks intently into the face of Gil.

LOPEZ — You! You are ze nephew what owns this ranch?

GIL — Yes.

LOPEZ — Tell me you 'ave been in Cañon Diablo sometime, 'ave you?

GIL — What of it?

LOPEZ — You were there one night, five, six year ago?

GIL — I don't remember.

LOPEZ — You remember poor peon wounded — near bleed to death?

GIL — Why, yes.

LOPEZ — You do! Where was 'e wounded? Quick! You tell!

GIL — Shot through the shoulder.

LOPEZ — It is you! Don't you know me?

GIL — You're Pancho Lopez.

LOPEZ — I am. But don't you reckernize who is ze Pancho Lopez what I am? Look close! Not ze clothes! Ze face!

GIL — Good Lord!

LOPEZ — Now you know me?

GIL — You're the man I found wounded that night!

LOPEZ — And whose life you save'!

GIL — Well, what do you know about that!

LOPEZ — Now you know me! Ah! My frand! (*Grabs him by the hand and slaps him on the back*) 'Ow glad I am for see you some more! Pedro! Venustiano! Ees my frand! Sabe! (*To* GIL) Is 'ell of a lucky thing I reckernize you!

. . . . . .

GIL — Yes, but I don't understand how you, a peon, become the Pancho Lopez so soon.

LOPEZ — So easy.

GIL — Easy?

LOPEZ — Si. My frand — ees great opportunity is revolution for make speed. When I get well I find I do not enjoy work which are 'ard. Business she make me sick. I say for myself, "What to do?" Zen, of a suddenly I sink, "I shall be soldado!" —

soldier — which shall be ze 'orse, ze gun, ze woman and nossing to do but shoot a little sometimes! It is a wonderful life, my frand.

GIL — I didn't find it so.

LOPEZ — It's too many damn rules in your army. For us who make revolution, no! We sleep so late we damn please. We fight some when we feel so. If we find ze hacienda, we take all what we choose. When we need money, we go to ze city and rob ze bank — we 'elp ourselves food from ze store, shoes, clothes, candy, ze cigarette, aguardiente — booze! And if anybody 'ide anysing from us we cut off 'is fingers till 'e tell us! She is one fine life! My frand, how you like for to try? Come, I make you general!

GIL — No, thanks, not for me!

LOPEZ — (*with a shrug*). So. I was afraid for that.

GIL — But how did you get ahead so fast? That's what sticks me.

LOPEZ — Ah, so simple.

GIL — Simple?

LOPEZ — Sure, one day ze lieutenant she are killed. I am lieutenant. Nex' day, ze captain. I am captain. Byme-bye ze major — I become major. Pretty damn soon ze colonel. I kill ze general for myself.

. . . . . .

LOPEZ — Ah, I see her now! You are ze nephew of Uncle Henry, which owns zis rancho, which are to be foreclosed by moggidge. (GIL *gives assent*) H'm. Zat shall make her all different some more! Axplain for me so I shall understand.

GIL — Not much to tell. I borrowed ten thousand from my uncle; ten more on mortgage from Hardy — the tall man — he's a loan shark.

LOPEZ — Eh!

GIL — (*repeats*). A loan shark — then I went to war. When I came home, my cattle were all gone. I had no money, and that's all.

LOPEZ — I see. And wiz ze strange ideas of your country, it make you feel ver' bad.

GIL — Well, it seems to me a pretty good chunk of trouble to hand an average citizen.

LOPEZ — Trouble? You 'ave no trouble. You only sink you 'ave trouble.

. . . . . .

GIL — You mean you can get me out of this mess?

LOPEZ — In one little hour, my frand. In one little hour your trouble go poof! And you shall be 'appy man. If I do zat, what then?

GIL — If you do that, they'll have to tie me down to keep me from kissing you.

LOPEZ — (*slapping* GIL *on the shoulder*). Bueno! She is did.

The bandit's plan to insure the happiness of his friend is somewhat complicated by Uncle Henry's explanation of the way the trouble started. Gil, Uncle Henry insists, should have married Angela, but he is in love with Lucia, and Lucia is married to Pell. Still, Pancho thinks he sees a way out — if it is true that Lucia loves Gil.

LOPEZ — Señora, you do not wish to speak of love. Why?

LUCIA — I am married.

LOPEZ — And because you are marry, you do not wish to spik of love . . . ees strange customs. Tell me, señora, what does your wedding service say?

LUCIA — One promises to love, honor and obey, in sickness and death, till death shall part.

LOPEZ — And you have promise all those things?

LUCIA — Yes.

LOPEZ — And yet you 'ave divorce.

LUCIA — Yes.

LOPEZ — So zat, after having promise to love, honor

and hobey until death you 'ave ze right to break your word because ze judge say you can.

LUCIA — Y-y-y-y-yes.

LOPEZ — Well, why not break ze promise yourself and save the trouble.

LUCIA — It's the law.

LOPEZ — The law. And does ze 'usband promise all these things, too? And 'as 'e kept 'is promise? It is plain to be seen 'e 'as not. Zen why should you keep your promise to 'im, when 'e 'as broke 'is promise to you? Why do you not go before ze judge and 'ave ze promise broken, as is ze quaint custom of your country. Well? Why?

SMITH — (*as she is silent*). I'll tell you why.

LOPEZ — Why?

SMITH — 'Cause she ain't got no money.

LUCIA — Oh, do you think that would make any difference?

LOPEZ — So? And the 'usband? 'E 'as money?

SMITH — Richer'n mud.

LOPEZ — How much?

SMITH — He's worth millions, the big bum.

LOPEZ — Millions! (*To* LUCIA) And yet 'e give nossing to ze wife. Tell me, señora, in your country does the widow get the money from the 'usband when 'e is dead? (PELL *gives a startled look. To* HARDY) You know, Señor Loan Fish?

HARDY — She gets it all . . . that is, if the husband hasn't made a will.

LOPEZ — (*to* PELL). 'Ave you? 'Ave you made a will . . .?

PELL — No, damn you! But I'm going to, the first chance I get.

LOPEZ — Good!

Now Lopez sees his way clear. He will take $10,000 away from Pell and give it to Hardy in payment of the

mortgage. Then he will take the $10,000 away from Hardy and give it to Uncle Henry to reimburse him for his loan to Gil. And as for Pell —

LOPEZ — It shall cost me planty money. I could 'ave tooken you wiz me for ransome — helluva big ransome — a million dollar. But I am not soddid.

PELL — You aren't going to hold me for ransom?

LOPEZ — No.

PELL — What are you going to do?

LOPEZ — Kill you.

PELL — (*not getting it*). Kill me?

LOPEZ — Si. Pedro!

PEDRO — (*coming forward*). Si. Segora.

PELL — You — you're joking.

LOPEZ — Joking?

PELL — You must be!

LOPEZ — Do I look like joker?

PELL — You sit there, like that, and talk of killing me in cold blood!

LOPEZ — I do not like you. Nobody like you. Alive you are no good. Dead you make two people which I love 'appy.

PELL — Oh, I see — you would kill me so that my wife can marry him.

LOPEZ — Si, señor.

PELL — If that's all, I'll give her a divorce.

LOPEZ — You weel give 'er a divorce?

PELL — Of course, if that's what you want. Don't you see? If that's all you want he can have her. I'll give her to him! I will! (*He gets the thought now that they are really going to kill him*) I swear I will!

LOPEZ — I would look at you once before I shoot.

PELL — What?

LOPEZ — I have seen mans what would not fight for zeir money. I 'ave seen mans which would not

fight for zeir lives. But I 'ave never before seen man which would not fight for 'is woman.

PELL — But if you kill me you'll be hanged!

LOPEZ — If I am ever caught I shall be 'anged many times.

PELL — I'm an American citizen!

LOPEZ — (*backing away with his hand on his gun*). I kill plenty American citizens.

PELL — My Government will pursue you!

LOPEZ — Your Government they will watchfully wait. We kill Americanos. Your Government write us beautiful letter — but we 'ave waste time. (*Draws gun and stands facing* PELL.)

PELL — (*as* LOPEZ *pulls weapon*). Wait! I'll give you money! Plenty of money! A million! Two million!

LOPEZ — It is not zat we want money. It is zat we do not want you.

. . . . . .

PELL — (*as* LOPEZ *raises gun again*). You mean you're going to kill me? No! For the love of God, don't do that! (*Groveling before* LOPEZ) I'll do anything! Go anywhere! He can have her. You can have her! Her, and all my money if you'll only spare my life!

LOPEZ — (*eying with intense disgust* PELL). I never before know zat even a dog could be so yellow. (*Turns to* PEDRO) I do not hunt rabbits. (*Puts away gun*) You kill him, Pedro.

PELL — No! For the love of God!

Pedro pulls his gun and shoots from the hip. Pell, who has half risen, stiffens and collapses to the floor. "It was a good deed. He was evil man," calmly announces Lopez. The others rush in to learn what has happened.

RED — (*seeing body of* PELL). What! You've killed him!

LOPEZ — I 'ave. Most enjoyishly.

GIL — He's dead.

LOPEZ — Completely. Pedro never misses.

HARDY — But to kill him like that!

LOPEZ — Why not? Ze svindler, ze coward, what beat ze wife! He was a evil man.

GIL — But don't you see what you've done?

LOPEZ — (*as* GIL *starts to speak*). Ah, you wouldn't still fool around wiz ze foolish law, ze silly court. Do you not see 'ow much better it is my way? One hour ago you 'ave no money, no rancho, no woman. One little hour. Now the money she is paid, ze rancho she is yours, and ze woman what you want to marry wiz is free for do so! Tell me. 'Ave I not kept my promise. 'Ave I not make you in one little hour a 'appy man?

ACT III

There is no lapse of time. Dazedly Gil and the rest gaze upon the prostrate Pell as they slowly realize what has happened. "You've killed him!" mutters Gil. "I 'ave," calmly replies Lopez. "You need not thank me, it was a pleasure." Before they are able to convince him that in place of making everybody "'appy some more," as he had hoped to do, he has added to the complexities of the situation, the Texas Rangers are reported advancing from the south. Lopez, preparing to leave, is still puzzled at the attitude of Gil, indicated by his reference to the barrier that the dead Pell raises between him and Lucia.

"Ees no way for pliz you," sighs the bandit. "If I do not kill the 'usband ees all wrong. If I do kill ze 'usband ees all wrong. Say, what ze 'ell shall I do wiz ze dam' 'usband, anyway?"

"I don't know," admits Gil.

"Not now, perhaps. But pretty soon you will, when we all shall go and leave you alone wiz 'er; you shall be sensible, too — like Mexicans — Love is more strong as law. Wait and see . . . Bueno! I go! Maybe we will meet again, maybe not. Quien sabe! . . . Lleugo! Adios!"

There are shots outside as the pursuers and the pursued come within range of each other and the galloping of many horses. Soon the leader of the Rangers arrives. They tell him what has happened; he takes a hasty glance at the body of Pell and continues the chase after Lopez. The others are standing about the room, still a little stunned by the swift succession of events, when suddenly Uncle Henry startles them with an ejaculation. He is gazing fixedly at the body of the supposed dead man. "He moved!" he shouts. "I seen him!" And he had.

Five minutes later Pell, to the consternation of his wife and the others, is on his feet practically as well as ever. Pedro's bullet had grazed his temple and stunned him, but aside from a little dizziness he is back again and quite able to cause more trouble. "They should have shot him in the stummick," laments Uncle Henry. Dutifully Lucia comes forward to bandage Pell's head, but he sneeringly declines her aid. As he reaches for a handkerchief he has dropped he spies the option that Lopez had crumpled and thrown under the table during the auction. With that in his possession he feels that he is again becoming master of the situation. Next he forcefully recovers his $10,000 by taking it away from Uncle Henry and is about to start for the county seat to pay off the mortgage when the clock strikes eight. He is too late. The property will automatically revert to Hardy as soon as he formally completes the foreclosure in the morning, which he announces his intention of doing as he takes Angela and leaves.

LUCIA — So. We're right back just where we started from!

GIL — Not quite. (*To* LUCIA) Come. Don't be afraid.

LUCIA — (*coming to* GIL). What are you going to do?

GIL — Have this thing out. You can never go back to him now.

LUCIA — Never!

GIL — You'll trust me to protect you — until —

LUCIA — Take me with you, Gil!

GIL — (*to* PELL). You heard. She's mine now.

PELL — (*apparently about to collapse*). You haven't another drink around, have you? . . . That was rather a nasty one I got, you know. (GIL *pours out drink in cup and hands it to him*) You were saying . . .? Something about leaving me, and going with him. I wasn't listening very closely. This thing here — (*tapping the wound*) Well?

LUCIA — Had I known what you are I never would have married you. But now that I do know I never could live with you again.

PELL — You want to leave me, eh? . . . And go with him? . . . Won't your reputation . . .?

LUCIA — What do I care for my reputation?

PELL — It's *your* reputation, of course. You can do as you like with it. All right. I've no objection.

GIL — You're lying.

PELL — My dear fellow, I don't blame you for thinking so. *You* haven't been shot today. You should try it sometime. It changes one's viewpoint surprisingly —

GIL — But you said —

PELL — A man says many things in anger that he doesn't mean. Haven't you ever made the same mistake yourself? Here we are, we three. She is my wife. But she doesn't love me and she does love you. What is the best way out for all of us?

GIL — You'd give her up?

PELL — I can't hold her if she doesn't want to be held, can I?

GIL — You don't intend —

PELL — To fight you? Not me. I've had all the fighting I want for one day. Now my own course is very simple. I have merely to go back to New York and forget that either of you ever existed. But your problem is more difficult. It's after eight. You've lost your ranch. And you have no money.

GIL — I can earn money.

PELL — A hundred dollars a month punching cows, while she lives in a boarding house in Bisbee?

GIL — I can take care of her.

PELL — Go with your friend, Lopez, to Mexico — if he escapes — become a professional killer? My dear chap, you forget. She's used to decent people.

LUCIA — I know him, Gil. He's trying to frighten us.

PELL — I'm not trying to frighten you. I'm merely trying to help you. That's all.

They are interrupted by the return of the Ranger captain. He has stopped for water for the bandit, who is wounded and speechless. "We got him and got him good," he announces. ". . . I want to get him in alive if I can." Lucia and Gil would bring the bandit in and bandage his wounds, but the Ranger refuses. "Do you think I'm going to wet nurse a greaser like him around these parts?" he demands, contemptuously. With the Ranger and his captive gone, Pell returns to the "sensible solution" of the little problem that confronts them. He will agree to a divorce, he says, and he is not averse to paying a reasonable alimony. But they spurn his money. Then, he agrees, they are free to go. He sways a little as he says it, as though he is about to swoon again. Gil fetches him a glass of water. As he drinks it Pell

takes Gil's gun from his holster. "Now," he shouts, exultantly, "I've got you where I want you!"

GIL — Why, damn you — (*Sees his gun is gone.*)
PELL — Make a fool out of me, will you, you s——
LUCIA — He means it, Gil! (*Throws herself into his arms.*)
PELL — Our wife is right. It isn't killing you that I mind. It's being killed that I object to.
GIL — They'll hang you!
PELL — The unwritten law works as well in Arizona as in other places. (*To* LUCIA) Get away from him.
LUCIA — (*clinging*). I won't.
PELL — All right. Then take what's coming to you and go to hell together! (*Raises his gun.*)
GIL — (*throwing* LUCIA *to one side*). You'd better shoot straight. Because, by God! if you miss —

Gil steps back quickly and sweeps the lamp off the table. The room is plunged in darkness. There is a shot from the archway at back. Pell plunges forward on his face. There is the flare of a match that reveals Lopez standing in the archway calmly lighting a cigarette.

LOPEZ — Santa Maria del Rio de Gaudaloupe! 'Ow many times must I kill you today any'ow? Now, damn to 'ell, maybe you stay dead for a while, ay? (*Turns*) Pedro.
PEDRO — (*entering*). Si?
LOPEZ — Di'n' I tell you for to kill dis man?
PEDRO — Yamunica Faliantes lociento.
LOPEZ — Ees bum shooting. If she should 'appen some more I would 'ave for get new Pedro. Should be too bad. Especially for you. You onnerstand?
PEDRO — (*frightened*). Si. (LOPEZ *slaps his face, then throws his arms around him in token of forgiveness.*)

LOPEZ — (*indicating* PELL'S *body*). Take 'im away. Ees no use for nobody no more. Pedro, save ze boots and ze clothes.

PEDRO — Signo.

LOPEZ — (*to* GIL). Now, zen. You all right some more, ay?

GIL — I guess so, I — I thought you were captured!

LOPEZ — Me? It is not me, ees my double.

GIL — Double!

LOPEZ — Ees idea what I get from ze moving pitchers.

GIL — Then it wasn't you they captured?

LOPEZ — I should be chased all over ze place by ze dam Ranger? Long time I 'ave fix zat.

GIL — But how? How do you work it?

LOPEZ — I pick from my men ze best rider. I make 'em for look like me. So when ze Rangers wish for chase me, 'e go w'ile I remain be'ind. It saves me much hexercise. But, say, why you no kill 'im yourself? You got ze gun.

GIL — I — I couldn't.

LOPEZ — Ees ze difference between us three — me, you and 'im. You is afraid for kill. 'E was afraid for die. Me I am afraid for neizer! What you do now, ay?

GIL — I don't know. We've got to go somewhere.

LOPEZ — No. You shall stay right 'ere in your 'ome, sweet 'ome.

GIL — But I've lost the place. It's after eight.

LOPEZ — No. For at half past six thirty what I do? I tell you. It was when I was being chase by ze Ranger what I follow. I sink for myself eight o'clock she soon come. Suppose something happen to the moggidge of my frand. Would never do! So I goes and pays 'er myself!

GIL — What's that?

LOPEZ — Ees receipt. (*Hands him receipt.*)

GIL — But where did you get the money?
LOPEZ — Ees all right.
GIL — Where did you get it?
LOPEZ — I rob ze bank.
GIL — Rob the bank!
LOPEZ — Sure! Ees what I go to town for.
GIL — It's all off again!
LOPEZ — No, it's not all off again, for I am become business man what are tired myself! I take ze money to lawyer what are frand for me. 'E go to the judge and tell him Señor Jones send money to pay for the moggidge. 'E tells ze judge, the judge say sure and 'and 'im receipt. Ees all right.
GIL — But I — must pay him back.
LOPEZ — All right. I 'ave planty money. I lend you ten sousand dollars which you can send back should you be so foolish.
GIL — I can pay it back. The oil —
LOPEZ — I am sorry, my frand. Zere is no oil.
GIL — But you said —
LOPEZ — I know I tell one dam' big lie. But are you not get one million dollar from ze 'usband what I kill?
LUCIA — Oh!
GIL — You don't think we'd touch one penny of that, do you?
LOPEZ — Ze law is give it to you.
GIL — (*in disgust*). The law.
LOPEZ — Is it possible zat ze law what you love so damn well is not so wise, after all? However, it makes no never mind. You shall still be rich, anyhow. I shall send back all ze cattle what I steal from you.
GIL — You will.
LOPEZ — And planty more what I shall steal for you myself personal. Now zen, is all right. You have ze money, ze lady, everyzing.

But it seems impossible to please this strange American. No, Gil says, he cannot accept his ranch and Lucia under those conditions. They will have to wait. Perhaps, sometime — Which makes Pancho furious. And also gives him an idea. Instantly his whole manner toward his "frand" changes. With an ugly leer he lurches down in front of Gil and snaps his fingers in that surprised young man's face.

LOPEZ — Tapa la Boca! Ees no use for talk wiz such fools. You make me seek! Such hideas! Not fit for ze childs to 'ave. No blood! No courage! Only ze liver what are white and ze soul what are yellow. Americanos! Bah! Fishes! Zat is all! Fishes what ees poor! Bah! For you I am finish!

GIL — I'm sorry.

LOPEZ — Sorry. Ees all you can say is — sorry. All day I 'ave try to make ze man from you? It are no use. Ees no man in you. Only fool what am sorry. All right. You will not let me make you 'appy. Bueno! Zen I shall go back an' make you on'appy and serve you dam' good — right. (*Indicating* LUCIA) You will not take 'er?

GIL — I've tried to explain—

LOPEZ — Well, zen I take 'er!

GIL — You!

LOPEZ — All day I 'ave want 'er. Ees ze first time in my life what I want woman all day and not — take her, but — as favor I give 'er to you. Now, since you too dam' big fool to take 'er yourself, I take 'er myself and what you know about 'im? (*Calls* PEDRO.)

GIL — (*facing* LOPEZ). Wait a minute. You mean this?

LOPEZ — (*as* PEDRO *enters*). Pedro. We go.

GIL — You mean it?

LOPEZ — Everybody sink I am joker today. (*To* PEDRO) Take 'er.

GIL — (*as* PEDRO *draws gun and drops it*). I'm damned if you do! Drop it (*covering* LOPEZ *and* PEDRO). (*To* LOPEZ) I know what you've tried to do and I'm not ungrateful, but when it comes to this there is only one thing that I must do.

LOPEZ — What's that?

GIL — Protect her.

LOPEZ — You will not shoot?

GIL — I will—if I must.

LOPEZ — Oh, the wolf in the sheep's overcoat.

GIL — I mean it.

LUCIA — Gil!

GIL — It's his life or yours and I'm damned if it's yours. I'll give you just three seconds to get out of here — one — two —

LOPEZ — Don't shoot! Don't shoot! (*He and* PEDRO *laugh.*)

GIL — Is this a trick?

LOPEZ — Si. Ah, my frand. I 'ave made ze man from you at last. Fine man what would kill for his woman.

GIL — (*realizing*). I *would* have killed you.

LOPEZ — I know. And it makes me ver' 'appy — For at last you 'ave become ze man of intelligence. (*He puts his hand on* GIL'S *shoulder*) You could not leave 'er now, could you?

GIL — No! But —

LOPEZ — You do not question, what you call destiny?

GIL — No.

LOPEZ — Zen for you I am destiny, to beat 'ell. (*A whistle is heard outside*) Well — I must go — to leave you to live and love — No, you shall not thank me. Ees I shall thank you for 'ere in your quiet home you 'ave give me the most peaceful day I 'ave spent in years. Ees 'appy day for you — ees 'appy day for 'er — ees 'appy day for me. (*He kisses* LUCIA'S *hand*)

Pedro — (PEDRO *comes to door*) Las caballios. Pronto. (*To* GIL) You will name the baby for me sometime — Pancho — Panchita — I shall be Padreno — godpapa — not the first one, perhaps — but maybe by and by — later. Adios, my frands — and may you always be so 'appy like what I 'ave make you.

With a flourish the bad man exits. Gil walks over to Lucia. She is sobbing on his shoulder as the curtain falls.

"THE EMPEROR JONES"

A Play in Eight Scenes

By Eugene G. O'Neill

THE Provincetown Players, a semiprofessional organization which includes Eugene O'Neill as a director, began their season last fall with "The Emperor Jones." It is an unconventional drama written in a single act, including eight changes of scene, and is, practically speaking, a monologue for a single actor. Its reception at the home theater of the Provincetowners, which is a converted stable in MacDougal Street, below Washington Square, was enthusiastic, and after what was practically a two months' run there it was brought uptown to the Princess Theater, January 29, where it continued the remainder of the season.

When they came to cast "The Emperor Jones" the Provincetown folk discovered that none of the white actors who were given a chance at it could read convincingly the speeches given to Brutus Jones, the negro "emperor" of the title. They therefore determined to try a negro player in the role and induced Charles S. Gilpin, who had had some stage experience, to read it. He was accepted after his first reading and later scored a success that provided one of the major theatrical sensations of the season.

"The action of the play," explains Mr. O'Neill, "takes place on an island in the West Indies as yet unself-determined by white Marines. The form of native government is, for the time being, an empire."

The first of the eight scenes is in "the audience chamber in the palace of the emperor—a spacious, high-ceilinged room with bare, whitewashed walls. . . . The room is bare of furniture with the exception of one huge chair made of uncut wood which stands at center, its back to rear. This is very apparently the emperor's throne. It is painted a dazzling, eye-smiting scarlet."

It is late afternoon. Inside the Emperor Jones still sleeps. Outside on the portico Smithers, a sort of cockney overseer, has apprehended a native negro woman trying to sneak out of the palace and learned from her, before she eludes him and makes a dash for the forest, that all the natives have run away to the hills. This suggests to Smithers that rebellion is afoot. Smithers is "a tall, stoop-shouldered man about forty. His bald head perched on a long neck with an enormous Adam's apple looks like an egg. The tropics have tanned his naturally pasty face a sickly yellow, and native rum has painted his pointed nose to a startling red."

His shrill whistle awakens the emperor, who is exceedingly angry when he strides into the audience room. "Jones is a tall, powerfully built, full-blooded negro of middle age. His features are typically negroid, yet there is something decidedly distinctive about his face — an underlying strength of will, a hardy, self-reliant confidence in himself that inspires respect. His eyes are alive with a keen, cunning intelligence. In manner, he is shrewd, suspicious, evasive. He wears a light-blue uniform coat, sprayed with brass buttons, heavy gold chevrons on his shoulders, gold braid on the collar, cuffs, etc. His pants are bright red with a light-blue stripe down the side. Patent-leather laced boots with brass spurs and a belt with a long-barreled, pearl-handled revolver in a holster complete his make up. Yet there is something not

altogether ridiculous about his grandeur. He has a way of carrying it off."

Smithers' attitude toward Jones is "that of one who will give vent to a nourished grudge against all superiority — as far as he dares." For two years he has stood the "emperor's" insults. Yet he was on the island first and was doing what he could to exploit the natives when Jones arrived, a stowaway, and reported to have broken jail in the States. It was Smithers who gave Jones his first job, glad of his help in fleecing the natives. But gradually Jones, as his influence with the negroes increased, had taken Smithers' place with them and soon thereafter had had himself chosen emperor. Since then he has been the master and Smithers the underling, and, while they both have gone on stealing, Jones has made much the better job of it. He has also been shrewd enough to send his money to a foreign bank to be held in trust for him against the time the natives will turn on him and he is obliged to make a hurried descent from his scarlet throne.

JONES — . . . You heah what I tells you, Smithers. Dere's little stealin' like you does, and dere's big stealin' like I does. For de little stealin' dey gits you in jail soon or late. For de big stealin' dey makes you emperor and puts you in de Hall o' Fame when you croaks. (*Reminiscently*) If dey's one thing I learns in ten years on de Pullman cars listenin' to de white quality talk, it's dat same fact. And when I gits a chance to use it I winds up emperor in two years.

SMITHERS — (*unable to repress the genuine admiration of the small fry for the large*). Yes, you turned the bleedin' trick, all right. Blimey, I never seen a bloke 'as 'ad the bloomin' luck you 'as.

JONES — (*severely*). Luck? What you mean — luck?

SMITHERS — I suppose you'll say as that swank

about the silver bullet ain't luck — and that was what first got the fool blacks on yer side the time of the revolution, wasn't it?

JONES — (*with a laugh*). Oh, dat silver bullet! Sho' was luck! But I makes dat luck, you heah? I loads de dice! Yessuh! When dat murderin' nigger, ole Lem, hired to kill me, takes aim ten feet away and his gun misses fire and I shoots him dead, what you heah me say?

SMITHERS — You said yer'd got a charm so's no lead bullet'd kill yer. You was so strong only a silver bullet could kill yer, you told 'em. Blimey, wasn't that swank for yer — and plain, fat-'eaded luck?

JONES — (*proudly*). I got brains and uses 'em quick. But dat ain't luck.

SMITHERS — Yer knew they wasn't 'ardly liable to get no silver bullets. And it was luck 'e didn't 'it you that time.

JONES — (*laughing*). And dere all dem fool bush niggers was kneelin' down and bumpin' dere heads on de ground like I was a miracle out o' de Bible. Oh Lawd, from dat time on I has dem all eatin' out o' my hand. I cracks de whip and dey jumps through.

SMITHERS — (*with a sniff*). Yankee bluff done it.

. . . . . .

JONES — I ain't no fool. I knows dis emperor's time is sho't. Dat why I make hay when de sun shine. Was you thinkin' I'se aimin' to hold down dis job fo' life? No, suh! What good is gittin' money if you stays back in dis raggedy country? I wants action when I spends. And when I sees dese niggers gittin' up deir nerve to turn me out, and I'se got all de money in sight, I resigns on de spot and beats it quick.

SMITHERS — Where to?

JONES — None o' yo' business.

SMITHERS — Not back to the bloody States, I'll lay my oath.

JONES — (*suspiciously*). Why don't I? (*Then with an easy laugh*) You mean 'count o' dat story 'bout me breakin' from jail back dere? Dat's all talk.

SMITHERS — (*skeptically*). Ho, yes!

JONES — (*sharply*). You ain't 'sinuatin' I'se a liar, is you?

SMITHERS — (*hastily*). No, Gawd strike me! I was only thinkin' of the bloody lies you told the blacks here about killin' white men in the States.

JONES — (*angered*). How come dey're lies?

SMITHERS — You'd 'ave been in jail if you 'ad, wouldn't yer then? (*With venom*) And from what I've 'eard, it ain't 'ealthy for a black to kill a white man in the States. They burn 'em in oil, don't they?

JONES — (*with cool deadliness*). You mean lynchin'd scare me? Well, I tells you, Smithers, may be I does kill one white man back dere. Maybe I does. And maybe I kills another right heah 'fore long if he don't look out.

SMITHERS — (*trying to force a laugh*). I was on'y spoofin' yer. Can't yer take a joke? And you was just sayin' you'd never been in jail.

JONES — (*in the same tone — slightly boastful*). Maybe I goes to jail dere for gettin' in an argument wid razors ovah a crap game. Maybe I gits twenty yeahs when dat colored man die. Maybe I gits in another argument wid de prison guard was overseer o' us when we're walkin' de roads. Maybe he hits me wid a whip and I splits his head wid a shovel an' runs away an' files de chain off my leg an' gits away safe. Maybe I does all dat and maybe I don't. It's a story I tells you so's yo' knows I'se de kind of man dat if you evah repeats one word of it I ends yo' stealin' on dis yearth mighty damn quick!

Then Smithers, as he slowly recovers his composure—"and with it his malice"—gets back to his excuse for

having awakened the emperor. He tells him of the disappearance of all the natives into the hills; of the old woman's story, and of his own belief that now is probably the time for Jones to "resign." But the emperor is not frightened. He knows his "niggers." All he has to do is call 'em and they'll come runnin'. But he tries it and it doesn't work. Vigorously he rings a big dinner bell. But there is no response. Slowly he concludes that Smithers is right. But he meets the situation with a chuckle — a little forced, but still a chuckle.

SMITHERS — (*with real admiration*). Blimey, but you're a cool bird, and no mistake.

JONES — No use'n fussin'. When I knows de game's up I kisses it good-by widout no long waits. Dey've all run off to de hills, ain't dey?

SMITHERS — Yes — every bleedin' man jack of 'em.

JONES — Den de revolution is at de post. An' de emperor better git his feet smokin' up de trail. (*He starts for the door in rear.*)

SMITHERS — Goin' out to look for yer 'orse? Yer won't find any. They steals the 'orses first thing. Mine was gone when I went for 'im this mornin'. That's wot first give me a suspicion of wot was up.

JONES — (*alarmed for a second, scratches his head, then philosophically*). Well den I hoofs it. Feet, do yo' duty! (*He pulls out a gold watch and looks at it*) Three-thurty. Sundown's at six-thurty or dereabouts. (*Puts his watch back — with cool confidence*) I got plenty o' time to make it easy.

SMITHERS — Don't be so bloomin' sure of it. They'll be after you 'ot an' 'eavy. Ole Lem is at the bottom of this business an' 'e 'ates you like 'ell. 'E'd rather do for you than eat his dinner, 'e would!

JONES — (*scornfully*). Dat fool no-'count nigger! Does you think I'se scared o' him? I stands him on

his thick head more'n once before dis, and I does it again if he come in my way — (*Fiercely*) And dis time I leave him a dead nigger fo' sure!

SMITHERS — You'll 'ave to cut through the big forest — an' these blacks 'ere can sniff and follow a trail in the dark like 'ounds. You'd 'ave to 'ustle to get through that forest in twelve hours even if you knew all the bloomin' trails like a native.

JONES — (*with indignant scorn*). Look-a-heah, white man! Does yo' think I'm a natural-bo'n fool? Give me credit fo' havin' some sense, fo' Lawd's sake! Don't you s'pose I'se looked ahead and made sho' of all de chances? I'se gone out in dat big forest, pretendin' to hunt, so many times dat I knows it high an' low like a book. I could go through on dem trails wid my eyes shut. (*With great contempt*) Think dese ignerent bush niggers dat don't got brains enuff to know deir own names ever catch Brutus Jones? Huh, I s'pects not! Not on yo' life! Why, man, de white men went after me wid bloodhounds where I come from an' I jes' laughs at 'em. It's a shame to fool dese black trash around heah, dey're so easy. You watch me, man. I'll make dem look sick. I will. I'll be 'cross de plain to de edge of de forest by time dark comes. Once in de woods in de night dey got a swell chance o' findin' dis baby! Dawn tomorrow I'll be out at de oder side an' on de coast whar dat French gunboat is stayin'. She picks me up, takes me to de Martinique when she go dar, an' dere I is safe wid a mighty big bankroll in my jeans. It's easy as rollin' off a log.

SMITHERS — (*maliciously*). But s'posin' somethin' 'appens wrong and they do nab yer?

JONES — (*decisively*). Dey don't. Dat's de answer.

SMITHERS — But, just for argyment's sake—what'd you do?

JONES — (*frowning*). I'se got five lead bullets in dis gun good enuff fo' common bush niggers — an' after dat I got de silver bullet left to cheat 'em out o' gittin' me.

SMITHERS — (*jeeringly*). Ho, I was fergettin' that silver bullet. You'll bump yerself orf in style, won't yer? Blimey!

JONES — (*gloomily*). Yo' kin bet yo' whole roll on one thing, white man. Dis baby plays out his string to de end, and when he quits he quits wid a bang, de way he ought. Silver bullet ain't none too good for him when he go, dat's a fac'! (*Then shaking off his nervousness — with a confident laugh*) Sho'! What is I talkin' about? Ain't come to dat yet an' I never will — not wid trash niggers like dese yere. (*Boastfully*) Silver bullet bring me luck, anyway. I kin outguess, outrun, outfight, and outplay de whole lot o' dem all ovah de board any time o' de day or night! Yo' watch me!

"From the distant hills comes the faint, steady thump of a tom-tom, low and vibrating. It starts at a rate exactly corresponding to normal pulse beat — seventy-two to the minute — and continues at a gradually accelerating rate from this point uninterruptedly to the very end of the play.

"Jones starts at the sound; a strange look of apprehension creeps into his face for a moment as he listens."

With a suggestion of satisfaction Smithers tells him the tom-tom indicates that the meeting has begun; the blacks are working up their courage for the assault. They'll be 'olding all sorts of 'eathenish services soon, workin' up spells to 'elp 'em against the silver bullet. But he can't frighten Brutus Jones. Leastaways he can't make Brutus Jones admit he is frightened. The forest may be dark, pitch dark, but ain't the trees his

friends? Besides, those fool niggers don't know they're dealin' with a man who's been a member in good standin' of the Baptist Church. The Baptist Church will "done protect" him even if, as a business man, he had found it expedient to "lay his Jesus on de shelf for de time bein'."

And so he goes, still with a chuckle, out the front door of the palace. "Does you think I'd slink out de back door like a common nigger?" he demands, when Smithers protests that he is taking unnecessary chances. "I'se emperor yit, ain't I? And de Emperor Jones leaves de way he comes, and dat black trash don't dare stop him — not yit, leastaways."

In the doorway he stops to listen to the distant beat of the tom-toms. "Listen do dat roll call! Mus' be mighty big drum carry dat far. . . . Well, if dey ain't no whole brass band to see me off, I sho' got de drum part of it. So long, white man."

"He puts his hands in his pockets and with studied carelessness, whistling a tune, he saunters out of the doorway."

Scene II

It is nightfall at the end of the plain. . . . "In the rear of the forest is a wall of darkness dividing the world. Only when the eye becomes accustomed to the gloom can the outlines of separate trunks of the nearest trees be made out."

It is the Emperor Jones' first stopping point, and "heah he is — in de nick o' time." Dog tired, he throws himself on the ground. Bein' an emperor hasn't put him in any fit condition for a long hike over a blisterin' plain, he admits. But he is still optimistic. "Cheah up, nigger," he mutters; "the worst is yet to come." Then, as he stares at the black forest he gets

his first taste of the fear he is struggling to conquer. "My goodness, look at dem woods, will you? Dat no-'count Smithers said they'd be black, an' he sho' called de tu'n." He turns away from the shadows quickly as though eager to change the current of his thoughts. Meditatively he gazes down at his already dusty and travel-stained shoes. "Feet, yo' is holdin' up yo' end fine, an' I suttinly hopes you ain't blisterin' none." He takes off his shoes and continues the investigation. "You is still in de pink, only a little mite feverish," he reports; "cool yo'selves. Remember, you done got a long journey yit before you."

The beating of the tom-tom has never stopped. Now, as though the shifting winds might have brought it closer, it increases slightly in volume. "Bush niggers!" sneers Jones. "Wonder dey wouldn' git sick o' beatin' dat drum! Sound louder, seem like! I wonder if dey's startin' aftah me?" He starts to his feet at the thought — and then tries to laugh it away. "Yo' belly is empty, dat's what's de mattah wid yo.' . . . Well, we eats right heah and now, soon's I git dese pesky shoes laced up."

Under a white stone he had hidden his first supply of food; a white stone that should be right near that spot. But there are many white stones. Crawling from one to the other on his hands and knees, he turns them over — and finds nothing. Is it possible he has lost the place, even though he had followed the trail across the plains in daylight? "Grub, whar is yo'? Ain't heah! Gorry, has I got to go hungry into dem woods — all de night? . . . I'se hungry, I is! I gotta git my food. Whar's my strength gonna come from if I doesn't?"

In the first flush of fear he lights a match. Again the beat of the tom-tom seems to increase as he realizes his pursuers might have seen the flare. Excitedly he puts out the match, and in the deepening gloom returns to the search for the buried box of food.

"While his back is turned the Little Formless Fears creep out from the deeper blackness of the forest. They are black, shapeless, only their glittering eyes can be seen. If they have any describable form at all it is that of a grubworm about the size of a creeping child. They move noiselessly, but with deliberate, painful effort, striving to raise themselves on end, failing and sinking prone again. Jones turns about to face the forest. He stares up at the tops of the trees, seeking vainly to discover his whereabouts by their conformation."

JONES — Can't tell nothin' from dem trees! Gorry, nothin' 'round heah look like I evah seed it befo'. I'se done lost de place sho' enuff! (*With mournful foreboding*) It's mighty queer! (*With sudden forced defiance — in an angry tone*) Woods, is yo' tryin' to put somethin' ovah on me?

"From the formless creatures on the ground in front of him comes a tiny gale of low, mocking laughter like a rustling of leaves. They squirm upward toward him in twisted attitudes. Jones looks down, leaps backward with a yell of terror, yanking out his revolver as he does so — in a quavering voice: 'Whar's dat? Who's dar? What's you? Git away from me befo' I shoots yo' up!'"

The flash of the revolver is followed by a perceptible quickening of the beat of the distant tom-tom. The Formless Fears have scurried back into the forest. Slowly Jones recovers control of his nerves.

"Dey're gone," he sighs with a touch of both relief and boastfulness; "dat shot fix 'em. Dey was only little animals — little wild pigs, I reckon. Dey've maybe rooted out yo' grub an' eat it. Sho', you fool nigger, what yo' think dey is — ha'nts? (*Excitedly*) Gorry, you give de game away when yo' fire dat shot.

his first taste of the fear he is struggling to conquer. "My goodness, look at dem woods, will you? Dat no-'count Smithers said they'd be black, an' he sho' called de tu'n." He turns away from the shadows quickly as though eager to change the current of his thoughts. Meditatively he gazes down at his already dusty and travel-stained shoes. "Feet, yo' is holdin' up yo' end fine, an' I suttinly hopes you ain't blisterin' none." He takes off his shoes and continues the investigation. "You is still in de pink, only a little mite feverish," he reports; "cool yo'selves. Remember, you done got a long journey yit before you."

The beating of the tom-tom has never stopped. Now, as though the shifting winds might have brought it closer, it increases slightly in volume. "Bush niggers!" sneers Jones. "Wonder dey wouldn' git sick o' beatin' dat drum! Sound louder, seem like! I wonder if dey's startin' aftah me?" He starts to his feet at the thought — and then tries to laugh it away. "Yo' belly is empty, dat's what's de mattah wid yo.' . . . Well, we eats right heah and now, soon's I git dese pesky shoes laced up."

Under a white stone he had hidden his first supply of food; a white stone that should be right near that spot. But there are many white stones. Crawling from one to the other on his hands and knees, he turns them over — and finds nothing. Is it possible he has lost the place, even though he had followed the trail across the plains in daylight? "Grub, whar is yo'? Ain't heah! Gorry, has I got to go hungry into dem woods — all de night? . . . I'se hungry, I is! I gotta git my food. Whar's my strength gonna come from if I doesn't?"

In the first flush of fear he lights a match. Again the beat of the tom-tom seems to increase as he realizes his pursuers might have seen the flare. Excitedly he puts out the match, and in the deepening gloom returns to the search for the buried box of food.

"While his back is turned the Little Formless Fears creep out from the deeper blackness of the forest. They are black, shapeless, only their glittering eyes can be seen. If they have any describable form at all it is that of a grubworm about the size of a creeping child. They move noiselessly, but with deliberate, painful effort, striving to raise themselves on end, failing and sinking prone again. Jones turns about to face the forest. He stares up at the tops of the trees, seeking vainly to discover his whereabouts by their conformation."

JONES — Can't tell nothin' from dem trees! Gorry, nothin' 'round heah look like I evah seed it befo'. I'se done lost de place sho' enuff! (*With mournful foreboding*) It's mighty queer! (*With sudden forced defiance — in an angry tone*) Woods, is yo' tryin' to put somethin' ovah on me?

"From the formless creatures on the ground in front of him comes a tiny gale of low, mocking laughter like a rustling of leaves. They squirm upward toward him in twisted attitudes. Jones looks down, leaps backward with a yell of terror, yanking out his revolver as he does so — in a quavering voice: 'Whar's dat? Who's dar? What's you? Git away from me befo' I shoots yo' up!'"

The flash of the revolver is followed by a perceptible quickening of the beat of the distant tom-tom. The Formless Fears have scurried back into the forest. Slowly Jones recovers control of his nerves.

"Dey're gone," he sighs with a touch of both relief and boastfulness; "dat shot fix 'em. Dey was only little animals — little wild pigs, I reckon. Dey've maybe rooted out yo' grub an' eat it. Sho', you fool nigger, what yo' think dey is — ha'nts? (*Excitedly*) Gorry, you give de game away when yo' fire dat shot.

Dem niggers heah dat fo' suttin'! Time yo' beat it in de woods widout no long waits. (*He starts for the forest — hesitates before the plunge — then urging himself in with manful resolution*) Git in, nigger. What yo' skeered at? Ain't nothin' dere but de trees! Git in!" (*He plunges boldly into the forest.*)

Scene III

The moon has risen and its shifting beams through the trees reveal a small clearing surrounded by walls of underbrush. Beyond, the towering blackness of the trees again. As the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness the dim figure of a negro is seen in the clearing, crouching near the ground and apparently shaking dice with the mechanical movements of an automaton.

Breaking his way through the underbrush, Jones is heard approaching. The sight of the clearing is welcome to him and the rising of the moon encourages him to believe that he will have no further difficulty finding his way. "Yo' gits mo' light from dis out. No mo' buttin' yo' fool haid again' de trunks an' scratchin 'de hide off yo' legs in de bushes." He has lost the Panama hat with which he started, his face and hands are scratched, and there are numerous tears in his once-bright uniform. "Dis am a long night fo' yo', Yo' Majesty!" He chuckles mournfully at the suggestion. "Majesty! Dere ain't much majesty 'bout dis baby now."

But again he calls hopefully upon the courage that shall sustain him. The tom-tom still beats menacingly, but the end is in sight — and once he is safe, with that big bank roll to draw on — The click-click of the silent negro's dice attracts his attention. He turns toward the clearing and "stands transfixed as he sees Jeff." In a terrified gasp he demands:

"Who dar? What dat? Is dat yo', Jeff?" He approaches the figure of the dice thrower with hand outstretched, convinced for the moment he is to meet an old friend. "Jess, I'se sho' mighty glad to see yo'! Dey told me yo' done died from dat razor cut I gives yo'—" Suddenly his eyes begin to roll and his voice to stutter. "Ain't yo' gwine — look up — can't yo' speak to me? Is you — is you — a ha'nt?"

"He jerks out his revolver in a frenzy of terrified rage. 'Nigger,' he shouts, 'I kills yo' dead once. Has I got to kill yo' again? You take it, den!'"

For a moment the smoke from the revolver obscures the view. When it clears Jeff has disappeared. "He's gone, anyway. Dat shot fix him!" mutters Jones.

Again the beat of the tom-tom is heard more distinctly, and its beat seems much faster. It brings the now panicky emperor back to the problem of the moment. "Dey's gittin' nearer!" he whispers, hoarsely. "Dey's comin' fast! An' heah I is shottin' shots to let 'em know jes' where I is. Oh, gorry — I'se got to run!"

Paths and moonlight mean nothing to him now. Wildly he plunges into the forest and is heard crashing his way through the underbrush as the scene closes in.

Scene IV

It is eleven o'clock. The tall, black trees of the forest hedge in a road that "glimmers ghastly and unreal" in the moonlight. Jones, staggering in, is wearied and nervestrung. Perspiration streams from his face. His coat is like a straitjacket. Disgustedly he throws it aside and stands stripped to the waist, his bony body flashing dully when the moonlight strikes it. He throws aside his spurs, too. "I gits

rid o' dem frippety emperor trappin's, an' I travels lighter. Lawd! I'se tired!"

But there is no chance to rest. The tom-toms still beat out their rhythmic warning and the night wears on. The emperor is convinced he must have put some distance between his pursuers and himself; yet he can't shake off the sounds of the damned drum. There's something funny about that — and about other queer things that happen in the forest at night. "Lawd God, don' let me see no mo' o' dem ha'nts! Dey gits my goat!" And then, as he tries valiantly to re-establish his confidence: "Ha'nts ! You fool nigger, dey ain't no such th ngs. Don't de Baptist parson tell you dat many time? Is yo' civilized or is yo' like dese ign'rant black niggers heah? Sho'! Dat was all in yo' own head. . . . But, bless God! I don't come 'cross no mo' o' dem, whatever dey is!"

Down the road a gang of negro convicts enter, their heads shaven, left legs shackled to ball and chain. They carry picks and shovels. A white guard accompanies them. He carries a rifle slung across his shoulder and a heavy whip in his hand. Silently they set to work on the road. Jones, unaware of their approach, looks up suddenly and sees them. "Lawd Jesus!" he ejaculates, as he tries to get to his feet and sinks back, paralyzed by fear. The guard motions to him to take his place in the gang. He does so, rebelliously. The guard strikes him with his whip. "Jones winces with pain and cowers abjectly. The guard turns his back on him and walks away contemptuously. Instantly Jones straightens up. With arms upraised as if his shovel were a club in his hands he springs murderously at the unsuspecting guard. In the act of crashing down his shovel on the white man's skull Jones suddenly becomes aware that his hands are empty. He cries despairingly:

"'Whar's my shovel? Gimme my shovel 'til I

splits his damn head! (*Appealing to his fellow convicts*) Gimme a shovel, one of yo' fo' God's sake!'

"They stand fixed in motionless attitudes, their eyes on the ground. The guard seems to wait expectantly, his back turned to the attacker. Jones bellows with baffled, terrified rage, tugging frantically at his revolver.

"'I kills yo', yo' white debbil, if it's de last thing I evah does! Ghost or debbil, I kill yo' ag'in!'

"He frees the revolver and fires point blank at the guard's back. Instantly the walls of the forest close in from both sides, the road and the figures of the convict gang are blotted out in an enshrouding darkness. The only sounds are a crashing in the underbrush as Jones leaps away in mad flight and the throbbing boom of the tom-tom."

Scene V

Another clearing in the forest. In the center a tree stump has something of the appearance of an auction block. To this stump the fleeing emperor makes his way as he emerges from the blackness of the forest. He is in tatters now, what are left of his clothes hanging in shreds about him, his shoes cut and torn. Now he has fallen to his knees by the side of the stump and is praying fervently:

"Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer! I'se a poor sinner, a poor sinner! I knows I done wrong, I knows it! When I cotches Jeff cheatin' wid loaded dice my anger overcomes me an' kills him dead! Lawd, I done wrong! An' down heah where dese fool bush niggers raises me up to de seat o' de mighty, I steals all I could grab. Lawd, I done wrong, I knows it! I'se sorry! sorry! Forgive me, Lawd! Forgive dis poor sinner! (*Then beseeching terrifiedly*) An' keep dem away, Lawd! Keep dem away from me! An' stop

moaning voice trailing back after him until it is heard no more. The increasing beat of the tom-tom, "with a more insistent, triumphant pulsation," echoes through the forest.

Scene VII

It is five o'clock, and a faint suggestion of the coming dawn lines the horizon. By the bank of a wide-spreading river there is a giant tree, and near the tree "a rough structure of bowlders, like an altar." From the distance Jones approaches, "his voice rising and falling in the long, despairing wail of the chained slaves." "The expression of his face is fixed and stony, his eyes have an obsessed glare; he moves with a strange deliberation like a sleepwalker or one in a trance." Something about the place is familiar. "As if in obedience to some obscure impulse he goes into a kneeling, devotional posture before the altar."

"What — what is I doin'? What is — dis place? Seems like — seems like I know dat tree — an' dem stones — an' de river. I remember — seems like I been heah befo'. (*Tremblingly*) Oh, gorry, I'se skeered in dis place! I'se skeered! O Lawd, pertect dis sinner!"

Suddenly appears before him a Congo witch doctor. "His body is stained all over a bright red. Antelope horns are on each side of his head, branching upward. In one hand he carries a bone rattle, in the other a charm stick with a bunch of white cockatoo feathers tied to the end. A great number of glass beads and bone ornaments are about his neck, ears, wrists and ankles. He struts noiselessly with a queer prancing step to a position in the clear ground between Jones and the altar. Then with a preliminary summoning stamp of his foot on the earth he begins to dance and chant."

It is a narrative in pantomime the dance reveals. "The forces of evil demand sacrifice. They must be appeased. . . . Jones seems to sense the meaning of this. It is he who must offer himself for sacrifice. He beats his head abjectly on the ground, moaning hysterically: 'Mercy, O Lawd! Mercy on dis poor sinner!'" The witch doctor leaps exultantly to the river's edge and summons forth a god of his own — and over the edge of the bank appears the head of a gigantic crocodile, with glittering green eyes. Jones, fascinated by the crawling monster, is drawn closer and closer to the yawning jaws, though never ceasing to mumble the prayers of the Baptist God upon whom he still relies for help. "The witch doctor's voice shrills out in furious exultation, the tom-tom beats madly." "Lawd, save me! Lawd Jesus, heah my prayer!" wails the terrified Jones. Suddenly he remembers the silver bullet. He has one chance left. With a quick movement he whips out his revolver and fires. The head of the crocodile disappears. The witch doctor springs behind a tree and is seen no more. "Jones lies with his face to the ground, his arms outstretched, whimpering with fear as the throb of the tom-tom fills the silence about him with a somber pulsation, a baffled but revengeful power."

Scene VIII

Dawn at the edge of the forest — the exact spot, in fact, at which Jones entered in Scene II. The tom-tom now is close at hand. Lem, "a heavy-set, ape-faced old savage of the extreme African type, dressed only in a loin cloth," emerges from the forest, followed by two or three of his soldiers and the cockney Smithers. Smithers is protesting his lack of confidence in the native system of tracking prey. Even the discovery of Jones' footprints does not satisfy him.

SMITHERS — (*after a glance turns away in disgust*). That's where he went in, right enough. Much good it'll do yer. 'E's miles off by this and safe to the coast, damn 'is 'ide! I told yer yer'd lose 'im, didn't I? — wastin' the whole bloomin' night beatin' yer bloody drum and castin' yer silly spells! Gawd blimey, wot a pack!

LEM — (*gutturally*). We cotch him. You see. (*He makes a motion to his soldiers, who squat down on their haunches in a semicircle.*)

SMITHERS — (*exasperatedly*). Well, ain't yer goin' in an 'unt 'im in the woods? What the 'ells the good of waitin'?

LEM — (*imperturbably — squatting down himself*). We cotch him.

SMITHERS — (*turning away from him contemptuously*). Aw! Garn! 'E's a better man than the lot o' you put together. I 'ates the sight of him, but I'll say that for 'im.

There is a second's silence when the monosyllabic Lem does not answer, followed by a snapping of twigs in the deeper underbrush. The soldiers jump from where they have been squatting on the ground, cock their rifles and, at a signal from Lem, worm their way into the forest. "Blarsted fat 'eads," sneers Smithers. Then, as he thinks it over, adds: "Still and all, it might 'appen. If 'e lost 'is bloody way in these stinkin' woods 'e'd likely turn in a circle without 'is knowin' it. They all does."

There is a report of rifle fire from the forest, followed by the exultant yells of the savages. "The beating of the tom-tom abruptly ceases. Lem looks up at the white man with a grin of satisfaction. "We cotch him. Him dead. . . . My mens dey got um silver bullets. Dey kill him shore. Lead bullets no kill him. He got um strong charm. I took um money. Make um silver bullet, make um strong charm, too."

The soldiers carry Jones' body in from the forest. He is dead. And there is a suggestion of awe even in the attitude of the scornful Smithers as he gazes down upon the emperor. "Well, they did for yer right enough, Jonsey, me lad," soliloquizes Smithers. "Dead as a 'erring! (*Mockingly*) Where's yer 'igh an' mighty airs now, yer bloomin' Majesty? (*Then with a grin*) Silver bullets! Gawd blimey, but yer died in the 'eight of style, any'ow!"

At a signal from Lem the soldiers pick up the body and carry it out, ignoring the sneers of the contemptuous Smithers. "An' I suppose yer think it's yer bleedin' charms and yer silly beatin' the drum that made 'im run in a circle when 'e'd lost 'imself, don't yer? . . . Stupid as 'ogs, the lot of 'em! Blarsted niggers!" The curtain falls.

"THE SKIN GAME"

A Tragi-comedy in Three Acts

By John Galsworthy

THE first London dramatic success to reach New York in the fall of 1920 was John Galsworthy's interesting "war" play, "The Skin Game." The "war" in question bore no relation to the late international upheaval, however, being concerned exclusively with a contest wagered between a pushing commoner and a worthy representative of the British aristocracy who refused to be pushed. The war idea was suggested because some of the play's reviewers read into the text an allegory of the world conflict in which the aristocrat was presumed to personify England, the ruthless commoner Germany, while the cause of their quarrel, certain evicted tenants living on a portion of the Englishman's estate, were presumed to represent Belgium. The allegory was never proved, and was later denied by the author. The play's reception by the New York reviewers was cordial, if not enthusiastic, and there was general agreement that it was an exceptionally well-written, interesting and sanely argued drama. This professional indorsement was approved by the playgoing public, with the result that, although "The Skin Game" was not numbered with the big financial successes of the year, its business was consistently good for several months.

At the opening of the play the Hillcrists, representative of an aristocratic family that has lived on its

ancestral estate in a remote country district of England for generations, are considerably upset by the actions of the Hornblowers, newcomers to the district to whom Squire Hillcrist, being pressed for money, had sold a portion of his land. Hornblower is a pottery manufacturer from the north country who has acquired a fortune and is determined to force what he considers a proper social recognition of himself and his family from the community into which he has moved. He has already established his potteries in Deepwater and openly seeks to press his advantage, which Squire Hillcrist as determinedly resists. The Squire is trying to explain his feeling in the matter to his daughter Jill, who, being of the younger and more tolerant generation, is inclined to take the Hornblowers' ambitions less seriously than do her parents. "But, Dodo," she demands, "why all this — this *attitude* to the Hornblowers?"

HILLCRIST — Because they're pushing.

JILL — That's only because we *are*, as mother would say, and they're *not* — yet. But why not let them be?

HILLCRIST — You can't.

JILL — *Why*?

HILLCRIST — It takes generations to learn to live and let live, Jill. People like that take an ell when you give them an inch.

JILL — But if you gave them the ell, they wouldn't want the inch. Why should it all be such a skin game?

HILLCRIST — Skin game? Where *do* you get your lingo?

JILL — Keep to the point, Dodo.

HILLCRIST — Well, Jill, all life's a struggle between people at different stages of development, in different positions, with different amounts of social influence and property. And the only thing is to have rules of

the game and keep them. Now, people like the Hornblowers haven't learned those rules; their only rule is to get all they can.

JILL — Darling, don't prose. They're not half as bad as you think.

HILLCRIST — Well, when I sold Hornblower Longmeadow and the cottages I certainly found him all right. All the same he's got the cloven hoof. (*Warming up*) His influence in Deepwater is thoroughly bad; those potteries of his are demoralizing — the whole atmosphere of the place is changing. It was a thousand pities he ever came here and discovered that clay. He's brought in the modern cutthroat spirit.

JILL — Cut-our-throat spirit, you mean. What's your definition of a gentleman, Dodo?

HILLCRIST — (*uneasily*). Can't describe — only feel it.

JILL — Oh, try!

HILLCRIST — Well — er — I suppose you might say — a man who keeps his form and doesn't let life scupper him out of his standards.

JILL — But suppose his standards are low?

HILLCRIST — I assume, of course, that he's honest and tolerant, gentle to the weak, and not self-seeking.

JILL — Ah! Self-seeking? But aren't we all, Dodo? I am.

HILLCRIST — Nobody knows till they're under pretty heavy fire, Jill.

JILL — Except, of course, mother.

HILLCRIST — How do you mean — mother?

JILL — Mother reminds me of England according to herself — always right whatever she does.

HILLCRIST — Ye–es. Your mother is, perhaps — the perfect woman —

JILL — That's what I was saying. Now, no one could call you perfect, Dodo. Besides, you've got gout. . . . Shall I tell you my definition of a gentleman? A man who gives the Hornblower his due. And I

think mother ought to call on them. Rolf says old Hornblower resents it fearfully that she's never made a sign to Chloe the three years she's been here.

Soon word is received that Hornblower, in extending his potteries, has evicted the Jackmans, who for thirty years have been tenants on the Hillcrist place. Not only that, but it is reported that he has bought the Centry, a neighboring estate not three hundred yards from the Hillcrist house, and plans to erect more factories there. The Hillcrists are amazed and disgusted at the very suggestion of such a thing, though Mrs. Hillcrist is not at all surprised. "You might have known he'd do something of the sort," she says to her husband. "I quite distinctly said," he replies, "'Of course you won't want to disturb the tenancies; there's a great shortage of cottages.' Hornblower told me as distinctly that he wouldn't. What more do you want?"

"A man like that thinks of nothing but the short cut to his own way. . . . If he buys the Centry and puts up chimneys we simply couldn't stop here."

Yet there seems no way to circumvent the Hornblower plans. The Hillcrist estate is already heavily mortgaged, and if they were to try to buy the Centry themselves it would mean the raising of an additional six thousand pounds. Still, if it must be done — There is a chance, however, that Hornblower does not intend to do all rumor credits him with having in mind. These hopes are rudely shattered by Hornblower when he arrives to speak for himself.

HILLCRIST — You promised me, you know, not to change the tenancies.

HORNBLOWER — Well, I've come to tell ye that I have. I wasn't expecting to have the need when I bought. Thought the Duke would sell me a bit down

there; but a devil a bit he will; and now I must have those cottages for my workmen. I've got important works, ye know.

HILLCRIST — (*getting heated*). The Jackmans have their importance, too, sir. Their heart's in that cottage.

HORNBLOWER — Have a sense of proportion, man. My works supply thousands of people and my heart's in them. What's more, they make my fortune. I've got ambitions — I'm a serious man. Suppose I were to consider this and that and every little petty objection — where should I get to? Nowhere!

HILLCRIST — All the same, this sort of thing isn't done, you know.

HORNBLOWER — Not by you, because ye've got no need to do it. Here ye are, quite content on what your fathers made for ye. Ye've no ambitions; and ye want other people to have none. How d'ye think your fathers got your land?

HILLCRIST — Not by breaking their word.

HORNBLOWER — (*throwing out his finger*). Don't ye believe it. They got it by breakin' their word and turnin' out Jackmans, if that's their name, all over the place.

. . . . . .

HORNBLOWER — Look here, Hillcrist, ye've not had occasion to understand men like me. I've got the guts, and I've got the money, and I don't sit still on it. I'm going ahead because I believe in myself. I've no use for sentiment and that sort of thing. Forty of your Jackmans aren't worth me little finger.

HILLCRIST — (*angry*). Of all the blatant things I ever heard said! —

HORNBLOWER — Well, as we're speaking plainly, I've been thinkin'. Ye want the village run your old-fashioned way, and I want it run mine. I fancy there's not room for the two of us here.

MRS. HILLCRIST — When are you going?
HORNBLOWER — Never fear, *I'm* not going.

It then develops that the Hornblowers are already negotiating with the owner of the Centry and are prepared to pay any price for the property. Charlie Hornblower, the elder son, is even at the moment sealing the bargain.

HILLCRIST — (*with deep anger*). If that isn't a skin game, Hornblower, I don't know what it is.
HORNBLOWER — Ah! Ye've got a very nice expression there. "Skin game." Well, bad words break no bones, an' they're wonderful for hardenin' the heart. If it wasn't for a lady's presence, I could give ye a speciman or two.
MRS. HILLCRIST — Oh, Mr. Hornblower, that need not stop you, I'm sure.
HORNBLOWER — Well, and I don't know that it need. Ye're an obstruction — the like of you. Ye're in my path. And anyone in my path doesn't stay there long; or, if he does, he stays there on my terms. And my terms are chimneys in the Centry where I need 'em. It'll do ye a power of good, too, to know that ye're not almighty.
HILLCRIST — And that's being neighborly!
HORNBLOWER — And how have ye tried bein' neighborly to me? If I haven't a wife, I've got a daughter-in-law. Have ye called on her, ma'am? I'm new, and ye're an old family. Ye don't like me. Ye think I'm a pushin' man. I go to chapel, an' ye don't like that. I make things an' I sell em, an' ye don't like that. I buy land, and ye don't like that. It threatens the view from your windies. Well, I don't like you, and I'm not goin' to put up with your attitude. Ye've had things your own way too long, and now ye're not going to have them any longer.

Not by any appeal to his honor is Hornblower to be moved, though he admits that if the high and mighty Hillcrists could see their way clear to accepting him and his family as something approaching social equals he might reconsider his plan to build factories on the Centry property. Such a "bargain" is repugnant to Squire Hillcrist. A man who will not keep his word in one transaction is not to be trusted in another. As a result of which statement "war" is declared — a war that is brought to a definite issue later when Mrs. Hillcrist openly insults Chloe Hornblower and practically orders her from the Hillcrist house. Both Hillcrist and his daughter Jill are rather upset by this turn of affairs. But Mrs. Hillcrist not only insists upon her right to be the judge of the sort of acquaintances she wishes to make, but vaguely intimates that she has her reasons for what she has done.

On the eve of battle Jill Hillcrist and Rolf Hornblower, the youngest members of their respective families, both of whom, because of an awakening interest in each other, had hoped to avert a clash, seek to readjust themselves to the new conditions. Rolf returns to the Hillcrists to get a handbag left behind by the insulted Chloe.

JILL — (*as* ROLF *appears outside the window*). Who goes there?

ROLF — (*buttressed against the left lintel*). Enemy — after Chloe's bag.

JILL — Pass, enemy! And all's ill. (ROLF *passes through the window, and retrieves the vanity bag from the floor where* CHLOE *dropped it, then again takes his stand against the left lintel of the French window.*)

ROLF — It's not going to make any difference, is it?

JILL — You know it is.

ROLF — Sins of the fathers —

JILL — Unto the third and fourth generations. What sin has my father committed?

ROLF — None, in a way; only, I've often told you I don't see why you should treat us as outsiders. We don't like it.

JILL — Well, you shouldn't be, then; I mean he shouldn't be.

ROLF — Father's just as human as your father; he's wrapped up in us, and all his "getting on" is for us. Would you like to be treated as your mother treated Chloe? Your mother's set the stroke for the other big-wigs about here; nobody calls on Chloe. And why not? Why not? I think it's contemptible to bar people just because they're new, as you call it, and have to make their position instead of having it left them.

JILL — It's not because they're new, it's because — if your father behaved like a gentleman, he'd be treated like one.

ROLF — Would he? I don't believe it.

. . . . . .

JILL — I think it's all very petty.

ROLF — It is — a dog-in-the-manger business; I did think you were above it.

JILL — How would you like to have your home spoiled?

ROLF — I'm not going to argue. Only things don't stand still. Homes aren't any more proof against change than anything else.

JILL — All right! You come and try to take ours.

ROLF — We don't want to take your home.

JILL — Like the Jackmans'?

ROLF — All right! I see you're hopelessly prejudiced.

JILL — (*just as he is vanishing — softly*). Enemy?

ROLF — (*turning*). Yes, enemy.

JILL — Before the battle, let's shake hands.

"They move from the lintels and grasp each other's hands in the center of the French window" as the curtain falls.

Act II

Finding her property much desired by both her neighbors, the Miss Mullins who owns the Centry craftily decides not to sell to either Hillcrist or Hornblower, but to put the place up at auction and let them bid against each other. A month later the contesting families meet for the sale in the billiard room of a provincial hotel, one end of which serves as the auctioneer's salesroom. The Hillcrists are plainly worried, knowing that their funds are limited and feeling in their hearts that there is every prospect of their being outbid by Hornblower. During the month that has elapsed following the declaration of war neither side has been openly aggressive, but neither has permitted any chance to pass that might serve its cause. Thus Mrs. Hillcrist, working independently, has sent Dawker, the Hillcrist solicitor, to London to learn what he can of Chloe Hornblower's life before she married into the pottery family, and seems rather well pleased with the reports. As the sale begins, Chloe, catching sight of Dawker talking with a strange man, is visibly affected, though she covers her agitation as best she can. Mrs. Hillcrist, noting this, sends a bottle of smelling salts across the room to her.

From the moment the Centry property is put up by the auctioneer the bidding is lively. (*The auctioneer stands facing the footlights, incidentally, and the audience is presumed to represent the villagers gathered for the sale.*) A good price for the property, it is conceded, would be three thousand pounds, but the bidding, first

Hornblower and then Hillcrist taking part, soon runs it up to six thousand. Then to seven — the very limit of the Hillcrist resources. Still Hornblower is willing to pay more, and the Squire, game but shaky, holds on as the price mounts by hundreds from seven thousand to seven five, eight, eight five and finally, with one last despairing bid from Hillcrist, to nine thousand pounds. Apparently this bid stops Hornblower, and the Centry is about to be passed into the hands of the Hillcrists when another bidder enters the field — a stranger at the back of the crowd — who bravely offers nine thousand five hundred pounds for the property. "It is the Duke," the Hillcrists assume, and are elated when Hornblower refuses to bid again — elated until Hornblower himself enters the room with something quite resembling a flush of victory mantling his tanned cheeks.

HORNBLOWER — Ye ran me up a pretty price. Ye bid very pluckily, Hillcrist. But ye didn't quite get my measure.

HILLCRIST — Oh, it was my nine thousand the Duke capped. Thank God, the Centry's gone to a gentleman!

HORNBLOWER — The Duke? (*He laughs*) No, the Centry's not gone to a gentleman nor to a fool. It's gone to me.

HILLCRIST — What!

HORNBLOWER — I'm sorry for ye; ye're not fit to manage these things. Well, it's a monstrous price, and I've had to pay it because of your obstinacy. I shan't forget that when I come to build.

HILLCRIST — D'you mean to say that bid was for you?

HORNBLOWER — Of course I do. I told ye I was a bad man to be up against. Perhaps ye'll believe me now.

HILLCRIST — A dastardly trick!

HORNBLOWER — (*with venom*). What did ye call it — a skin game? Remember we're playing a skin game, Hillcrist.

. . . . . .

HILLCRIST — You've won this round, sir, by a foul blow. We shall see whether you can take any advantage of it. I believe the law can stop you ruining my property.

HORNBLOWER — Make you're mind easy; it can't. I've got ye in a noose, and I'm goin' to hang ye.

MRS. HILLCRIST — (*suddenly*). Mr. Hornblower, as you fight foul — so shall we.

HILLCRIST — Amy!

MRS. HILLCRIST — (*paying no attention*). And it will not be foul play toward you and yours. You are outside the pale.

HORNBLOWER — That's just where I am, outside your pale, all around ye. Ye're not long for Deepwater, ma'am? Make your dispositions to go; ye'll be out in six months, I prophesy. And good riddance to the neighborhood.

CHLOE — (*suddenly coming closer to* MRS. HILLCRIST). Here are your salts, thank you. Father, can't you —

HORNBLOWER — (*surprised*). Can't I what?

CHLOE — Can't you come to an arrangement?

MRS. HILLCRIST — Just so, Mr. Hornblower. Can't you?

HORNBLOWER — (*looking from one to the other*). As we're speakin' out, ma'am, it's your behavior to my daughter-in-law — who's as good as you — and better, to my thinking — that's more than half the reason why I've bought this property. Ye've got my dander up. Now, it's no use to bandy words. It's very forgivin' of ye, Chloe, but come along!

MRS. HILLCRIST — Quite seriously, Mr. Hornblower, you had better come to an arrangement.

HORNBLOWER — Mrs. Hillcrist, ladies should keep to their own business.

MRS. HILLCRIST — I will.

It is then that Squire Hillcrist learns for the first time something of what Mrs. Hillcrist had in mind when she told Hornblower that, as he had chosen to fight foul, he could expect nothing better from those he sought to injure. It is the story of Chloe Hornblower's life in London before she married Charlie Hornblower which Dawker has confirmed. Hillcrist cannot believe the story true, and the thought of using it as a weapon against the Hornblowers is excessively distasteful to him. He calls the detective Dawker has brought to Deepwater to identify Chloe.

HILLCRIST — Are you sure of what you said, sir?

STRANGER — Perfectly. I remember her quite well; her name then was —

HILLCRIST — I don't want to know, thank you. I'm truly sorry. I wouldn't wish the knowledge of that about his womenfolk to my worst enemy. This mustn't be spoken of.

MRS. HILLCRIST — It will not be if Mr. Hornblower is wise. If he is not wise it must be spoken of.

HILLCRIST — I say no, Amy. I won't have it. It's a dirty weapon. Who touches pitch shall be defiled.

MRS. HILLCRIST — Well, what weapons does he use against us? Don't be quixotic. For all we can tell, they know it quite well already, and if they don't they ought to. Anyway, to know this is our salvation and we must use it.

JILL — (*sotto voice*). Pitch, Dodo, pitch!

DAWKER — The threat's enough! J. P. — Chapel — Future member for the constituency.

HILLCRIST — (*a little more doubtfully*). To use a

piece of knowledge about a woman — it's repugnant. I—I won't do it.

MRS. HILLCRIST — If you had a son tricked into marrying such a woman, would you wish to remain ignorant of it?

HILLCRIST — (*struck*). I don't know — I don't know.

MRS. HILLCRIST — At least you'd like to be in a position to help him if you thought it necessary?

HILLCRIST — Well — that — perhaps.

MRS. HILLCRIST — Then you agree that Mr. Hornblower at least should be told. What he does with the knowledge is not our affair.

. . . . . .

JILL — (*softly*). Pitch, Dodo, pitch!

MRS. HILLCRIST — (*furiously*). Jill, be quiet!

HILLCRIST — I was brought up never to hurt a woman. I can't do it, Amy — I can't do it. I should never feel like a gentleman again.

MRS. HILLCRIST — (*coldly*). Oh, very well.

HILLCRIST — What d'you mean by that?

MRS. HILLCRIST — I shall use the knowledge in my own way.

HILLCRIST — You would — against my wishes?

MRS. HILLCRIST — I consider it my duty.

HILLCRIST — If I agree to Hornblower being told —

MRS. HILLCRIST — That's all I want.

HILLCRIST — It's the utmost I'll consent to, Amy; and don't let's have any humbug about its being morally necessary. We do it to save our skins.

MRS. HILLCRIST — I don't know what you mean by humbug?

JILL — He means humbug, mother.

HILLCRIST — It must all stop at old Hornblower. Do you quite understand?

MRS. HILLCRIST — Quite.

JILL — Will it stop?

MRS. HILLCRIST — Jill, if you can't keep your impertinence to yourself —

HILLCRIST — Jill, come with me.

JILL — I'm sorry, mother, but it is a skin game, isn't it?

MRS. HILLCRIST — You pride yourself on plain speech, Jill. I pride myself on plain thought. You will thank me afterward that I can see realities. I know we are better people than these Hornblowers. Here we are going to stay, and they — are not.

At which conclusion Mrs. Hillcrist, "with a long sigh, draws herself up, fine and proud," and calls Dawker. She will, she tells the solicitor, that night write Hornblower a note that will guarantee his coming to see them in the morning, and Dawker is to be there with his London agents and proof of Chloe's guilt.

"The squire's squeamish — too much of a gentleman," Dawker later explains to the Londoner. "But he don't count. The gray mare's all right. . . . We'll make that old rhinoceros sell us back the Centry at a decent price. These Hornblowers — we've got 'em!" To emphasize which he places a long, thin finger at the side of his nose and winks with a knowing confidence.

The scene changes to Chloe Hornblower's boudoir at seven thirty the same evening. "Chloe, in a tea gown, is standing by the forward end of the sofa, very still and very pale. Her lips are parted, and her large eyes stare straight before them as if seeing ghosts." She has decided not to go in to dinner because of a severe headache. Rolf Hornblower comes to see how she is getting on.

ROLF — Is there anything I can do for you?

CHLOE — (*suddenly looking at him*). No, dear boy. You don't want this quarrel with the Hillcrists to go on, do you, Rolf?

ROLF — No, I hate it.

CHLOE — Well, I think I might be able to stop it. Will you slip around to Dawker's — it's not five minutes — and ask him to come and see me.

ROLF — Father and Charlie wouldn't —

CHLOE — I know. But if he comes to the window here while you're at dinner I'll let him in, and out, and nobody'd know.

With Rolf gone to summon Dawker, Chloe prepares for the expected interview by counting the ready cash she has in hand. Then she gets her jewels together and is wrapping them in a parcel when she is interrupted by a knock at the door. The elder Hornblower enters.

HORNBLOWER — (*almost softly*). How are ye feelin', Chloe?

CHLOE — Awful head!

HORNBLOWER — Can't ye attend a moment? I've had a note from that woman. (CHLOE *sits up.*)

HORNBLOWER — (*reading*). "I have something of the utmost importance to tell you in regard to your daughter-in-law. I shall be waiting to see you at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. The matter is so utterly vital to the happiness of all your family that I cannot imagine you will fail to come." Now, what's the meaning of it? Is it sheer impudence or lunacy or what?

CHLOE — I don't know.

HORNBLOWER — (*not unkindly*). Chloe, if there's anything — ye'd better tell me. Forewarned's forearmed.

CHLOE — There's nothing; unless it's —(*With a quick look at him*) Unless it's that my father was a — a bankrupt.

HORNBLOWER — Hech! Many a man's been that. Ye've never told us much about your family.

CHLOE — I wasn't very proud of him.

HORNBLOWER — Well, ye're not responsible for your father. If that's all, it's a relief. The bitter snobs! I'll remember it in the account I've got with them.

CHLOE — Father, don't say anything to Charlie; it'll only worry him for nothing.

HORNBLOWER — Na, no, I'll not. If I went bankrupt it'd upset Charlie, I've not a doubt. (*He laughs. Looking at her shrewdly*) There's nothing else before I answer her? (CHLOE *shakes her head.*) Ye're sure?

CHLOE — (*with an effort*). She may invent things, of course.

HORNBLOWER — (*lost in his feud feeling*). — Ah, but there's such a thing as the laws o' slander. If they play pranks I'll have them up for it.

CHLOE — (*timidly*). Couldn't you stop this quarrel, father? You said it was on my account. But I don't want to know them. And they do love their old home. I like the girl. You don't really need to build just there, do you? Couldn't you stop it? Do!

HORNBLOWER — Stop it? Now I've bought? Na, no! The snobs defied me, and I'm going to show them. I hate the lot of them, and I hate that little Dawker worst of all.

. . . . . .

CHLOE — But they didn't begin the quarrel.

HORNBLOWER — Not openly; but beneath they did — that's their way. They begin it by thwartin' me here and there and everywhere just because I've come into me own a bit later than they did. I gave 'em their chance, but they wouldn't take it. Well, I'll show 'em what a man like me can do when he sets his mind to it. I'll not leave much skin on them.

Hornblower's reply to Mrs. Hillcrist read: "Madam, — You can tell me nothing of my daughter-in-law which can affect the happiness of my family. I regard

your note as an impertinence, and I shall not be with you at eleven o'clock tomorrow morning. Yours truly —" With that he accepts the incident as ended and leaves Chloe to the sleep she needs. When Dawker comes, Chloe tries first to extract a promise of silence from him by the offer of money and jewels, but he is not to be bribed. "It won't do, Mrs. Chloe," he says to her; "you're a pawn in the game and I'm going to use you." Rather pitifully Chloe offers anything she has to give if only they will leave her alone. "Is there anything you'll take not to spoil my life?" she says, clasping her hands to her breast; and speaking under her breath, "Me?" Dawker is moved by that offer, but he is still obdurate, and leaves her, knowing that she is caught, as she wails, "like a rat in a trap."

Charlie Hornblower finds her on the verge of an hysterical breakdown, partly to cover which she confesses to him that she is going to have a child. That is one reason, she explains, that she is so nervous and distraught, and a reason, too, why she does not want the quarrel with the Hillcrists to go on.

CHARLES — Now, look here, Chloe, what's behind this?

CHLOE — (*faintly*). Behind?

CHARLES — You're carrying on as if — as if you were really scared! We've got these people. We'll have them out of Deepwater in six months. It's absolute ruination to their beastly old house; we'll put the chimneys on the very edge, not three hundred yards off, and our smoke'll be drifting over them half of the time. You won't have this confounded stuck-up woman here much longer. And then we can really go ahead and take our proper place. So long as she's here we shall never do that. We've only to drive on now as fast as we can.

CHLOE — (*with a gesture*). I see.

CHARLES — (*again looking at her*). If you go on like this, you know, I shall begin to think there's something you —

CHLOE — (*softly*). Charlie! (*He comes to her*) Love me!

CHARLES — (*embracing her*). There, old girl! I know women are funny at these times. You want a good night, that's all.

CHLOE — You haven't finished dinner, have you? Go back, and I'll go to bed quite soon. Charlie, don't stop loving me.

CHARLES — Stop? Not much.

He takes her in his arms and tries awkwardly to comfort her. As he turns and goes, blowing a kiss from the doorway, "Chloe gets up and stands in precisely the attitude in which she stood at the beginning of the act, thinking and thinking."

ACT III

To the Hillcrists' study next morning comes Rolf to see if there is not some way that he and Jill can help to straighten matters out. But he finds that young woman rather hard and loyally partisan to her people. He leaves, saddened by the thought that his budding friendship for Jill is being crushed by the quarrel of their parents. "You're father's motto — 'Every man for himself,'" she reminds him as he goes. "That's the winner, hands down. Good-by."

Dawker and his London agents arrive with their proof of Chloe's past, and soon Hornblower is announced. He is still convinced that an attempt is being made to trick him.

HORNBLOWER — Your second note says that my daughter-in-law has lied to me. Well, I've brought her, and what ye've got to say — if it's not just a trick to see me again — ye'll say to her face.

MRS. HILLCRIST — Mr. Hornblower, you had better decide that after hearing what it is — we shall be quite ready to repeat it in her presence; but we want to do as little harm as possible.

HORNBLOWER — Oh, ye do! Well, what lies have ye been hearin'? Or what have ye made up? You and Mr. Dawker? Of course ye know there's a law o' libel and slander. I'm not the man to stop at that.

MRS. HILLCRIST — (*calmly*). Are you familiar with the law of divorce, Mr. Hornblower?

HORNBLOWER — (*taken aback*). No, I'm not. That is —

MRS. HILLCRIST — Well, you know that misconduct is required. And I suppose you've heard that cases are arranged.

HORNBLOWER — I know it's all very shocking — what about it?

MRS. HILLCRIST—When cases are arranged, Mr. Hornblower, the man who is to be divorced often visits an hotel with a strange woman. I am extremely sorry to say that your daughter-in-law, before her marriage, was in the habit of being employed as such a woman.

HORNBLOWER — Ye dreadful creature!

DAWKER — (*quickly*). All proved, up to the hilt!

HORNBLOWER — I don't believe a word of it. Ye're lyin' to save your skins. How dare ye tell me such monstrosities? Dawker, I'll have ye in a criminal court.

DAWKER — Rats! You saw a gent with me yesterday? Well, he's employed her.

HORNBLOWER — A put-up job! Conspiracy!

MRS. HILLCRIST — Go and get your daughter-in-law.

HORNBLOWER — (*with the first sensation of being in a net*). It's a foul shame — a lying slander!

MRS. HILLCRIST — If so, it's easily disproved. Go and fetch her.

HORNBLOWER — (*seeing them unmoved*). I will. I don't believe a word of it.

Chloe, "strung up to hardness and defiance," first denies all that has been charged against her, denies it passionately, but when the proofs are laid before her she breaks down and stands covering her face with her hands. "It is so complete a confession that Hornblower stands staggered and, taking out a colored handkerchief, wipes his brow."

DAWKER — Are you convinced?

HORNBLOWER — Take those men away.

DAWKER — If you're not satisfied, we can get other evidence; plenty.

HORNBLOWER — (*looking at* CHLOE). That's enough. Take them out. Leave me alone with her.

. . . . . .

CHLOE — (*with an outburst*). Don't tell Charlie! Don't tell Charlie!

HORNBLOWER — Charlie! So that was your manner of life. (CHLOE *utters a moaning sound.*) So that's what ye got out of by marryin' into my family. Shame on ye, ye Godless thing!

CHLOE — Don't tell Charlie!

HORNBLOWER — And that's all ye can say for the wreck ye've wrought. My family, my works, my future! How dared ye!

CHLOE — If you'd been me —

HORNBLOWER — An' these Hillcrists. The skin game of it!

CHLOE — (*breathless*). Father!

HORNBLOWER — Don't call me that, woman!

CHLOE — (*desperate*). I'm going to have a child.

HORNBLOWER — God! Ye are!

CHLOE — Your grandchild. For the sake of it, do what these people want; and don't tell anyone — Don't tell Charlie!

HORNBLOWER — (*again wiping his forehead*). A secret between us. I don't know that I can keep it. It's horrible. Poor Charlie!

CHLOE — (*suddenly fierce*). You must keep it! You shall! I won't have him told. Don't make me desperate! I can be — I didn't live that life for nothing.

HORNBLOWER — (*staring at her revealed in a new light*). Ay, ye look a strange, wild woman, as I see ye. And we thought the world of ye!

CHLOE — I—I love Charlie; I'm faithful to him. I can't live without him. You'll never forgive me, I know, but Charlie — (*Stretching out her hands.*)

HORNBLOWER — (*bewildered*). I'm all at sea here. Go out to the car and wait for me.

When Mrs. Hillcrist returns to the room Hornblower demands to know the price she will take for the secret.

MRS. HILLCRIST — If you harm us we shall harm you. Any use whatever of the Centry —

HORNBLOWER — For which ye made me pay nine thousand five hundred pounds.

MRS. HILLCRIST — We will buy it from you.

HORNBLOWER — At what price?

MRS. HILLCRIST — The Centry at the price Miss Mullins would have taken at first, and Longmeadow at the price you gave us — four thousand five hundred altogether.

HORNBLOWER — A fine price, and me six thousand out of pocket. Na, no! I'll keep it and hold it

over ye. Ye daren't tell this secret so long as I've got it.

MRS. HILLCRIST — No, Mr. Hornblower. On second thoughts, you must sell. You broke your word over the Jackmans. We can't trust you. We would rather have our place ruined at once than leave you the power to ruin it as and when you like. You will sell us the Centry and Longmeadow now or you know what will happen.

HORNBLOWER — (*writhing*). I'll not. It's blackmail.

MRS. HILLCRIST — Very well then! Go your own way and we'll go ours. There is no witness to this conversation.

HORNBLOWER — (*venomously*). By Heaven, ye're a clever woman. Will ye swear by Almighty God that you and your family, and that agent of yours, won't breathe a word of this shockin' thing to mortal soul.

MRS. HILLCRIST — Yes — if you sell.

Dawker is called, and the deeds of sale, previously drawn up, are presented to Hornblower for his signature.

HORNBLOWER — (*to* MRS. HILLCRIST). Take that Book in your hand and swear first: I swear by Almighty God never to breathe a word of what I know concerning Chloe Hornblower to any living soul.

MRS. HILLCRIST — No, Mr. Hornblower; you will please sign first. We are not in the habit of breaking our words. (HORNBLOWER, *after a furious look at them, seizes a pen, runs his eye again over the deed, and signs,* DAWKER *witnessing.*) To that oath, Mr. Hornblower, we shall add the words, "So long as the Hornblower family do us no harm."

HORNBLOWER — (*with a snarl*). Take it in your hands, both of ye, and together swear.

MRS. HILLCRIST — (*taking the Book*). I swear that I will breathe no word of what I know concerning Chloe Hornblower to any living soul so long as the Hornblower family do us no harm.

DAWKER — I swear that, too.

MRS. HILLCRIST — I engage for my husband.

So far it is a Hillcrist victory. But there is little joy in it, particularly for Jill. She is filled with sympathy for Chloe and asserts her intention of going to see her. Both her father and her mother try to dissuade her, but she is firm, "Suppose I'd taken a knock like that," she argues, "I'd be glad of friendliness from some one," and holds to her intention.

The curtain is lowered momentarily to indicate a lapse of a few hours. At its rise it is evening. Through the French window of the study the figure of Chloe, in a black cloak, is seen. "She moves past, comes back, hesitatingly enters. The cloak, fallen back, reveals a white evening dress, and that magpie figure stands poised watchfully in the dim light, then flaps unhappily left and right, as if she could not keep still. Suddenly she stands listening."

Inside the study Jill is lighting the lights and making a sketchy report to her father of her visit to Chloe. "She looked at me and said, 'I suppose you know all about it?' And I said, 'Only vaguely,' because, of course, I don't. And she said, 'Well, it was decent of you to come.' Dodo, she looks like a lost soul. What has she done?"

HILLCRIST — She committed her real crime when she married young Hornblower without telling him. She came out of a certain world to do it.

JILL — Oh! (*Staring in front of her*) Is it very awful in that world, Dodo?

HILLCRIST — (*uneasy*). I don't know, Jill. Some

can stand it, I suppose; some can't. I don't know which sort she is.

JILL — One thing I'm sure of: she's awfully fond of Charlie.

HILLCRIST — That's bad; that's very bad.

JILL — And she's frightened, horribly. I think she's desperate.

HILLCRIST — Women like that are pretty tough, Jill; don't judge her too much by your own feelings.

JILL — No; only — Oh, it was beastly; and of course I dried up.

HILLCRIST — (*feelingly*). H'm! One always does. But perhaps it was as well; you'd have been blundering in a dark passage.

JILL — I just said, "Father and I feel awfully sorry; if there's anything we can do —"

HILLCRIST — That was risky, Jill

JILL — (*disconsolately*). I had to say something. I'm glad I went, anyway. I feel more human.

Suddenly there is a rustling outside the window and Jill, dashing out, finds Chloe and draws her into the room. It is the thought of her husband that has brought Chloe to Hillcrist house. Charlie, realizing that something has happened to force his father to sell back the Centry and Longmeadow, has threatened to come to the Hillcrists for an explanation. And he must never know the truth.

CHLOE — (*dully*). I've been on hot bricks all this month, ever since that day here. I knew it was in the wind. What gets in the wind never gets out. Never. It just blows here and there (*desolately*) and then blows home. (*Her voice changes to resentment*) But I've paid for being a fool — 'tisn't fun, that sort of life, I can tell you. I'm not ashamed and repentant, and all that. If it wasn't for him! I'm afraid he'll never

forgive me; it's such a disgrace for him — and then, to have his child! Being fond of him, I feel it much worse than anything I've ever felt, and that's saying a good bit. It is.

JILL — (*energetically*). Look here! He simply mustn't find out.

CHLOE — That's it; but it's started, and he's bound to keep on because he knows there's something. A man isn't going to be satisfied when there's something he suspects about his wife. Charlie wouldn't — never. He's clever, and he's jealous; and he's coming here.

. . . . . .

CHLOE — The only thing is to tell him something positive, something he'll believe, that's not too bad — like my having been a lady clerk with those people who came here and having been dismissed on suspicion of having taken money. I could get him to believe that wasn't true.

Jill thinks it a splendid suggestion, and feels that much conviction can be put into such a story. But Squire Hillcrist is not so sure. "Deception's horribly against the grain." Still, he will do all he can.

Charlie Hornblower is forced to wait until he is announced, which gives Chloe a chance to disappear quickly into the garden. When he enters he is much upset, "white and disheveled," and of a mind to create trouble, if necessary, to find out what he wants to know. Hillcrist and Jill try lying to him, as they had promised Chloe they would do, but it is no use.

CHARLES — Why do you tell me that lie? When I've just had the truth out of that little scoundrel! My wife's been here; she put you up to it. (*The face of* CHLOE *is seen transfixed between the curtains, parted by her hands*) She — she put you up to it. Liar that

she is — a living lie. For three years a living lie! (HILLCRIST, *whose face alone is turned toward the curtains, sees that listening face. His hand goes up from uncontrollable emotion*) And hasn't now the pluck to tell me. I've done with her. I won't own a child by such a woman. (*With a little sighing sound* CHLOE *drops the curtain and vanishes.*)

As Charles rushes from the house Hillcrist and Jill go in search of Chloe. They are barely out of the house before the elder Hornblower comes to demand of Mrs. Hillcrist and Dawker that the deed he signed be returned to him. "Ye got it out of me by false pretenses and treachery," he cries. "Ye swore that nothing should be heard of this. Why, me own servants know!" It is Mrs. Hillcrist's defense that the unfortunate spreading of the scandal is due entirely to the attack Charles Hornblower made upon Dawker. But Hornblower, thoroughly angered, is determined to have his deed. Seeing it protruding from the solicitor's pocket he makes a grab for it and a struggle ensues. The men are swaying about the room when Jill's sudden entrance stops them. They turn toward the window. Outside in the moonlight Hillcrist and Charles Hornblower have Chloe's motionless body in their arms. They have found her "in the gravelpit — just breathing."

MRS. HILLCRIST — Bring her in. The brandy, Jill!

HORNBLOWER — No. Take her to the car. Stand back, young woman! I want no help from any of ye. Rolf — Charlie — take her up. (*They lift and bear her away,* JILL *follows*) Hillcrist, ye've got me beaten and disgraced hereabouts, ye've destroyed my son's married life, and ye've killed my grandchild. I'm not staying in this cursed spot, but if ever I can do you or yours a hurt, I will.

DAWKER — (*muttering*). That's right. Squeal and threaten. You began it.

HILLCRIST — Dawker, have the goodness! Hornblower, in the presence of what may be death, with all my heart I'm sorry.

HORNBLOWER — Ye hypocrite. (*He passes them with a certain dignity, and goes out at the window.*)

Jill brings back word that Chloe has moved and spoken and that it may not be so bad, after all. The Jackmans shuffle in to thank their benefactors for having saved their cottage for them. But there is nothing of exultation in Squire Hillcrist's heart. He had, for the moment, forgotten the Jackmans' existence.

"What is it that gets loose when you begin a fight and makes you what you think you're not?" he demands. "What blinding evil! Begin as you may, it ends like this skin game, skin game!"

JILL — (*rushing to him*). It's not you, Dodo; it's not you, beloved Dodo.

HILLCRIST — It is me. For I am, or should be, master in this house!

MRS. HILLCRIST —I don't understand.

HILLCRIST — When we began this fight we had clean hands — are they clean now? What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?

(*The Curtain Falls*)

"Deburau." By Sacha Guitry. English version by Harley Granville Barker. Copyright, 1921, by H. Granville Barker. Published by G. P. Putman's Sons, New York. Sacha Guitry, son of Lucien Guitry, prominent French tragedian, was born February 21, 1885, and is himself a favorite actor in Paris, with a professed fondness for romantic comedy. He wrote his first play, "Le Page," an opera bouffe, in 1901, and since then has contributed a dozen or more comedies and dramas to the stage. Mr. Barker, born in London in 1877, has been active in the theater for many years, as author, actor and manager. His written plays include "The Marrying of Ann Leece," "The Voysey Inheritance," "The Madrid House," "Rococo," "Waste," "The Morris Dance" and "The Wrong Box." He was once an actor in Miss Horniman's company and he has been manager of The Kingsway and Savoy theaters in London, at the latter of which he made several Shakespearean revivals.

"The First Year." By Frank Craven. Copyright, 1921, by Frank Craven. Mr. Craven comes from a stage family, both his father, John T. Craven, and his mother, Ella Mayer Craven, having devoted the major part of their lives to the theater. He was born in Boston and has written many short plays, many of them presented first at the Lambs' Club gambols in New York. His first long play to achieve success was "Too Many Cooks." Later he wrote "This Way Out" and adapted "The Dictator" to the uses of a musical comedy called "The Girl from

Home." Craven made his debut as an actor at the age of three in "The Silver King."

"Enter Madame." By Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. Copyright, 1921, by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne. Published and copyright, 1921, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Miss Varesi is Italian by birth, the daughter of a prima donna, Mme. Elena Varesi, who brought her family to Chicago after she had suffered an illness that prevented her continuing her operatic career abroad. Miss Varesi's first engagement was with Mme. Modjeska, and later she scored a succession of hits in character parts in New York. She has made many attempts at playwriting, but "Enter Madame" is her first success. Her collaborator, Miss Byrne, is also practically a novice as a playwright.

"The Green Goddess." By William Archer. Copyright, 1920, 1921, by William Archer. Published by Alfred A. Knopf, New York. Mr. Archer was for many years one of England's foremost dramatic critics. He also was the first translator of the dramas of Henrik Ibsen and is the author of several books on the drama, including "a study in the psychology of acting" called "Masks and Faces," a "Life of Macready" and his most recent work, "Playmaking," "a manual of craftsmanship." But until he wrote "The Green Goddess," the plot of which, he says, came to him in a particularly vivid dream, he had never tried his hand at playwriting. In "Playmaking," in fact, he frankly confessed that he did not believe he ever could write a play. The success of his first venture has happily proved him wrong.

"Liliom." By Franz Molnar. Copyright, 1921, by United Plays, Inc. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York. Mr. Molnar was born in Budapest, January 12, 1878. He was the son of a wealthy

Jewish merchant and was graduated from the universities of Budapest and Geneva. In 1896 he was a journalist and he began writing plays in 1902, "The Doctor" being the first. He has nine long plays to his credit, including four known in this country, "The Devil," "The Phantom Rival," "Where Ignorance Is Bliss" and "Liliom."

"Mary Rose." By James M. Barrie. Copyright, 1921, by James M. Barrie. As a playwright Sir James is as well known to American audiences as to those of London. After the production of his "Little Minister," twenty-odd years ago, Charles Frohman became his most loyal and devoted producer, and all his plays, including "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," "Peter Pan," "A Kiss for Cinderella," were popular in New York frequently before they were shown abroad. "Mary Rose" is his first after-the-war play.

"Nice People." By Rachel Crothers. Copyright, 1921, by Rachel Crothers. Miss Crothers is a product of the Middle West, having been born in Bloomington, Ill. Both her parents were doctors, Dr. Eli Crothers and Dr. Marie Louise Crothers. After graduating from the Illinois State Normal school Miss Crothers decided to become an actress and studied at the Wheatcroft School of Acting in New York. Here her interest was turned to play production and playwriting, and she later staged many of the plays produced by the school. She is the author of fourteen plays, including "Old Lady 31," "A Little Journey," "The Three of Us," "A Man's World," "The Herfords," and "39 East."

"The Bad Man." By Porter Emerson Browne. Copyright, 1921, by Porter Emerson Browne. Published in a novelized version, written by Charles

Hanson Towne, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Mr. Browne was born in Beverly, Mass., in 1879. His father had been a playwright, though never a successful one. As a young man Mr. Browne embraced journalism, and began his playwriting career in 1908 with a play made from the Kipling poem, "The Vampire," which Robert Hilliard played for three seasons as "A Fool There Was." He later wrote "The Spendthrift," and followed this with a succession of dramas that were unsuccessful. After eight years he came back with "The Bad Man," however, and achieved an immediate success. He lives in Connecticut, and devotes most of his time to short-story writing.

"The Emperor Jones." By Eugene G. O'Neill. Copyright, 1921, by Eugene G. O'Neill. Published by Boni & Liveright, New York. Mr. O'Neill, son of the actor James O'Neill, was born in Provincetown, Mass., thirty-odd years ago. He is the author of many short plays, most of them written for the Provincetown Players, an amateur organization which conducts a miniature theater in the Greenwich Village section of New York. His long plays include "Beyond the Horizon," "Gold," "The Straw" and "Chris."

"The Skin Game." By John Galsworthy. Copyright, 1921, by John Galsworthy. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Born in Coombe, Surrey, England, in 1867, Mr. Galsworthy expected to be a lawyer and was, in fact, called to the bar in 1890. He soon gained fame as a novelist, however, and later wrote many notable plays, many of which have been produced in America. These include "Justice," "The Mob," "Strife," "The Pigeon," "The Silver Box," "The Eldest Son" and "The Skin Game."

STATISTICAL SUMMARY

(June 1920—June 1921)

	No. Performances
Afgar	171
Americans in France. The	7
And He Never Knew	49
Bab	88
Bad Man, The	342
*Bat, The	332
Beggar's Opera, The	37
*Biff! Bing! Bang!	44
Blue Bonnet	73
Blue Eyes	56
Bridges (matinees)	5
Broadway Brevities	105
*Broadway Whirl	8
Broken Wing, The	171
Buzzin' Around	23
Call the Doctor	127
Cave Girl, The	37
Century Revue, The	148
Champion, The	175
Charm School, The	88
Checkerboard, The	29
Chinese Love (mat.)	5
Choir Rehearsal, The (matinees)	5
Cinderella on Broadway	126
Clair de Lune	64
Come Seven	72
Cornered	143
Crooked Gamblers	82
Daddy Dumplins	64
Dear Me	138
Deburau	189
Diff'rent	100
Don't Tell	6
Emperor Jones, The	204
Enter Madame	350
Erminie	64
Eyvind of the Hills	24
*First Year, The	278
French Leave	56
Genius and the Crowd	24

*Still running, June 15, 1921.

	No. Performances
*Ghost Between, The	100
Girl in the Spotlight, The	56
Girl with the Carmine lips	16
Gold	13
Good Times	456
*Green Goddess, The	175
Greenwich Village Follies, The	192
Guest of Honor, The	72
Half Moon, The	48
Happy-Go-Lucky	79
Heartbreak House	125
Her Family Tree	98
Hero, The (matinees)	5
Hitchy-Koo, 1920	71
*Honeydew	231
Immodest Violet	8
Importance of Being Earnest, The	44
In the Night Watch	113
Iphigenia in Aulis (matinee)	1
It's Up to You	24
Jim Jam Jems	105
Jimmie	71
John Ferguson (Sec. Eng.)	16
John Hawthorne (matinees)	5
June Love	50
*Just Suppose	88
Kissing Time	72
*Ladies' Night	360
Lady Billy	188
Lady of the Lamp, The	111
*Last Waltz, The	43
*Liliom	65
Little Miss Charity	77
Little Old New York	308
Love Birds	105
Macbeth (Lionel Barrymore)	28
Macbeth (Walter Hampden, rep.)	6
Man of the People, A	15
Mandarin, The	15
Marry the Poor Girl	18
Mary	219
Mary Rose	127
Mary Stuart	40
Meanest Man in the World, The	202
Mecca	128
Merchant of Venice, The	4
Merchants of Venus	64
Midnight Rounders, The	120

*Still running, June 15, 1921.

	No. Performances
Mirage, The	192
*Miss Lulu Bett	198
Mixed Marriage	124
*Mr. Pim Passes By	124
Near Santa Barbara	15
Nemesis	56
New Morality, The (matinees)	5
*Nice People	120
One	111
Opportunity	138
Outrageous Mrs. Palmer, The	55
Paddy: The Next Best Thing	54
Pagans	15
Passing Show of 1921	200
Peg O' My Heart	88
Phoebe of Quality Street	16
Pitter Patter	111
Poldekin	44
Poor Little Ritz Girl, The	119
Prince and the Pauper, The	155
Princess Virtue	16
Right Girl, The	98
Robbery, The (mat.)	5
Rollo's Wild Oat	228
Romance	106
Rose Girl, The	110
Sacrifice, The	8
*Sally	207
Samson and Delilah	143
Scrambled Wives	60
Seeing Things	103
Servant in the House, The	3
Shuffle Along	27
Silks and Satins	53
Skin Game, The	176
Smooth as Silk	50
*Snapshots of 1921	
Spanish Love	308
*Sunkist	27
Survival of the Fittest, The	16
Sweetheart Shop, The	55
Tavern, The (Arnold Daly)	252
Tavern, The (George Cohan)	27
Three Live Ghosts	250
Three Musketeers, The	5
Thy Name Is Woman	120
Tickle Me	207
Tip Top	246
Toto	89
Transplanting Jean	40

* Still running, June 15, 1921.

	No. Performances
Treasure, The	40
Trial of Joan of Arc, The	31
*Two Little Girls in Blue	50
Tyranny of Love, The	60
Unwritten Chapter, The	24
Wake Up, Jonathan!	105
Welcome Stranger	309
When We Are Young	40
*Whirl of New York, The	3
White Villa, The	18
Woman of Bronze, The	252
Young Visitors, The	16
Youth	7
Ziegfeld Follies	123
Ziegfeld 9 O'clock Frolic	35
Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic	88

* Still running, June 15, 1921.

PLAYS PRODUCED IN NEW YORK

"SEEING THINGS"

A farce in three acts by Margaret Mayo and Aubrey Kennedy' produced by Wagenhals & Kemper at the Playhouse, New York, June 17, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Andrew Adair ("Andie").....John Westley
James Moseley ("Mousie").....Frank McIntyre
Gregory.....Harry Lillford
Yogi.....William Wadsworth
Constable.....Jay Wilson
Olive Adair ("O").....Dorothy Mackaye
Patricia Bingham ("Mrs. Pat").....Marion Vantine

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Living Room in the Home of the Adairs, Near New York. Act II. — The Same. Act III. — The Same. Time — A Summer's Night. Staged under the Direction of the Authors.

Olive Adair, a highly imaginative young wife, is convinced that her husband, Andie, is flirting with her widow friend, Mrs. Patricia Bingham. Also that Andie would not hesitate to marry Mrs. Pat if she (Olive) were to die To satisfy herself that she is right Mrs. Adair leaves her clothes by the side of a lake and sends "Mousie" Mosely, a fat and comic friend of the family, back to break the news that she has committed suicide. Then she spends the next two acts playing ghost about the house and spying on Andie and the widow. At 11 P. M., satisfied that her suspicions were groundless, she steps from behind the portieres and into her forgiving husband's arms.

"ZIEGFELD FOLLIES"

Fourteenth annual production; music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, Dave Stamper, Gene Buck, Joseph McCarthy, Harry Tierney and Victor Herbert, produced by F. Ziegfeld, Jr., at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, June 22, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Ray Dooley	Carl Randall
Fannie Brice	John Steel
W. C. Fields	Delyle Alda
Charles Winninger	Jane Carroll
Bernard Granville	Van and Schenck

Staged by Edward Royce.

"CINDERELLA ON BROADWAY"

A fantasy in two acts by Harold Atteridge; music by Bert Grant and Al Goodman, produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Winter Garden, New York, June 24, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Al Sexton	Al Brendel
Joe Niemeyer	Shirley Royce
George Price	Renee Dentling
Eileen Van Biene	Llora Hoffman
Stewart Baird	Constantin Kobeleff
Jessica Brown	The Glorias
John T. Murray	Al Shayne
Homer Dickinson	William Kinley
Flo Burt	Norma Gallo

Staged by J. C. Huffman.

A typical Winter Garden spectacle in which the adventures of the cast are motivated by the heroine's finding Prince Charming in a book and discovering that losing the book she loses the Prince, because that is the only place he exists. She does lose the book and the Prince, and thereafter puts in her evening trailing him as far as the moon and back to Broadway.

"BUZZIN' AROUND"

A revue in two acts by William Morrissey and Edward Madden, produced by William Morrissey at the Casino Theater, New York, July 6, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Betty Barrett.....Elizabeth Brice
Walter Barrett.....Walter Wilson
Minerva.....Priscilla Parker
La Belle Violet.....Violet Inglefield
Donald.....Donald Roberts
Ernest F. Keene.....Ernest F. Young
Billy Hope.....Will Morrissey
Big Harry and Little Jack...Harry Masters and Jack Kraft
Henry.....Henry Rigoletto
Charlie.....Charlie Rigoletto
The Duke of Mixture.....Robert Milo
Property Man.....Jack Inglis
Pinky.....Helen Gladdings
Clara.....Clara Carroll
Aleta.....Aleta

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Front of Betty's Bungalow. Act II. — Scene 1 — Backstage of Mortgageville Opera House. Scene 2 — French Theater. Scene 3 — Courtyard of the Barrymores' Home. Scene 4 — Chinese Wedding Procession. Scene 5 — "The Hatchet Man" — Chinese Fantasy. Scene 6 — "Mikado" Travesty. Scene — Apartment District, Japan. Time — Your Leisure. Place — Mortgageville, L. I. Staged by Will Morrissey.

A typical vaudeville revue.

"THE GIRL IN THE SPOTLIGHT"

A musical comedy in two acts by Richard Bruce; music by Victor Herbert, produced by the George W. Lederer Producing Company at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, July 12, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tom Fielding	John Reinhard
Bill Weed	Johnny Dooley
Ned Brandon	Richard Pyle
Max Preiss	James B. Carson
Molly Shannon	Mary Milburn
Frank Marvin	Ben Forbes
Bess	Minerva Grey
Clare	Jessie Lewis
June	Agnes Patterson
Watchen Tripp	Hal Skelly
Nina Romaine	June Elvidge
John Rawlins	John Hendricks
Margot	Ruby Lewis
Julie	Lucille Kent
Laurette	Lillian Young

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — The Sky Parlor of Mrs. Todgers' Lodging House, Near Washington Square. Scene 2 — The Rehearsal Hall of Max Preiss's Frivolity Theater Company. Act II. — Scene 1 — The Green Room of the Frivolity Theater, Converted into a Chorus Dressing Room for the First Night of a New Operetta. Scene 2 — A Corridor in the Theater. Scene 3 — The Garden of Orchids, The Last Scene of Preiss's Opera, Set for an Impromptu Supper after the Performance. Staged by George W. Lederer.

Molly Shannon is an attractive young Irish girl who helps with the housework at one of those New York lodging houses catering to professional trade. One of the lodgers happens to be Frank Marvin, a young composer, and by listening to him practice his own songs Molly comes to know them by heart. Which helps a lot when, after Marvin's opera has been accepted and is about to be produced, the leading woman (jealous cat) refuses to sing. It is then Molly's knowledge of the score is discovered and she is pressed into service as the prima donna. She sings her head off, saves the day and eventually marries Frank Marvin.

"THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS"

A midnight revue in two parts, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Grove, New York, July 12, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

John Wheeler	Muriel De Forrest
Vivien Oakland	Purcella Brothers
Grace Ellsworth	Ina Williams

Joe Opp
Lew Hearn
Hal Hixon
Harry Kelly
Green and Blyler
Tot Qualters
Walter Woolf
Madelon La Varre
Lorraine and Walton
John Byam
Leo Beers
Rosie Quinn
May Thompson
Jack Strauss

"SILKS AND SATINS"

A musical revue in two acts by Thomas Duggan, lyrics by Louis Weslyn, music by Leon Rosebrook, produced at the George M. Cohan Theater, New York, July 15, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Helyn Elby
Babette Raymond
Thomas Duggan
Jay Regan
Aileen Stanley
William Rock
Ernestine Meyers
Delphi Daugan
Irene and Bernice Hart
Hazel Webb
Harry Hines

"COME SEVEN"

A blackface comedy in three acts by Octavus Roy Cohen, produced by George Broadhurst at the Broadhurst Theater, New York, July 19, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Urias Nesbit.....Arthur Aylsworth
Florian Slappey.....Earle Foxe
Semore Mashby.....Charles W. Meyer
Probable Huff.....Harry A. Emerson
Lawyer Evans Chew.....Henry Hanlin
Cass Deegers.....Thomas Gunn
Vistar Goins.....Gail Kane
Elzevir Nesbit.....Lucille LaVerne
Lithia Blevins.....Susanne Willis
Mrs. Chew.....Eleanor Montell
Mrs. Goins.....Carrie Lowe

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Morning of a Summer Day. Act II. — Two Days Later. Evening. Act III. — The Next Evening. The Action of the Play Takes Place in the Home of Mrs. Goins. The Time is Today. Staged by Mrs. Lillian Trimble Bradley.

Florian Slappey, a flashy darky, needs $75 to finance a deal in Ford motors. He induces his friend, Urias Nesbit, a "no-'count nigger," to "borrow" Mrs. Nesbit's one proud possession, a gen'-awine diamond ring, which they pawn to raise the needed capital. Everything fine until the pawnbroker holding the ring "loans"

it to Vistar Goins, a high-stepping yaller beauty just back from "lady maiden" in Palm Beach. Vistar boasts of possessing the ring to Mrs. Nesbit, who recognizes it as her own. Complications galore until, in the end, the pawnbroker is forced to pay Florian and Urias $300 for the ring he cannot return to them. They take the $300 and buy Mrs. Nesbit a ring to replace the one they "borrowed." So Mrs. Nesbit, crafty lady, having substituted a paste ring for her own property when Miss Goins was not looking, is the happy possessor of two gen'-awine diamonds at the play's end. All the characters are colored, but under their makeups all the actors are white.

"THE CENTURY REVUE"

A revue in two acts staged by J. J. Shubert and produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Grove, New York, July 12, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Leo Beers	Mauriel De Forrest
Hal Hixon	Madelon La Varre
John Byam	Holt and Rosedale
John Lowe	Jessica Brown
Green and Blyler	Rosie Quinn
Vivien Oakland	Ford and Hazelton
May Thompson	Milo
Tot Qualters	Ina Williams
Lorraine and Walton	Vera Roehm

"POOR LITTLE RITZ GIRL"

A musical comedy in two acts, music by Richard C. Rodgers, lyrics by Lorenz M. Hart, produced by Lew Fields at the Central Theater, New York, July 27, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Barbara Arden	Eleanor Griffith
Madge Merrill	Lulu McConnell
Lillian Lawrence	Aileen Poe
Annie Farrell (Sweetie)	Florence Webber
William Pembroke	Charles Purcell
Dr. Russell Stevens	Andrew Tombes
Dorothy Arden	Ardele Cleaves
Jane DePuyster	Eugenie Blair
Teddie Burns	Donald Kerr
Helen Bond	Elsie Bonwit
Marguerite	Ruth Hale
Mlle. Lova	Dolly Clements
Mons. Mordky	Michael Cunningham
Stage Manager	Grant Simpson

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Stage of Frivolity Theater, Broadway. During a Dress Rehearsal. Time — Midnight. Scene 2 — Apartment of William Pembroke, Riverside Drive, New York. Time — 1 A. M. Scene 3 — Stage of the Frivolity Theater. During Any Performance of "Poor Little Ritz Girl." Scene 4 — The Apartment. Act II. — Scene 1 — The Apartment. Ten o'Clock the Next Morning. Scene 2 — Stage Door of the Frivolity Theater. During a Rehearsal. 11.15 A. M. Scene 3 — The Apartment. Scene 4 — Stage of the Frivolity Theater. During the Opening Performance in New York City. Scene 5 — The Apartment. After the Opening Performance. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

"Sweetie" Farrell, an honest chorus girl, having rented a furnished apartment on Riverside Drive during the run of a musical comedy in which she is appearing, is startled, not to say amazed, when she learns late one night that the apartment belongs to William Pembroke, a rich young bachelor. He had not given anyone permission to rent it and he comes home with the intention of occupying his own bedroom. "Sweetie" is so perturbed she can hardly sing, but she convinces Bill, who is a likely baritone, that she meant no harm and he decides to let her stay on while he puts himself up at the club. Two acts later they are married.

"OPPORTUNITY"

A play in four acts by Owen Davis, produced by William A. Brady at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, New York, July 30, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Larry Bradford	James L. Crane
Joyce Wayne	Lily Cahill
Joe Canfield	Leonard Silley
Harrison Ladd	Clifford Dempsey
Jimmie Dow	Kenneth MacKenna
Nellie Ross	Nita Naldi
Josie Tyler	Eveta Knudsen
Peggy Graham	Nora Sprague
Mrs. Fisher	Isabel Vernon
Mrs. Canfield	Nora Lamison
Gladys May	Ada Howell
Amy Nelson	Dorothy Betts
Helen Mortimer	Lola Taylor
Felice	Grace Dougherty
Dickson	Ulric Collins
Walter Haddon	Henry Davies
Al. Roth	Cliff Worman
Bob Hartley	Maurice Sommers
Charles Cooper	W. A. Burnell
Mr. Du Val	George Armstrong
Bill Jepson	John Morgan

Walters.....G. A. Stryker
Hattie.....Cora Calkins
General Mellen.....Robert Forsythe
Rodger Osgood.....Horace Weston
Doctor Watts.....Richard Clark

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Office of Ladd & Werner, Stock Brokers. Scene 2 — Mrs. Fisher's Boarding House. Act II. — Office of Bradford & Company, Wall Street, One Year Later. Act III. — Scene 1 — Josie Tyler's Apartment on Central Park West, Two Months Later. Scene 2 — Library of the Bradfords' Home on Sixty-third Street. Act IV. — The Same, the Next Day. Time — The Present. Place — New York. Staged by Frank Hatch.

Larry Bradford is a smart office boy in Wall Street. Attacked by the money itch, he decides that he, as well as his employers, can play the game of stocks and bonds. He saves his money, puts it all on steel and acquires a million or two between acts. That is all he thought he would want or need. But, although he is happily married to the girl who was the stenographer in his employer's office, he is still a prey to the boundless ambition of his kind. Having a million he wants two million, and tries to get it. Also, in his highly nervous state, he forgets his wife and acquires an interest in a vampire. He is smashed finally when he tries to manipulate a corner in his favorite stock, and suffers a nervous collapse. Then he breaks up the vampire's furniture and returns to the conservative life and the wife who was loyal to him.

"CROOKED GAMBLERS"

A comedy drama in four acts by Samuel Shipman and Percival Wilde, produced by A. H. Woods at the Hudson Theater, New York, July 31, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bob Dryden.....Purnell Pratt
Bobbie.....Tommie Meade
Jim O'Neill.....Leonard Doyle
Janet Granville.....Doris Kelly
Mrs. Robertson.....Helene Lackaye
Fred Robertson.....Robert McWade
Henry Van Arsdale.....Edward Fielding
Mrs. Van Arsdale.....Louise MacIntosh
John Stetson.....Taylor Holmes
Evelyn Van Arsdale.....Maude Hanaford
Turner.....Felix Krembs
Williams.....George Lyman
Randall.....William B. Mack
McIntyre.....Edmund Abbey
Graham.....Don Merrifield
Mr. Stone.....Charles Mather
Mr. Brown.....William S. Ely
Mr. Lorimer.....Martin Alsop

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Office of Stetson & Dryden Tire and Rubber Co. Time — 2.30 P. M. Act II. — Living Room in Stetson's Apartment. Time — About 8 P. M., Six Months Later. Act III. — Scene 1 — Turner's Office. Time — 9.20 A. M., the Following Morning. Scene 2 — Lorimer's Office. Time — 11.00 A. M. Scene 3 — Turner's Office. Time — 1.00 P. M. Scene 4 — Lorimer's Office. Time — 2.45 P. M. Scene 5 — The Curb. Time — 2.55 P. M. Act IV. — Same as Act II. Time — 10 A. M., Next Morning. Staged by Robert Milton.

John Stetson and Bob Dryden have made a success of the tire and rubber business. Dryden is keen for expansion, eager to organize a stock company and put the stock on the market. Stetson, being conservative, prefers to let well enough alone. With the added influence of a professional stock manipulator Dryden wins the argument, the company is incorporated, and the stock is floated. Prosperity follows and everybody is happy — until Stetson learns that the stock jobber is planning to wreck the company, force down the price of the stock, ruin those who have bought and then buy in at a low price and start another boom. Rather than let this happen he fights his former partner in every way he can, throwing all his resources into Wall Street to prevent the consummation of the scheme. At the end of the third act he faces defeat, but in the fourth he suddenly achieves victory and all is well.

"THE CHARM SCHOOL"

A comedy in three acts by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton, produced by Robert Milton at the Bijou Theater, New York, August 2, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Austin Bevans ..... Sam Hardy
David MacKenzie ..... Ivan Simpson
George Boyd ..... James Gleason
Jim Simpkins ..... Nell Martin
Tim Simpkins ..... Morgan Farley
Homer Johns ..... Rapley Holmes
Elise Benedotti ..... Marie Carroll
Miss Hays ..... Margaret Dale
Miss Curtis ..... Minnie Dupree
Sally Boyd ..... Blyth Daly
Muriel Doughty ..... Florence McGuire
Ethel Splevin ..... Carolyn Arnold
Alix Mercier ..... Theodora Larocque
Lillian Stafford ..... Frances McLaughlin
Madge Kent ..... Mary Mead
Charlotte Gray ..... Camilla Lyon
Dotsie ..... Constance McLaughlin

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Evening. The Boys' Room on the Top Floor of an Old-fashioned New York House. Act II. — The Main Hall of the School. Scene 1 — Noon. Scene 2 — About Two Weeks Later. Act III. — Scene 1 — Midnight on the Road. Scene 2 — The Next Morning.

Austin Bevans, a studious lad and ever so good-looking, is not very successful as an automobile salesman. Unexpectedly he learns that he has inherited the estate of a deceased relative, the principal asset of which is a girls' school. Having ideas on the subject of education, especially the education of girls, who should, above all things, be taught "charm," he elects to become the principal of the institution and take a quartet of his bachelor cronies along as assistant professors. His plans do not succeed, largely because the handsome young leader of the senior class falls in love with him, and he with her, while the assistant professors are similarly embarrassed. Young Bevans finally is forced to give up the school, but he promises to wait for the senior.

"THE AMERICANS IN FRANCE"

A comedy in three acts by Eugene Brieux, produced by Leo Ditrichstein and Lee Shubert at the Comedy Theater, New York, August 3, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Henriette Charvet ..... Blanche Yurka
Appolonie ..... Jeffrys Lewis
Henri Charvet ..... Franklin George
Capt. Smith ..... Wayne Arey
Etienne Bonain ..... Richard Dupont
M. Charvet ..... Frank Kingdon
M. Ringueau ..... L'Estrange Millman
Marie Bonain ..... Madeleine Durand
M. Remontier ..... William Bain
Nellie Brown ..... Harriett Duke
Pierre Bonain ..... Goldwyn Patton

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Drawing-room in Charvet's Château. April. Act II. — Terrace, Outside the Château. June. Act III. — The Same as Act II. After Captain Smith Has Made His Improvements. September. Time — 1919. Place — Burgundy, France.

Captain Smith of the A. E. F. and the U. S. A., remaining in France after the war, attempts to inject a little life, a little American "pep," into a tradition-bound section of Burgundy. He is opposed by the aristocratic Charvets, whose ancestral acres Smith purposes to cut up and irrigate that the idle land may be converted to growing food for future generations. The two viewpoints are argumentatively contrasted, until in the end there is a sort of sentimental and practical compromise. Captain Smith marries the dowerless but proud daughter of the Charvets; an American nurse, who has met the Charvet son at the front, wins him away from the aristocratic young woman his people had planned he should marry, and all agree that there is much France can learn from the Americans and much the Americans can acquire from the French.

"SCRAMBLED WIVES"

A comedy in three acts by Adelaide Matthews and Martha M. Stanley, produced by Adolph Klauber at the Fulton Theater, New York, August 5, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Beatrice Harlow.....Marie Chambers
Dicky Van Arsdale.....James Lounsbery
Martin.....William Lennox
Margaret Halsey.....Margaret Hutchins
Connie Chiverick.....Elise Bartlett
John Chiverick.....Roland Young
Larry McLeod.....Glenn Anders
Benjamin Halsey.....Louis Albion
Bessie Carlton.....Betty Barnicoat
Lucile Smith.....Juliette Day

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Living Room (Late Afternoon). Act II. — Lucille's Room (After Dinner). Act III. — The Living Room (Midnight of the Same Day). The Halseys' Home in the Thousand Islands. Staged by Adolph Klauber.

Lucille Smith, the divorced wife of John Chiverick, is ever so deeply in love with Larry McLeod, who is terribly suspicious of divorcees. Therefore, when Lucille discovers that her divorced husband and her current lover are both guests at the same house party to which she has innocently accepted an invitation, to say nothing of her divorced husband's second wife, who is terribly jealous, there is nothing for her to do but to pretend to be ill and go to bed, until she can make it possible to slip quietly away. Everybody, however, insists on being nice to Lucille by visiting her boudoir. At one time she has her first husband behind one set of portieres and her prospective husband behind another, with the jealous Mrs. Chiverick snooping around and a reporter for *Town Talk* trying to ferret out a story. All is eventually explained and forgiven.

"LADIES NIGHT"

A farcial comedy in three acts by Avery Hopwood and Charlton Andrews, produced by A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theater, New York, August 9, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Suzon.....Adele Rolland
Bob Stanhope.....Vincent Dennie
Dulcy Walters.....Claiborne Foster
Jimmy Walters.....John Cumberland

Alicia Bonner	Allyn King
Fred Bonner	Charles Ruggles
Mimi Tarlton	Evelyn Gosnell
Cort Craymer	Edward Douglas
Mrs. Shultz	Mrs. Stuart Robson
Mrs. Green	Pearl Jardinere
Josie	Grace Kaber
Tillie	Helen Barnes
Miss Murphy	Eleanor Dawn
Rhoda Begova	Judith Vosselli
Lollie	Nellie Filmore
A Policewoman	Julia Ralph
A Fireman	Fred Sutton
Babette	Eda Ann Luke

SYNOPSIS: Act I. —Jimmy Walters' Apartment. Time —8 P. M. Act II. — The Larchmont Baths. Time — Midnight. Act III. — Same as Act I. Time — 1.15 A. M. Staged by Bertram Harrison.

Jimmy Walters is a bashful man. Because of his unfortunate reaction to the sight of bare shoulders Jimmy is in danger of becoming a recluse. Also a prude. Therefore his friends decide he should be cured. They take him to a certain fancy-dress ball where he will see so much flesh he will never again be frightened by a little. The ball is raided and in escaping, Jimmy, dressed as a lady, climbs through the window of a Turkish-bath parlor next door. Fearing arrest, he has a brisk time of it avoiding the attendants, and later, being discovered, it is a little difficult for him to explain to his wife that he did not deliberately plan the masquerade.

"GOOD TIMES"

A musical spectacle by R. H. Burnside, music by Raymond Hubbell, produced by Charles Dillingham at the Hippodrome Theater, New York, August 9, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Belle Storey	Nanette Flack
"Happy" Lambert	The Mannefords
Authur Geary	Joseph Parsons
Joe Jackson	Robert MacClellan
Ferry Corwey	Daisy Smythe
Mlle. Natalie	Elizabeth Coyle
Emma, Louise, Bertha and Elsie Rose	Virginia Futrelle
	The Pender Troupe
	Berlo Sisters

"THE GIRL WITH THE CARMINE LIPS"

A farcial comedy in three acts by Wilson Collison, produced by Wilson Collison at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, August 9, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Lorrington.....The Girl with the Carmine Lips
Daisy.....Edna Leslie
Potts.....Olive Cooper
Peter Hammerton.....Wilfred Clarke
Mathews.....Dallas Welford
Dry Cleaner.....Edward Leach
Janet Arden-Hammerton.....Grace Menken
Mrs. Stuyvescent-Arden.....Kate Blancke
John Baird.....Philip Barrison
A Lawyer.....Culver Brice

SYNOPSIS: Prologue — The Law Office of Mrs. Lorrington. Wednesday Morning, October 11. Act I. — The Living Room in Peter Hammerton's Apartment. Friday Morning, October 13. Act II. — The Same. A Few Seconds Later. Act III. — Same as the Prologue. Twenty Minutes Later. Staged by Priestly Morrison.

"ENTER MADAME"

A comedy in three acts by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne, produced by Brock Pemberton at the Garrick Theater, New York, August 16, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Gerald Fitzgerald.....Norman Trevor
Mrs. Flora Preston.....Jane Meredith
Tamamoto.....George Moto
John Fitzgerald.....Garvin Muir
Aline Chalmers.....Sheila Hayes
Bice.....Mme. Michelette Baroni
The Doctor.....Francis M. Verdi
Miss Smith.....Minnie Milne
Archimede.....William Hallman
Madame Lisa Della Robia.....Gilda Varesi

The Locale of the Three Acts Is the Living Room of Mr. Fitzgerald's Apartment. Staged by Brock Pemberton.

See page 98.

"SPANISH LOVE"

A drama in three acts with music by Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart, produced by Wagenhals & Kemper at the Maxine Elliott Theater, New York, August 17, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Roque.....Wallace Hickman
Alvarez.....Manolo Thestino
Andres.....Paul Huber

Tonete.....Victor Hammond
Pepuso.....Ben Hendricks
Romero.....Richard Morrise
Anton.....Frank Peters
Don Fulgencio.....Russ Whytal
Maria Del Carmen.....Maria Ascarra
Fuensantica.....Ione Bright
Concepcion.....Kenyon Bishop
Migalo.....Gus C. Weinburg
Domingo.....Henry Stephenson
Javier.....William H. Powell
Pencho.....James Rennie
A Singer.....Ofelia Calvo
A Singer.....Jasper Mangione

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — A Corner Near the Church in the Huerta of Murcia — While the Sun Is in the East. Act II. — The Courtyard of Domingo's House — as the Shadows Lengthen. Act III. — A Room in Domingo's House — and It Is Night. The Time — Sunday.

Javier and Pencho, two intense young men of Spain, finding they both love Maria del Carmen, fight for the right to woo her. Javier is wounded and Pencho flees the country. He does not stay long away, however, for his love calls him and back he comes, to defy both the populace and the law. He is about to be arrested and prosecuted when, to save him, Maria agrees to marry Javier, whose father is very influential in the community. Pencho, however, swears the wedding shall never take place — and it never does, because Javier, not being an overstrong youth, dies. Before he dies there is an understanding between the rivals and all is forgiven.

"TICKLE ME"

A musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2d, and Frank Mandel, music by Herbert Stothart, produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Selwyn Theater, New York, August 17, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mary Fairbanks.....Louise Allen
Jack Barton.....Allen Kearns
Marcel Poisson.....Vic Casmore
Frank Tinney.....Frank Tinney
Alice West.....Marguerite Zender
Customs Inspector.....Benjamin Mulvey
A Native Boatman.....William Dorriani
Dance } .....Olga and Mishka
Specialties } .....Frances Grant and Ted Wing
A Slave.....Jack Hiesler
The Tongra.....Marcel Rousseau
Blah Blah.....Harry Pearce
Keeper of the Second House.....Tex Cooper

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Studio of Poisson Picture Corp., Hollywood, Cal. Scene 2 — Customs House, Calcutta, India. Scene 3 — Garden of Paradise. Thibet. Scene 4 — The Veil of Mystery. Scene 5 — Ceremony of the Sacred Bath. Act II. — Scene 1 — The Bower of Temptation. Scene 2 — Anywhere. Scene 3 — Customs House at Calcutta. Scene 4 — Aboard S. S. *Tickle Me.*

Frank Tinney, comedian, having a job as an actor with a moving-picture company in California, accompanies the troupe to Tibet, where he plays several parts before the camera and several more before the footlights while the scenery is being changed backstage.

"THE LADY OF THE LAMP"

A comedy drama by Earl Carroll in three acts, produced by A. H. Woods in association with Earl Carroll at the Republic Theater, New York, August 17, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Arthur White.....George Gaul
Stanley Barrett.....Robinson Newbold
Li Fu Yang.....Brandon Hurst
John Sang.....Henry Herbert
Lao Tzu Chung.....Edwin Maxwell
Sim.....Frederick Arthur
T'ien Tao.....Eileen Wilson

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Study of Li Fu Yang, New York City. Scene 2 — His Smoking Room. Scene 3 — In the Garden of the Emperor, Chengtu, China. Act II. — On the Third Terrace of the Wonderful Yen Pagoda. Act III. —Scene 1 — In the Garden of the Emperor. Scene 2 — Study of Li Fu Yang.

Arthur White, invited to dinner at the home of his friend, a Chinese philosopher named Li Fu Yang living in New York, arrives early for an inspection of the art treasures belonging to his host. During his inspection he begs the privilege of smoking a pipe of opium — just for the experience. Li Fu Yang agrees, the pipe is lighted and Arthur floats away to dreamland with the story of a mighty Chinese emperor who lived hundreds of years ago and his love for a beautiful princess running through his brain. In his dream he sees himself as the emperor and fights to defend the princess against a stage full of murderous Manchus. When he wakes he recognizes the love of his dreams in one of the lady guests of Li Fu Yang and his romance is happily consummated.

"THE CAVE GIRL"

An American comedy in three acts by George Middleton and Guy Bolton, produced by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest at the Longacre Theater, August 18, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rogers.....Arthur Barry
Baptiste.....Brandon Peters
J. T. Bates.....John Cope
Rufus Paterson.....Mark Smith
Georgina Case.....Martha Mayo
Elsie Case.....Madeleine Marshall
Divvy Bates.....Saxon Kling
Margot Merrill.....Grace Valentine
Prof. Orlando Sperry.....Grant Stewart
Mr. Keys.....Franklyn Hanna

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Caribou Lodge. An Isolated Camp in Northern Maine. Late August. Act II. — A Camp Some Miles Distant. The Following Morning. Act III. — The Same. Four Weeks Later. Afternoon. Time — Present. Staged by George Marion.

J. T. Bates, captain of industry and used to getting his own way, organizes a camping trip in the Canadian wilds with the object of throwing together his somewhat diffident son and the young woman he (J. T. Bates) has decided his son should marry that their engagement may follow naturally. But in the woods the son meets a "cave girl," the daughter of a nature-faking college professor, and, rather than be torn away from her, sets fire to the canoes. The fire spreads to the Bates camp and provisions, and for a month the party is forced to live like "wild things," which convinces the Bates boy that the cave girl is the only one for him.

"THE CHECKERBOARD"

A comedy in three acts by Frederick and Fanny Hatton, produced by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York, August 19, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Portermain.....William Eville
Townsend Kellogg.....Sydney Booth
Susanne Taylor.....Miriam Sears
Mrs. Taylor.....Kate Mayhew
Joseph Taylor.....William Williams
T. Edward Taylor.....Jack Raffael
Jeremiah Emery.....Norval Keedwell
Olga.....Zola Talma

Boris.....Donald Macdonald
Tanya.....Dorothy Smoller
Feodor Masimoff.....Jose Ruben
Herbert Norton.....Jack Mackenzie
Mrs. Wadsworth.....Eda Von Buelow
Dora Wadsworth.....Dorothy Tierney
Alexei Machurin.....Leo Frankel
Vladimir.....Henry Myers

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Little House in the Valley. Afternoon. The Path. Twilight. Act II. — The Big House on the Hill. Evening. A Few Days Later. Card Room of the Little House. Later. The Same Evening. Act III. — Machurin's Salon in New York. A Week Later. Time — The Present. Staged by Clifford Brooke.

Feodor Masimoff, a member of the Russian ballet, not being averse to any reasonable conspiracy that will help to separate an American millionaire from a part of his wealth, agrees, with a crafty American, to pose as a Russian noble and accept an invitation as a guest at the home of the Joseph Taylors, newly arrived and socially ambitious common people from the west. Falling in love with Suzanne, the Taylor daughter, however, Feodor refuses to go through with the scheme, and, much to the disgust to his partners, nobly returns to the ballet.

"IMMODEST VIOLET"

An American comedy in three acts by David Carb, produced by William A. Brady at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, August 30, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Violet Rose.....Marie Goff
Mrs. Amantha Rose.....Florence Gerald
Jeremiah Rose.....Frank J. Wood
"Young" Jeremiah.....Louis Frohoff
Hezekiah.....Clarence Rockefeller
Lester.....Rousseau Voorheis
Ezekial Rose.....Henry W. Pemberton
Mrs. Agatha Hobhouse.....Marie Haynes
Arthur Bodkin.....Kenneth MacKenna
Mr. Tackaberry.....John Cromwell
Mr. Swank.....Allan Kelly
Sheriff of Grayson County.....Richard Collins
Judge of the Federal Court.....Edward Watton
A Messenger Boy.....Thomas Larsen
Foreman of the Jury.....George Fredericks
Ella Fiegel.....Eda Heinemann

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Bodkin's Room at Mrs. Hobhouse's, Denison, Texas. Act II. — Oklahoma Side of the Red River. Act III. — A Federal Court Room. Time — August, 1919. Staged by John Cromwell.

Violet is a radical young woman living in Texas. Needing $10 to pay her way as a delegate to the state suffrage convention,

and being refused the money by her relatives, she seeks to borrow it of a nice-looking young man boarding with her aunt. The fact that she calls at the young man's room after the household is asleep and when they are both in their "nighties," and that they are both discovered, starts something of a scandal. Being a free soul, Violet doesn't care what people think or say, but rather than listen to them she and the young man run away. They are pursued by the outraged family, arrested and forced to stand trial for a technical violation of the Mann Act, but the judge and jury dismiss the case and Violet and her young man decide to get married.

"THE BAT"

A mystery drama in three acts by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, produced by Wagenhals & Kemper at the Morosco Theater, New York, August 23, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lizzie	May Vokes
Miss Cornelia Van Gorder	Effie Ellsler
Billy	Harry Morvil
Brooks	Stuart Sage
Miss Dale Ogden	Anne Morrison
Dr. Wells	Edward Ellis
Anderson	Harrison Hunter
Richard Fleming	Richard Barrows
Reginald Beresford	Kenneth Hunter
An Unknown Man	Robert Vaughan

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Living Room in Miss Van Gorder's Long Island Home. Act II. — The Same. Act III. — The Garret of the Same House. The Play Staged under the Direction of Collin Kemper.

Cornelia Van Gorder, a maiden lady of sixty, rents the summer home of a New York banker who had been reported killed in Colorado some months before. She is warned that mysterious things are happening around the house, but she refuses to move. About this time it is discovered that a large sum of money is missing from the dead banker's bank. Immediately the suspicion is aroused that, far from being dead, he has stolen the money, hidden it in a secret chamber in his house, and is awaiting a good chance to sneak back and get it. Four different people are after the money — the bank cashier, wrongfully accused of taking it; a detective engaged by Miss Van Gordor to clear up the mystery; a doctor friend and supposed confederate of the missing banker, and the "Bat," a notorious thief who has long eluded the police. There are mysterious murders, shivery rappings and many false leads for the audience to follow before the mystery is finally cleared.

"HAPPY-GO-LUCKY"

A comedy in three acts by Ian Hay, produced by A. H. Woods at the Booth Theater, New York, August 24, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Abel Mainwaring ..... George Giddens
Lady Marian Mainwaring ..... Mrs. Edmund Gurney
Richard Mainwaring ..... Barry Baxter
Sylvia Mainwaring ..... Marine Macdonald
Lucius Welwyn ..... Oswald Yorke
Mrs. Welwyn ..... Nellie Hodson
Tilly Welwyn ..... Muriel Martin Harvey
Amelia Welwyn ..... Blythe Daly
Percy Welwyn ..... Frank Hector
Grandma Banks ..... Alice Esden
Miss Constance Damer ..... Gypsy O'Brien
The Rev. Adrian Rylands ..... J. H. Brewer
Mr. Milroy ..... Lawrence White
Mr. Mehta Ram ..... Cecil Cameron
Mr. Jno. Pumpherston ..... Chas. Bartholomew
Mr. Samuel Stillbottle ..... O. P. Heggie

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Towers. Shotley Beauchamp (England). Saturday Afternoon. Act II. — Russell Square, Bloomsbury, London, W. V. Monday Afternoon. Act III. — Same as Act II. Tuesday Morning. Time — The Present. Staged by W. H. Gilmore.

Tilly Welwyn, a designer of dresses in London, and very attractive in her middle-class way, becomes acquainted with Richard Mainwaring on the top of a tuppenny bus. Richard, being smitten, insists that Tilly shall know his people — the Mainwarings of the Towers, Shotley and Beauchamp — and invites her home for a week end. Tilly finds the Mainwarings no end swell, but, believing they are dealing largely in "swank," determines to be just as swell as they. So she invites them for a return visit to her and her family in Russell Square, Bloomsbury. The day they arrive it happens there is a bailiff in the house, come to collect a small bill from Tilly's father, but he (the bailiff) kindly agrees to pretend he is a butler. He makes rather a sorry, though comic, mess of butling, and the Mainwarings are quite upset. But young Richard refuses to take their class prejudices seriously, and when they insist he shall give Tilly up, promptly returns to Bloomsbury, pays off the bailiff and rents the best room in the Welwyn's house.

"PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING"

A comedy drama in four acts by Gayer Mackay and Robert Ord, produced by Robert Courtneidge at the Shubert Theater, August 27, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

General Adair ..... Walter Edwin
Jack O'Hara ..... Hugh Huntley

Micky.....Charles McCarthy
Miss O'Hara.....Julia Stuart
Miss Mary O'Hara.....Isabel West
Paddy.....Eileen Huban
Eileen Adair.....Eunice Elliott
Laurence Blake.....Cyril Scott
Gwendoline Carew.....Vera Finlay
Dr. Davy Adair.....Charles B. Wells
Lord Sellaby.....C. Bernard Moore
Doreen Blake.....Kitty O'Connor
Webb.....Mureen Maguire
Mrs. Bingle.....Emily Lorraine
Mrs. Putter.....Alice Belmore Cliffe
Ticket Taker.....J.. B. Souther

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Ghan House. Morning. Act II. — The Same Evening. (The Ball.) Act III. — Dr. Davy's Dispensary. (Shepherd's Bush.) Act IV. — Scene 1 — A First-class Carriage on the L. & N. W. Ry. Scene 2 — The Ghan House. Staged by Robert Courtneidge.

"BLUE BONNET"

A comedy in three acts by George Scarborough, produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Princess Theater, New York, August 28, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Billy Burleson.....Ernest Truex
Hope Hillyer.....Mona Thomas
Jep Clayton.....Edgar Nelson
Cuca.....Maria Ziccardi
Miss Sallie Jenkins.....Helen Lowell
Judge Stegall.....Robert Harrison
Terry Mack.....Richard Taber
Mrs. Gilstrap.....Mattie Keene
Jim Cooksey.....Neil Burton

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Early Morning. Act II. — A Week Later. Early Evening. Act III. —Two Hours Later.

The entire action of the play occurs in the living room of the Hillyer ranch house in the Rio Grande country of Texas. The time is the summer of 1916, while the National Guard was on patrol duty along the Mexican border.

Billy Burleson, living aud working on the Hillyer ranch with Professor Hillyer and his daughter, Hope, is faced with a problem when the professor dies. Either he must abandon Hope in her hour of need, or stay on, run the ranch and let the gossips talk. He might marry her, but neither of them is of age — and, besides, he isn't sure she would want to marry him. Billy decides to run the ranch and help Hope, and as a result involves himself in a series of fights with those who speak slightingly of his high-minded motives. Among those who misunderstand is Terry Mack, a young American soldier, stationed on the border.

Terry and Billy have several set-tos over Hope, but as neither can whip the other they finally agree to combine forces and save her from a scheming landgrabber who is trying to get the ranch. After which Billy and Hope discover their true love for each other.

"THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES OF 1920"

A revue in two acts, dialogue by Thomas J. Gray, lyrics by John Murray Anderson and Arthur Swanstrom, music by A. Baldwin Sloane, produced by The Bohemians Inc. at the Greenwich Village Theater, August 30, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Frank Crumit	Harriet Gimbel
Agnes Brady	Margaret Davies
Doris Green	Janet Stone
Margaret Severn	Pee Wee Meyers
Ford Hanford	Howard Marsh
Jay Brennan	Bert Savoy
James Clemons	Hap Hadley
Ivan Bankoff	Mlle. Phebe

"THE BAD MAN"

A satirical comedy in three acts by Porter Emerson Brown, produced by William Harris, Jr., at the Comedy Theater, August 30, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Gilbert Jones	Frank Conroy
Henry Smith	James A. Devine
Morgan Pell	Fred L. Tiden
Lucia Pell	Frances Carson
Red Giddings	John Harrington
Jasper Hardy	Wilson Reynolds
Angela Hardy	Edna Hibbard
Pancho Lopez	Holbrook Blinn
Pedro	Herbert Heywood
Venustiano	James H. Bell
Alvarado	Chief White Hawk
Felip	Indian Joe
A Mexican Cook	Frank Bixby
Bradley	Charles Gibney
Blake	James B. Lenhart

SYNOPSIS: Act I.—Ranch House of Gilbert Jones on the Mexican Border. Noon. Act II.—The Same. Dusk. Act III.—The Same. Evening. Staged by Lester Lonergan.

See page 269.

"CALL THE DOCTOR"

A comedy in three acts by Jean Archibald, produced by David Belasco at the Empire Theater, New York, August 31, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dudley Townsend.....Philip Merivale
Howard Mowbray.....William Morris
Judge Thomas.....John Amory
Joan Deering.....Janet Beecher
Catherine Mowbray.....Charlotte Walker
Balog-Mari.....Fania Marinoff
Alice Spencer.....Jane Houston
Isabel Thomas.....Mrs. Tom Wise
Harriet Lane.....Barbara Milton
Nellie.....Rea Martin

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Mowbrays' Home, Westmount, Conn. Act II. — At the Mowbrays', a Few Days Later. Act III. — At Joan's Apartment, New York City, the Following Week. Time — The Near Future. Staged by David Belasco.

The Mowbrays, Catherine and Howard, find themselves confronted by a familiar situation. Catherine, born a sentimentalist, is convinced Howard no longer loves her. Tiring of a ten-year honeymoon, he has begun to forget his wedding anniversaries, and accepts his wife's kiss of greeting as a settled custom in place of a daily thrill. Mrs. Mowbray knows something must be done. Happening upon the advertisement of a "Doctor of Domestic Difficulties," she calls the doctor, who turns out to be an exceptionally attractive young woman with better than average common sense. The doctor advises Mrs. Mowbray to "cut loose" — to buy herself a lot of fancy clothes, to go to gay parties, to take a long trip away from home and subtly to suggest that perhaps it would be as well if she were to apply for a divorce. The scheme works and the neglectful husband is brought to terms. Meanwhile the doctor herself has fallen desperately in love with Dudley Townsend, an attractive bachelor friend of the Mowbrays, and seems destined to give up her practice and confine herself to her own domestic problems at the play's end.

"THE SWEETHEART SHOP"

A musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell, music by Hugo Felix, produced by Edgar J. MacGregor and William Moore Patch at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, August 31, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Gideon Blount.....Roy Gordon
Freddie.....Daniel Healy

Peggy.....Una Fleming
Julian Lorimer.....Joseph Lertora
Mildred Blount.....Mary Harper
Peter Potter.....Harry K. Morton
Minerva Butts.....Esther Howard
Natalie Blythe.....Helen Ford
Daphne.....Zella Russell
Mr. Hylo.....Clay Hill
Grace.....Irma Irving
Teddy.....Teddy Hudson
Iona.....Dorothy Irving
Mary.....Marie Brady
Amaranth.....Charlotte Taylor
Clarinda.....Jane Arrol
Timandra.....Mary O'Brien
Tom.....Ralph Derst
Jerry.....Thomas Malaney
Harry.....Alfred Opler
Jack.....Clay Hill
Bill.....Jack Scheidel
Pete.....William Strahlman

SYNOPSIS: Act I.—The Sweetheart Shop. Late Afternoon. Act II.—Lorimer's Studio. Evening. Act III.—A Fifth Avenue Auction Room. Staged by Edgar MacGregor.

"LITTLE MISS CHARITY"

A musical comedy in two acts by Edward Clark, music by S. R. Henry and M. Savin, produced by Richard G. Herndon at the Belmont Theater, New York, September 2, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rosalie.....Lucille Williams
"Dickey" Foster, alias J. Robert Fulton
Frederick Raymond, Jr.
Graham.....Henry Vincent
"Fingers" Clay, alias Rev. Dr. Clayton.....Frank Moulan
Amy Shirley.....Majorie Gateson
Angel Butterfield.....Juanita Fletcher
Miss Wheeler.....Edna Shaw
Woodruff Porter.....Bernard Wells
Mortimer Gayling.....Jere McAuliffe
Billikins.....Lillian White

SYNOPSIS: Act I.—Scene 1—Exterior of Angel Butterfield's Country Home. Scene 2—Interior of Same Act II.—Scene 1—Offices of the Butterfield Society. (Three Days Later.) Scene 2—The Same. (Two Days Later.) Staged by Alfred Hickman and C. A. de Lima.

Angel Butterfield, heiress to millions and philanthropically inclined, advertises for a manager to help her spend her money. The "ad" falling into the hands of "Dicky" Foster, "Fingers" Clay, and Amy Shirley, a trio of crooks, they plan to fleece Miss Butterfield and disappear with the money. It happens,

however, that they become so interested in their scheme to build a model town to take care of the poor old rent strikers that they determine to go through with the philanthropy. By marrying Angel, "Dickey" acquires the fortune honestly.

"HONEYDEW"

Play with music in two acts, music by Efrem Zimbalist, book and lyrics by Joseph Herbert, produced by Joe Weber at the Casino Theater, September 6, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Henry Honeydew	Hal Forde
Sylvester Adams	John Park
Howard Taylor	Sam Ash
Captain Dick	John Dunsmure
Jack	Kuy Kendall
Pedro	Frank Gill
Chanser	Fred Manatt
Timothy Hay	Walter Morrison
Mrs. Vanoni	Theresa Maxwell Conover
Lenore	Dorothy Follis
Muriel	Ethelind Terry
Penelope	Marie Hall
Conchita	Mlle. Marguerite
Daisy	Evelyn Earle
Sing Loo	Helen Long
Miss Japonica	Dorothy Powers
Miss Rosemary	Aldian Hudson
Miss Jonquil	Adele Sanderson
Miss Nasturtium	Betty Hill
Miss Violet	Margaret Arthur
Miss Dahlia	Beatrice Wallace
Miss Azalea	Doris Benham
Miss Orchid	Margaret Leona
Miss Hollyhock	Dorothy Neill
Miss Columbine	Alice Pursell
Miss Gardenia	Betty De Grasse

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Studio of Henry Honeydew at Pelham. Act II. — Scene 1 — Henry Honeydew's New Home at Larchmont. Afternoon, a Year Later. Scene 2 — Same. Staged by Hassard Short.

"GENIUS AND THE CROWD"

An American comedy in three acts by John T. McIntyre and Francis Hill, produced by George M. Cohan at the Cohan Theater, New York, September 6, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Philippe Trava	George Renavent
Robert G. Burr	Frank Otto
Harrison Lloyd	H. Cooper Cliffe
Dickson	Frank Hollins
Parker	Frank Ross

Gasparo Tagliani	Fuller Mellish
Salvatore Venneto	Howard Boulden
Giovanni Sataro	Max Froelich
Luigi Baccigalupo	Charlet Barlett
Edouard Barna	Wright Kramer
Tenor Soloist	Ralph Brainard
Mira Van Ness	Marion Coakley
Madame Trava	Viola Leach
Louise Gribert	Marie Pecheur
Mrs. Lanham	Leonora Ottinger
Rosamond Lanham	Vera Fuller Mellish
Mrs. Berners	Rubi Trelease
Vera Cleeve	Constance Beaumar
Madame Serafina Loriola	Katherine Stewart
Miss Buck	Marian Manley
Bessie	Rita Romily
Miss De Puyster	Oretta Lewis
Miss Leffings	Helen Shaw
Miss Arlingham	Adele Leroy
Mrs. Brooks-Vinton	Kay MacCausland
Mrs. Boyd-Jones	Adelaide Starr
Mrs. McDuff-Powell	Dorothea Quigley
Miss Bellamy	Dorothy Loraine
Miss Van Orden	Helen Lovett
Miss Westerveldt	Marie Cummings
Miss Vanderslip	Dorothy Clay

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Music Room in Trava's Apartment, at the Argentine. Late Afternoon. Act II. — Gasparo's Violin Shop. About 7 o'Clock the Next Evening. Act III. — The Music Room in Trava's Apartment. Eleven o'Clock the Same Night. Staged by Geo. M. Cohan.

Philippe Trava, a violinist, grows weary of the crowd, particularly the crowd of women that tags him insistently. All women, he decides, are vampires, and he will have none of them. He wants to "be good, and clean." Finally Trava becomes so excited about women that he refuses to keep a concert date at Carnegie Hall. He will give up his career rather than play. He is going away to the solitudes where he can be alone with his secretary. It happens that the secretary is a very attractive young woman and what really is the matter with Trava is that he is desperately in love with her and doesn't know it. His best friend, a smart young automobile salesman, senses the violinist's trouble, and by arousing his jealousy induces him both to play at Carnegie Hall and later to ask the secretary to marry him.

"THE WOMAN OF BRONZE"

A play in three acts by Paul Kester, produced at the Frazee Theater, New York, September 7, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Billy Byrd	Ralph Shirley
Tom Randall	Gerald Gilbert
Maude Randall	Jane Gannon

Dorothy Barker	Vera Berliner
Leonard Hunt	John Halliday
Mary Courtney	Marion Barney
Strelsky	William Kopiloff
Mrs. Douglas Graham	Harriet Sterling
Sylvia Morton	Mary Fowler
Patrick Griggs	Walter Connolly
Mrs. Randall	Sally Williams
Douglas Graham	Sidney Mather
James	Eugene Powers
Vivian Hunt	Margaret Anglin
Reginald Morton	Langdon Bruce
Papa Bonelli	Harry Barfoot
George	Ralph Weidhaas
Ellen	Mrs. J. R. Haywood

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Later. Afternoon in February. Act II. — An Afternoon in May. Act III. — A Night. Ten Months Later. The Action of the Play Takes Place in the Loggia of Leonard Hunt's Studio in His House, Just Outside of New York.

Vivian Hunt realizes, after devoting the best ten years of her life to Leonard Hunt, her husband, who is a sculptor and something of a genius, that Leonard's love for her is waning. Also that it is turning toward Sylvia Morton, a young girl visiting the Hunts. Because the sculptor is at a crisis in his career, in which he is competing for a million-dollar prize, his wife determines not to make a scene by denouncing Sylvia. Even when she learns that the girl is to bear the sculptor a child she restrains herself and does not commit the murder that is in her heart. A year later the sculptor, having tired of Sylvia, returns repentently to Vivian and, being a genius, is forgiven. Then it is that in his wife's eyes, in the "victory that has conquered defeat through suffering," the sculptor catches the light of inspiration for which he has been searching, the light he purposes to transfer to his "Woman in Bronze," the heroic figure which shall be the center of his prize group.

"A MAN OF THE PEOPLE"

A drama in three acts by Thomas Dixon, produced by Thomas Dixon at the Bijou Theater, New York, September 7, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Abe	Robert Little
Nancy	Angela McCahill
Abraham Lincoln	Howard Hall
Mrs. Lincoln	Ellen Mortimer
Colonel Nicolay	Claude H. Cooper
Edwin M. Stanton	W. J. Brady
Gen. Geo. B. McClellan	Charles Webster
Captain Vaughan	Charles Coghlan
Betty Winter	Patricia Morris
Thaddeus Stevens	John C. Hickey
Henry Raymond	Redfield Clarke

John H. Gilmore.....Caryl Gillin
A Sister.....Isabel Hill
A Congressman.....Charles Gilbert
A Mother.....Lenore Norvelle
A Woman.....Angela McCahill
A Telegraph Operator.....Howard Claney
A National Committeeman from Maryland,
Fred C. Strong

SYNOPSIS: Prologue — Glimpse of Lincoln's Boyhood at His Mother's Knee. Act I. — The President's Room in the White House — Aug. 23, 1864. Act II.— Same as Act I. at a Quarter to Eight the Same Evening. Act III. — President's Room in Washington. Same as Act I. and Act II. Epilogue — The Second Inauguration. Staged by Augustin Duncan.

Builded around the incident of Abraham Lincoln's failure to retain the confidence of the malcontents in his own party and the visit of the Republican committeemen to suggest his withdrawal from the presidential race following his renomination in 1864.

"LITTLE OLD NEW YORK"

A comedy in four acts by Rida Johnson Young, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Plymouth Theater, New York, September 8, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Larry Delevan.....Ernest Glendinning
Washington Irving.....Frank Charlton
Fitz Green Halleck.....John Randall
Henry Brevort.....John Ward
Daniel O'Reilly.....Charles Kennedy
Cornelius Vanderbilt.....Douglas J. Wood
John Jacob Astor.....Albert Andrus
Betty Schuyler.....Susan Given
Bunny Waters.....Donald Meek
Rachel Brewster.....Margaret Nugent
Bully Boy Brewster.....Paul Porter
Ariana De Puyster.....Pauline Whitson
Michael O'Day.....Alf T. Helton
Patricia O'Day.....Genevieve Tobin
Peter Delmonico.....Wm. J. McClure
Bill Hart.....Frank Horton
John Hoey.....Fred Fairbanks
Samuel Bailey.....Thos. Houck

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — At Larry Delevan's. Act II. — The Delevan Garden. A Few Months Later. Act III. — The Fire House. The Following Night. Act IV. — Back to the Delevan's the Following Morning. The Action of the Play Transpires in New York About 1810. Staged by Sam Forrest.

The Michael O'Days of Ireland, learning that if there were a boy in the family he would be heir to the fortune left by a New York kinsman, conspire to substitute Patricia O'Day, who should have been a boy but isn't, as the real heir. Michael,

the father, brings Patricia, dressed as a boy, to New York. The girl carries off the deception well enough until she learns that if she gets the money, Larry Delavan, her cousin, with whom she has fallen in love, will be cheated out of it. Then, rather than go through with the scheme, she risks a jail sentence for herself and father by confessing. The setting is in the New York of 1810, when John Jacob Astor spoke with a German accent and Cornelius Vanderbilt ran a ferry.

"POLDEKIN"

A comedy in four acts by Booth Tarkington, produced by George C. Tyler at the Park Theater, New York, September 9, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Podoff ..... Carl Anthony
Maria ..... Elsie Mackay
Pinsky ..... E. G. Robinson
Nicolai ..... Manart Kippen
Endachieff ..... Emil Hoch
Krimoff ..... Hubert Wilke
Poldekin ..... George Arliss
Blanche ..... Julia Dean
Welch ..... Sidney Toler
Sergeant ..... Wm. H. Barwald

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — An Apartment in a Russian City. Act II. — A Tenement Back Yard in New York. Act III. — The Same as Act II. Act IV. — A Room in the Tenement.

Poldekin, a mildly radical student Bolshevist, is brought by a group of Reds from Russia to America to help them spread the soviet government's propaganda. Being a printer, he prepares the copy and sets the type for the circulars. In America Poldekin is so favorably impressed with the opportunities of the people and the freedom they enjoy that he refuses to follow where the Reds would lead, and substitutes extracts from the Declaration of Independence for the revolutionary preachments his friends would send out. He is wounded in the fight which precedes the taking of the Bolshevists, but he gets well and becomes a good American.

"WELCOME STRANGER"

A comedy by Aaron Hoffman in four acts, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Cohan and Harris Theater, New York, September 13, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

David Frankel ..... David Adler
Bije Warner ..... John Adair, Jr.
Clem Beemis ..... David Higgins

Gideon Tyler.....Ben Johnson
Seth Trimble.....Edward L. Snader
Eb Hooker.....Charles I. Schofield
Ichabod Whitson.....Edmund Breeze
Isidor Solomon.....George Sidney
Grace Whitson.....Valerie Hickerson
Ned Tyler.....Frank Herbert
Mrs. Trimble.....Isadora Martin
Mary Clark.....Margaret Mower
Esther Solomon.....Mary Brandon
Donegan.....Percival Lennon
Sam.....Jules J. Bennet

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Lobby of the Grand Hotel. New Year's Eve. Act II. — Clem's Home. Five Weeks Later. Note — In Act II. the lights will be lowered for a few seconds to denote a lapse of about half an hour. Act III. — Office. The Following May. Act IV. — Lobby of the Grand Hotel. The Following New Year's Eve. The Scenes Are Laid in a Small New England Town.

Isidor Solomon, a Jewish merchant, seeking a new field in which to establish himself in business, drifts into a New England village that has declared a social and commercial war on his race. Being a kindly soul, influenced a little by what he has heard of Christian Science, he manages to stick around until he has brought prosperity to the village and most of its people. The Yankees come not only to like Isidor, but, learning that the most violent anti-Semitic among them is himself an apostate Jew hiding under a Christian alias, they almost grow effusive in their enthusiasm.

"ONE"

A drama in three acts by Edward Knoblock, produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theater, New York, September 14, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. Noah Petch.....Randle Ayrton
Theodore Beverley.....Philip Desborough
Machael Jaffray.....Martin Lewis
Bert Mason.....Theodore Babcock
Pearl Delgado, Ruby Delgado.....Frances Starr
Mrs. Henry P. Howland.....Marie R. Burke
Mrs. Delgado.....Clara Sidney
Katie.....Daisy Belmore
An Elevator Girl.....Lulu Ayrton

SYNOPSIS: Act 1. — Scene 1 — London. A Private Sitting Room in a Boarding House in Kensington. A November Evening 10 P. M. London Time. Scene 2 — New York. A Private Sitting-room of a Small Hotel. 5 P. M. New York Time. Note — 10 P. M. in London corresponds to 5 P. M. in New York. Three Days Elapse. Act II. — Scene 1 — London. The Private Sitting Room in Kensing-

ton Again. 3 P. M. London Time. Scene 2 — New York. The Private Sitting Room in the Hotel Again. 3 P. M. New York Time. Act III. — Scene 1 — London. The Sitting Room in Kensington. The Same Day as Act II. 10 P. M. London Time. Ten Days Elapse. Scene 2 — New York. The Sitting Room in New York. 8 P. M. New York Time. Staged by David Belasco.

Pearl and Ruby Delgado are twin sisters who share, according to certain theorists, one soul between them. Whatever the distance that separates them they are able to communicate with each other, and each is greatly dependent on the other. Thus Ruby, an accomplished pianist, is unable to do herself justice unless Pearl is near to help her. When Ruby goes to New York to make her concert debut the young man who has been in love with her transfers his affections to Pearl, yet Pearl is convinced in her heart that it really is Ruby he loves and is reluctant to accept him. Realizing finally that only by the death of either herself or her sister can their two half souls be united in one body, Pearl makes the great sacrifice by killing herself, and the puzzled youth realizes that it was Ruby he had always loved.

"THE GUEST OF HONOR"

A comedy in three acts by William Hodge, produced by Lee Shubert at the Broadhurst Theater, New York, September 20, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack Weatherbee ..... Graham Lucas
Mrs. Murray ..... Jennie Lamont
Mr. Warner ..... William H. Thompson
Laundry Boy ..... Howard Morgan
Mr. Wartle ..... Edward O'Connor
John Weatherbee ..... William Hodge
Robert Thisby ..... Harold Heaton
Rosamond Kent ..... Helen Wolcott
Ione Curtis ..... Miriam McCauley
Helen Kent ..... Alice Bricker
Mr. Lesoir ..... Louis Darclay
Mr. Kent ..... Frederic de Belleville
Mrs. Kent ..... Ann Warrington
Butler ..... Lee Frank
Tom ..... John N. Wheeler

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — John Weatherbee's Living Room and Studio, New York City. Act II. — The Same as Act I. Four Days Later. Act III. — "Harmony Hill" on the Kent Estate in Connecticut. Two Days Later. Staged by William Hodge.

John Weatherbee, a struggling writer with a flair for verse, is starving in a top-floor studio. Living with him is a boy of

four he had taken as an infant from the arms of a dying mother in a boarding house. Weatherbee, having submitted some verses to a woman's literary-club competition, is awarded the prize and invited to be the club's guest of honor. The young woman who brings the invitation turns out to be the adopted baby's aunt, which precipitates a struggle to see whether the poet or the child's legal guardian shall have him. A compromise is agreed upon. The poet marries the aunt, and they agree to bring up the boy together.

"ANNA ASCENDS"

A comedy drama by Harry Chapman Ford in four acts, produced at the Playhouse, New York, September 22, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Howard Fisk (Known as Gents) ..... John Werner
"Bunch" Berry ..... Rod LaRoque
Allen Sparkles ..... Edward Morse
John Stead ..... Cliff Worman
"Beauty" Tanner ..... Effingham Pinto
Henry Fisk ..... Frank Hatch
William ..... Ward DeWolf
Siad Coury ..... Gustave Rolland
Rizzo ..... S. K. Fried
Bessie Fisk ..... Betty Alden
Nellie Van Housen ..... Gloris Artos
Miss Bird ..... Helen Cromwell
Anna Ayyobb (Later known as Anna Adams), Alice Brady

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Siad Coury's Coffee House, Washington Street, New York City. Act II. — Private Office of Henry Fisk, New York City. Six Years Later. Act III. — Country Home of Henry Fisk, Irvington-on-the-Hudson. Three Months Later. Act IV. — Same as Act I. The Next Day.

Anna is a young Syrian who comes to America, takes a job as a waitress in a coffee house, saves her $3 a week, becomes wildly ambitious to become a good American, meets a young New Yorker of good family who tries to help her, and is finally forced to stab a vicious cadet who would make a white slave of her. Thinking she has killed him, she flees, changes her name, and goes to night school. Six years later she is a best seller among the authors, having written the novel called *Anna Ascends*. Again she meets the good young man and, though the white slaver returns to threaten her, succeeds in having him jailed the same day she promises to marry the hero.

"MARRY THE POOR GIRL"

A farcial comedy in three acts by Owen Davis, produced by Oliver Morosco at the Little Theater, New York, September 25, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Steve Ripley ..... William David
Kittie Porter ..... Frances Mann
Mrs. Paddington ..... Gertrude Maitland
Tom Harrison ..... Frank Allworth
Wallace Paddington ..... Halbert Brown
Julia Paddington ..... Isabel Lowe
Jack Tanner ..... William Roselle
Bradley Littlefield ..... Harold De Becker
Ann Winsted ..... Ninita Bristow
Rev. Carlton Gibbs ..... Stapleton Kent
Rose Gary ..... Beatrice Noyes
Morgan ..... Wilbur Braun
Sara Grogan ..... Maude O'Connor

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — The Main Hall on the Second Floor of Wallace Paddington's House on Long Island. Scene 2 — Jack Tanner's Room. Act II. — The Living Room. A Few Minutes Later. Act III. — The Living Room. That Evening. Staged by Priestly Morrison

Julia Paddington and Jack Tanner are guests at the same house party. Jack's friends, bringing him home full of the stuff that should have disappeared with prohibition, shove him through the door of Julia's room by mistake. He spends the night in the armchair into which he settles and next morning scandal threatens. Julia's parents insist she shall marry the young man to quiet the gossip. The ceremony is performed, whereupon, thinking to help him out of the scrape, Jack's friends appear with one or two alleged first wives, making him out a bigamist. Jack and Julia thereupon decide to remain married.

"THE TAVERN"

A comedy tragedy in two acts by Cora Dick Gantt, produced by George M. Cohan at the Cohan Theater, New York, September 27, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Tavern Keeper's Son ..... Phillips Tead
The Hired Girl ..... Wanda Carlyle
The Tavern Keeper ..... Dodson Mitchell
The Hired Man ..... Spencer Charters
The Vagabond ..... Arnold Daly
The Woman ..... Elsie Rizer
The Governor ..... Morgan Wallace
The Governor's Wife ..... Lucia Moore
The Governor's Daughter ..... Alberta Burton
The Fiancé ..... William Jeffrey

The Sheriff.....Lee Sterret
The Sheriff's Man.....Joseph Guthrie
The Sheriff's Other Man.....William Gaunt
The Attendant.....Joseph M. Holicky

The Play is in Two Acts. The Action Takes Place in Zacheus Freeman's Tavern. Staged by John Meehan.

A more or less wild melodrama skillfully burlesqued. On a wild and stormy night there arrives at a lonely tavern a romantic vagabond, a homeless woman, and the Governor of the state and his family, who have been held up by footpads at a neighboring crossroads. Suspicion develops as to the identity of each of the characters in turn. To the vagabond it is deliciously like a drama, and he delights in directing the familiar characters in their parts. Finally the keepers of a neighboring sanitarium take certain of the characters back home, and the cause of the humorous mixups is made clear.

"MERCHANTS OF VENUS"

Afterward called "Because of Helen." A comedy in three acts by Alan Brooks, produced by Richard Lambert at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, September 27, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Vosi.....S. Kurasaki
Oliver Bainbridge.....Edward Donnelly
Billy Hasbrouck.....Robert Kelly
Ned Bainbridge.....Frank Dayton
Jack Bainbridge.....Alan Brooks
Helen Davenport.....Vivian Rushmore
Mrs. Elsie Davenport.....Thais Magrane
Mrs. Marie Wilcox.....Jane Darwell
Arnold Davenport.....James Terbell
Verna Cromwell.....Carroll McComas
Alfred Benson.....Thomas Hoier
Gladys Benson.....Mary Howard

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Oliver Bainbridge's New York Residence. Act II. — The Davenport Estate on the Upper Hudson. Two Years Later. Act III. — Scene 1 — A Little Over a Year Later. Jack's Rooms, New York, 12 Midnight. Scene 2 — Billy's Office, New York, Preceding Afternoon. Scene 3 — The Hasbrouck Apartment, New York, That Night at 11. Scene 4 — Jack's Rooms, 1 A. M., One Hour Later Than Scene 1. Note — Scenes 2 and 3 of Act III. Are Retroactive. Time — Present. Staged by Bertram Harrison and the Author.

Jack Bainbridge, a philosopher and a cynic, attempts to adjust himself to the viewpoint of modern society. He is in love with Helen Davenport, a mercenary debutante intent on marrying money. He is loved by Verna Cromwell, an attractively wholesome dancer, whom he does not feel it would be

honorable for him to marry, seeing that he does not love her. He tries to prevent his best friend, who is rich, from marrying the mercenary girl, and tries to save the girl who loves him from marrying a cad unworthy of her. As a result he becomes unhappily embroiled in both love affairs, from which he is finally extricated.

"DON'T TELL"

A Scottish comedy in three acts by Graham Moffat, produced by William Morris at the Nora Bayes Theater, New York, September 27, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mirren Cameron.....Eva MacRoberts
Violet.....Grace Embert
Mrs. Devine.....Jean Runciman
David Devine.....Neil McNeil
Jessie Bella Cameron.....Winifred Moffat
James Bogle.....Clyne Campbell
Tibbie Tocher.....Mrs. Graham Moffat
John Willie Cameron.....George Tawde
Mrs. Cameron.....Margaret Noble
Bailie John Cameron.....Graham Moffat
Bunty.....Wee Wully
Jossie Black.....John Campbell
Dr. Proudfoot.....J. Wright Aitken
Mrs. Macbeth.....Marie Stuart
Betty Macbeth.....Margaret Dunsmore

SYNPOSIS: Act I. — A Room in the Camerons' Flat. Wednesday Evening. Act II. — The Same. Saturday Afternoon. Act III. — Scene 1 — James Bogle's Apartment at Mrs. Macbeth's. Saturday Evening. Scene 2 — Same as Acts I. and II. Later Saturday Evening. The Action of the Play Occurs in Glasgow in 1913.

"PITTER PATTER"

A musical comedy in three acts, book by Will M. Hough, music and lyrics by William B. Friedlander, produced by William B. Friedlander at the Longacre Theater, New York, September 28, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bob Livingston.....John Price Jones
Bryce Forrester.....Jack Squires
Violet Mason.....Mildred Keats
Mrs. George Meriden.....Helen Bolton
James Maxwell.....Frederick Hall
Muriel Mason.....Jane Richardson
"Dick Crawford".....William Kent
George Thompson.....Albert Warner
Howard Mason.....Hugh Chilvers
Proprieter of Candy Shop.....George Smithfield

Street Car Conductor.....George Spelvin
Butler.....Arthur Greeter

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — A Street in Colorado Springs, Colo. Act II. — Scene 1 — Drawing Room of the Mason Home. Afternoon. Scene 2 — At the Bottom of a Mine Shaft. Scene 3 — Drawing Room of the Mason Home. Evening. Act III. — Exterior of Hotel Miramar, Havana, Cuba.

A musicalized version of William Collier's farce, "Caught in the Rain."

"THREE LIVE GHOSTS"

A comedy in three acts by Frederick Isham, produced by Max Marcin at the Greenwich Village Theater, New York, September 29, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Gubbins.....Beryl Mercer
Peggy Woofers.....Beatrice Miller
Bolton.....Emmett Shackelford
Jimmie Gubbins.....Charles McNaughton
William Foster.....Percy Helton
Spoofy.....Cyril Chadwick
Rose Gordon.....Flora Sheffield
Briggs of Scotland Yard.....Charles Dalton
Bensen.....Arthur Metcalfe
Lady Leicester.....Mercedes Desmore

Jimmie Gubbins, William Foster and "Spoofy," an unknown, return to London from a German prison camp after the war to find themselves listed with the officially dead. None of the three is in a position to correct the error. Gubbins' mother has already collected his life insurance; Foster is a young American who had left New York under a cloud and has reason to believe the police are still looking for him, and "Spoofy," suffering from shell shock, can remember nothing of the past. "Spoofy" also has developed an uncanny skill as a kleptomaniac, which serves to complicate matters. Before the evening is over the records of the three are cleared up and the ending is satisfying.

"BROADWAY BREVITIES 1920"

A revue in two acts by Blair Treynor, Archie Gottler, Arthur Jackson and George Gershwin, produced by George Le Maire at the Winter Garden, New York, September 29, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Eddie Cantor
Bert Williams
George LeMaire
Hal Van Rensellear
Natalie Kingston
Ula Sharon

Alexis Kosloff	Peggy Parker
Edith Hallor	Paul Van Dyke
Teck Murdock	William Sully
Vera Grosset	Genevieve Houghton
Marcelle Barnes	Florence Kern

"THE MIRAGE"

A melodrama in three acts by Edgar Selwyn, produced by the Selwyns at the Times Square Theater, New York, September 30, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Betty Bond	Florence Nash
Mack	Mildred Whitney
Mrs. Irene Moreland	Florence Reed
Wallace (Wally) Stuart	Reginald Mason
Ruth Martin	Alison Bradshaw
Mrs. Martin	Catherine Proctor
Chester (Chet) Martin	William Williams
Al Manning	Alan Dinehart
William	Bert J. Norton
Mlle. Elise	Wanda Laurence
Dolly McMann	Helen Maginnis
Henry M. Galt	Malcolm Williams
Stanley Northrup	William Bain
Charles Stanwood	John Alexander
Peggy Arnold	Mabelle Elkins
Grace Warren	Camilla Lyon
Edward Godding	George Le Soir
George Clayton	Howard Benton
Carrie Williams	Carol Ray

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Living Room of Irene Moreland's Apartment in the Fifties. New York City. Late Afternoon of a Day in November. Act II. — Home of Henry M. Galt. Evening of the Same Day. Act III. — Same as Act I. The Following Morning. Staged by the Author.

Irene Martin of Erie, Pa., comes to New York in search of work and a broader life. Falling in with the wrong crowd, she gives up the fight to be respectable and for seven years permits a traction magnate to maintain an apartment for her and help her care for the folks at home. By putting a Mrs. before her name she first convinces her family she is married, and later writes them she is a widow. Her Erie sweetheart, having got on in the world, comes to New York to get her. By this time she is tired of the life she is living and eager to return to Erie and respectability, but her sweetheart finds her out. She convinces him, however, that her reformation is complete and he is willing to overlook her past, but her traction magnate succeeds in planting a doubt in her mind that she will ever be able to stand Erie and its group after the magnificence and freedom she has

been used to in New York. So she sends the Erie boy home to wait until she feels she is worthy to come to him.

"MECCA"

A musical spectacle in two acts, music by Percy E. Fletcher, dances and choreography by Michel Fokine, book by Oscar Asche, produced by F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest at the Century Theater, New York, October 4, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Officer of the Guard.....Richard Henry
Gate Keeper (of Cairo).....Arthur Barron
Abdullah.....John Nicholson
Kataf.....Robert Rhodes
Orange Seller.....Julian Winters
Prince Nur Al-Din.....Herbert Grimwood
The Sultan, Al Malik Al-Nasir.....Orville R. Caldwell
An Old Woman.....Genevieve Dolaro
The Blind Man.....Basil Smith
Ali Shar.....Lionel Braham
Zummurud.....Hannah Toback
Abu Yaksan.....John Doran
Zarka.....Kate Mayhew
Zaid.....Edward Watson
Wazir Al Khasib.....Harold Skinner
Wazir Au Shamar.....John Pierson
Sharazad.....Gladys Hanson
Wei San Wei.....Thomas Leary
Wei Wa Shi.....Ida Mulle
Dancing Girl.....Martha Lorber
Abram.....Walter Lane
Patriarch.....Richard Henry

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — The Gates of Cairo, About a Thousand Years Ago. Scene 2 — Ali Shar's Dwelling, Later the Same Day. Scene 3 — The Sultan's Palace. The Feast of Rhamazan. Scene 4 — Wei San Wei's Gaming House by the Eastern Gate. The Same Night. Scene 5 — The Gardens of the Sultan's Palace. The Next Day. Act II. — Scene 1 — The Encampment of the Pilgrims by the Nile. Scene 2 — The Harem of Prince Nur Al-Din. Scene 3 — An old Egyptian Palace. Act III. — Scene 1 — The Slave Market of El-Taban. Scene 2 — Wei San Wei's Dwelling. Scene 3 — The Gates of Cairo. Staged by E. Lyall Swete.

An honest sultan, intent on making his kingdom safe for democracy, goes disguised among the populace and selects a singing girl to be his one and only wife. His enemies, set on dethroning him, abduct the singing girl and try to murder the sultan. The sultan finds the girl again, when both are made captives by the villains, and with the help of a pair of Chinese conspirators they both succeed in making their escape.

"JIM JAM JEMS"

A musical comedy in two acts by Harry L. Cort and George E. Stoddard, music by James Hanley, produced by John Cort at the Cort Theater, New York, October 4, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Cyrus Ward	Stanley Forde
June Ward	Ada Mae Weeks
Annette	Irma Marwick
Philip Quick	Joe E. Brown
Johnny Case	Frank Fay
James	Harry Langdon
Geraldine McCann	Kathryn Miley
Archie Spotter	Ned Sparks
Birdie McIntyre	Virginia Clark
Murphy	Gattison Jones
Minnie	Gay
O'Ryan	Joe E. Miller
Miss Taken	Rose Langdon
Mr. Jazz	Roscoe Ails
Miss Jazz	Midgie Miller
Rosie Robbins	Zoe Barnett
Harry Judson	Paul McCarty
Miss Padd Miss Pencil	The Kinz Sisters
Miss High	Cecelia Edwin
Miss Lowe	Viola Duval
Miss Sextette	Madge Lawrence
The Temple Four	Arthur Brooks Thos. E. Woods Harry R. Maurer Murray Hart

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Reception Room of Cyrus Ward's Residence, 9.45 P. M. Scene 2 — Exterior Ward's Residence, 23 East 65th Street, 10.15 P. M. Scene 3 — Fifth Avenue, Fronting Plaza Hotel, 10.45 P. M. Scene 4 — Atop the Astoria Hotel, 11 P. M. Act II. — Scene 1 — Lounge Promenade, Hotel Astorbilt, 11.30 P. M. Scene 2 — Ball Room, Same Hotel, Midnight. Staged by Edward J. McGregor.

A philanthropic uncle, a dancing niece, a scandal-sheet reporter, a comedy detective and one or two cabarets set to popular tunes.

"THE TREASURE"

A comedy in four acts by David Pinski, produced by the Theater Guild at the Garrick Theater, New York, October 4, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Chone	Dudley Digges
Jachne-Braine	Jennie Moscowitz
Tille	Celia Adler
Judke	Fred Eric

The Marriage Broker.....Edgar Stehli
Soskin.....Henry Travers
The President of the Community.....Erskine Sanford
Members of the Society For Providing Dowries for Poor Maidens.....William Rochschid, Jacob Weiser
Members of the Society for the Care of the Sick.....S. Karrakis, Anthony Jochim
A Lawyer.....Edwin Knopf
An Hysterical Woman.....Lian Stephana
An Old Woman.....Rolla Lyons
A Young Woman.....Mary McAndrews
Her Little Daughter.....Florence Curran
A Girl.....Valerie Stevens
A Woman.....Adelina Thomason
Another Woman.....Edith Leighton
A Young Man.....Saul Michaels
Another Man.....William Wothington

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — A Room in Chone's House. Morning. Act II. — The Same. Evening of the Same Day. Act III. — The Same. The Following Morning. Act IV. — The Graveyard. The Same Night. Produced by Emanuel Reicher.

A half-witted boy finds a handful of golden imperials in a graveyard at the edge of a Russian village. The rumor spreads that a buried treasure has been uncovered and every resident of the community is intent on getting his or her share. They all try to force the half-wit to disclose the location of his find and the graveyard is overrun by the excited searchers. Finally the truth is revealed. There is no treasure. The only one who has profited from the adventure is the gravedigger's daughter, who has taken her share of the imperials and bought herself a trousseau with which to capture a husband.

"KISSING TIME"

A musical comedy in two acts, book by George V. Hobart, music by Ivan Caryll, lyrics by Philander Johnson, produced by the Empire Producing Corporation at the Lyric Theater, New York, October 11, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Emile Grossard.....Harry Coleman
Tashi.....Primrose Caryll
Mimi.....Dorothy Maynard
Robert Perronet.....Paul Frawley
Clarice.....Edith Taliaferro
Polydore Cliquot.....William Norris
Armond Moulanger.....Frank Doane
Paul Pommery.....Charles Edwards
Anatole Absinthe.....Donald Sawyer

Rose-Marie	Eleanor Ladd
Virginia	Georgia Lynne
Jeannette	Cora d'Orsay
Babette	Jessie Lynne
Suzanne	Frances Chase
Diane	Amelia Rosser
Helene	Margaret Green
Vivienne	Polly Lloyd
Dolores	Rose Page
Loie	Shirley Latham
Georgette	Ellen Best
Maxine	Ruby Vernon
Pierre Martini	De Forrest Woolley
George Bacardi	Thomas Maynard
François Chandon	Fred Packard
Henri Martel	Reginald Miller
Charles Moet	A. C. Jenkins
Raphael Sauterne	Frank Bryant
Louis Chablish	William McGurn
Gaston Burgundy	John C. Daly

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — the Maison Mimi. The Fitting Room. Scene 2—Reception Room of the Café Sylvaine. That Evening. Act II. — Mimi's Apartment. Later That Night. Staged by Edward Royce.

"TIP TOP"

A revue in two acts, book and lyrics by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside, music by Ivan Caryall, produced by Charles Dillingham at the Globe Theater, New York, October 5, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Fred Stone	Dan Baker
Oscar Ragland	Bert Jordan
Helen Rich	Lilyan White
Scott Welsh	Tommy Bell
Roy Hoyer	Fred Brown
Teresa Valerio	Billy Brown
Gladys Caldwell	Harry Brown
Vivian Duncan	Verne Brown
Rosetta Duncan	Alfred Brown
Marie Sewall	Ursula O'Hare
Pauline Hall	Dorothy Clark
Gus Minton	Charles Mast
Ray Talmadge	Princess White Deer
Violet Zell	Anna Ludmila

A typically elaborate "Fred Stone show" in which the star enlivens the entertainment with a new set of stunts — including, in addition to his usual acrobatics, an exhibition of marksmanship and a "bullwhip" specialty.

"THE UNWRITTEN CHAPTER"

A play by Samuel Shipman and Victor Victor in three acts, produced by A. H. Woods at the Astor Theater, New York, October 11, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

PROLOGUE — 1920

Robert M. Harrington, Sr. ..... Frank Kingdon
Bob Harrington ..... Ryder Keane
Frank Salomon ..... Robert Barratt
Manson ..... Gerald Rogers

THE PLAY — 1776

Haym Salomon ..... Louis Mann
Rachel Salomon ..... Arleen Hackett
Judith Carroll ..... Alma Belwin
David Franks ..... Howard Lang
Katie ..... Mattie Ferguson
Mrs. Robert Murray ..... Lucile Watson
Schlemiel ..... Alex Tenenholtz
Capt. Jack Madison ..... Harry C. Power
Rabbi Gershon Mendez Seixes ..... Hermann Gerold
Gomez ..... Mortimer Martini
Samuel Judah ..... Leo Frankel
Samuel Lyons ..... Al Sincoff
Benamin Jacobs ..... Clarence Derwent
Isaac Moses ..... Paul Irving
General Howe ..... Hubert Druce
Capt. Geoffrey Warren ..... Louis Hector
Major Darrington ..... Gerald Rogers
General De Heister ..... Bernard Reinold
General Donop ..... Carl L. Dietz

EPILOGUE — 1920

Robert M. Harrington, Sr. ..... Frank Kingdon
Frank Salomon ..... Robert Barratt

SYNOPSIS: Prologue — Smoking Den in the Home of Robert Harrington, Sr., New York City, 1920. Act I. — Scene 1 — Room in the Home of Haym Salomon, New York City, September 15, 1776, 9 A. M. Scene 2 — Same as Scene 1. Three Hours Later. Act II. — Same as Act I. Five Days Later. About 8 P. M. Act III.— General Howe's Headquarters in the Beekman Mansion. The Next Morning. Epilogue — Same as Prologue. Staged by Robert Milton.

Bob Harrington of New York, back from the war, has invited his buddie, Frank Salomon, to dinner at the Harrington home. Bob's father, disliking Jews, is much displeased, and frankly inclined to forbid Salomon the house. In the preliminary talk before dinner, however, the elder Harrington discovers that Salomon is a direct descendant of Haym Salomon, the Revolutionary patriot who practically pauperized himself that the Continentals might have money. After hearing the story of Haym Salomon, which is acted between the prologue and the epilogue of the play, Harrington apologizes for his previous rudeness and insists on the young Jew making himself perfectly at home.

"THE MEANEST MAN IN THE WORLD"

A comedy in three acts by Augustin MacHugh, produced by George M. Cohan at the Hudson Theater, New York, October 12, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bart Nash	Ralph Sipperly
Kitty Crockett	Ruth Donnelly
Andy Oatman	Howard Boulden
Richard Clarke	Frank M. Thomas
Ned Stephens	Norval Keedwell
Mrs. Clarke	Mrs. Alice Chapin
Nellie Clarke	Leona Hogarth
Frederick Leggitt	Elwood F. Bostwick
Henry Billings	Peter Raymond
Carlton Childs	Leo Donnelly
Michael O'Brien	George W. Callahan
Jane Hudson	Marion Coakley
Lute Boon	Hugh Cameron
Hiram Leeds	John T. Doyle
Franklyn Fielding	Fletcher Harvey

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Law Offices of Richard Clarke, New York City. Act II. — Back Office of the Store of J. Hudson & Co., Hudsonville, Pa. Twenty-four Hours Later. Act III. — Garden of the Hudson Home. Seven Weeks Later. Staged by John Meehan.

Richard Clarke, a generous, soft-hearted, diffident young lawyer, is convinced, after a five-year experiment, that he is a failure. His best friend advises him that to succeed a man must be selfish and mean. Clarke, trying to take the advice, determines to become the meanest man in the world, if that is necessary. Sent to a small Pennyslvania town to collect a long-overdue account from J. Hudson & Co., he discovers that "J. Hudson" is a most attractive young woman, who is about to be robbed by the village skinflint. Clarke, forgetting to be mean, quits his job as a collector, becomes Jane Hudson's attorney, "turns a bum town into a boom town," and finally marries the girl.

"THE OUTRAGEOUS MRS. PALMER"

A comedy in four acts by Harry Wagstaff Gribble, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York, October 12, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Rowena Herrick	Miriam Elliot
Carton	Eugenie Blair
The Hon. Charles Cardigan North	Herbert Standing, Jr.

House Maid.....Louise De Voe
Brandon Sullivan.....Henry E. Dixey
Leble.....Luis Alberni
Marcelle.....Edith Rose Scott
Miss Tripp.....Jane Evans
Mrs. Charles Cardigan North.....Mary Young
James Holden.....Franklin George
Oosy Woozy.....Boi Loo-Ylang
Philip Michael Palmer.....Raymond Hackett
Mrs. Herbert Rollins.....Minna Gale Haynes
Miss Clara Beebe.....Florence Edney
Guy Dunn.....Frank Dekum
Natalie Thompson.....May Collins

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Mrs. Michael Palmer's Residence, New York City. A Morning in May, 1917. Act II. — Mrs. Herbert Rollin's Country House. The North Shore, Mass., August, 1917. Act III. — Mrs. Palmer's Dressing Room in a New York Theater. 10.45 P. M. in February, 1918. Act IV. — Same as Act I. June.

"MARY"

A musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Otto Harbach and Frank Mandel, music by Lou Hirsch, produced by George M. Cohan at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, October 18, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jack Keene.....Jack McGowan
Mrs. Keene.....Georgia Caine
Tommy Boyd.....Alfred Gerrard
Madeline Francis.....Florrie Millership
Mary Howells.....Janet Velie
Huggins.....Frederic Graham
Gaston Marceau.....Charles Judeis
Mr. Goddard.....James Marlowe
Deakon.....Gene Richards
Meakon.....Wesley Totton
Golden Girl.....Sibylla Bowhan
Whirlwind Willie.....Si Layman
Toddling Tessie.....Helen King
Hotfoot Harry.....Bert Shadow
Dancing Dora.....Lillian McNeil
Two-Step Tom.....Lou Lockett
Waltzing Winnie.....Edna Pierre
Billy, Cooey.....By Themselves

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Reception Hall in the Long Island Home of Mrs. Keene. A Night in January. Act II — An Exterior of Mrs. Keene's Home. The Garden. An Afternoon in June. Staged by Geo. M. Cohan, Julian Mitchell and Sam Forrest.

"BAB"

A comedy in four acts by Edward Childs Carpenter, produced at the Park Theater, New York, October 18, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Leila Archibald ..... Edith Ling
Hannah ..... Helen Gurney
Mrs. Archibald ..... Percy Haswell
William ..... James Kearney
Carter Brooks ..... Tom Powers
Bab ..... Helen Hayes
James Archibald ..... Sam Edwards
Jane Raleigh ..... Lillian Ross
Clinton Beresford ..... Arthur Eldred
Eddie Perkins ..... Stephen Davis
Guy Grosvenor ..... Robert Hudson

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Morning Room at Archibald's Country House. An Afternoon Late in May. Act II. — Scene 1 — The Morning Room as in Act I. The Next Day. (The curtain is lowered for three minutes.) Scene 2 — The Morning Room. Night of the Same Day. Act III. — "The Bachelor's Quarters" in the Archibald Boathouse. A Few Minutes to Twelve, the Same Night. Act IV. — The Boathouse as in Act III. An Afternoon, Three Weeks Later. Staged by Ignacio Martinetti.

Barbara Archibald, the "sub-deb" of the family, returns home unexpectedly from boarding school two weeks ahead of schedule and proceeds to stir up the family. Within a fortnight she has upset the marital plans of her debutante sister and invented a love affair for herself which, made to appear more serious than it really is, sets the family by the ears. A dramatization of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel of the same name.

"HITCHY-KOO 1920"

A revue in two acts, book and lyrics by Glen MacDonough and Anne Caldwell, music by Jerome Kern, produced at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, October 19, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Raymond Hitchock
Julia Sanderson
G. P. Huntley
Tyler Brooke
Ruth Mitchell
Florence O'Denishawn
Billy Holbrook
Anastasia Reilly
Muriel Lodge
Mosconi Brothers
Arthur Cunningham
Douglas Stevenson
Grace Moore
Maurice Black
Peggy Underwood
Marion Wilbanks
Claire Martin
Joe Evans
Bobby Connelly
Fred DuBall
Hal Sands
Jack Lynch

Henri Lingen

Staged by Ned Wayburn.

"THE FIRST YEAR"

A comedy in three acts by Frank Craven, produced by John Golden at the Little Theater, New York, October 20, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Grace Livingston.....Roberta Arnold
Mr. Livingston.....William Sampson
Mrs. Livingston.....Maude Granger
Dr. Anderson.....Tim Murphy
Dick Loring.....Lyster Chambers
Thomas Tucker.....Frank Craven
Hattie.....Leila Bennett
Mr. Barstow.....Hale Norcross
Mrs. Barstow.....Merceita Esmonde

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Training Quarters — at the Livingston Home, Reading, Ill. Act II. — The Ringside — at Tommy's Apartment, Joplin, Mo. Act III. — The Knockout — at the Livingston Home. Staged by Michell Smith.

See page 63.

"THE SKIN GAME"

A tragi-comedy in three acts by John Galsworthy, produced by William A. Brady at the Bijou Theater, New York, October 20, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jill.....Joan MacLean
Mr. Hillcrist.....Marsh Allen
Fellows.....Horace Pollock
Mr. Jackman.....Tracy Barrow
Mrs. Jackman.....Lillian Brennard
Mrs. Hillcrist.....Cynthia Brooke
Dawker.....Arthur Bowyer
Mr. Hornblower.....Herbert Lomas
Charles.....H. St. Clair Hales
Chloe.....Josephine Victor
Rolf.....Robertson Braine
An Auctioneer.....Ernest Cossart
A Country Solicitor.....Ashton Tonge
The First Stranger.....Douglas Garden
The Second Stranger.....Ashton Tonge
Anna.....Shirley Gale

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Mr. Hillcrist's Study on His Estate. Act II. — Scene 1 — The Billiard Room of a Country Inn. One Month Later. Scene 2 — Chloe's Boudoir. The Same Evening. Act III. — Scene 1 — Mr. Hillcrist's Study. The Following Morning. Scene 2 — The Same, in the Evening. The Action of the Play Passes in a Remote Country District in England. Staged by Basil Dean,

See page 320.

"YOUTH"

A tragedy in three acts by Max Halbe, produced by Conroy and Meltzer at the Greenwich Village Theater, New York, October 26, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Reverend Father Hoppe.....Adolph Link
Annuschka.....Lois Churchill
Amandus.....Alan McAteer
Father Shigorski.....Edward B. Reese
Stephen Hartwig.....Reginald Sheffield
Maruschka.....Zyllah Shannon

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — A Spring Morning. Act II. — The Next Afternoon. Act III. — The Following Morning. Place — The Living Room of the Parsonage at Rossnau. Staged by Emanuel Reicher.

A German university student, Stephen, returned for his vacation to the home of his uncle, a Catholic priest, meets again Annuschka, the cousin with whom he had played as a boy. Stephen wrongs Annuschka and pleads his youth, his great love and his inexperience as an excuse for his sin. Amandus, the girl's brother, seeking to kill Stephen, fires at the couple, but the bullet reaches Annuschka's heart in place of Stephen's. The girl dies in the priest's arms as he pronounces absolution.

"THE EMPEROR JONES"

A play in eight scenes by Eugene G. O'Neill, produced by the Provincetown Players at the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York, Nov. 1, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Brutus Jones, Emperor.....Charles S. Gilpin
Harry Smithers, a Cockney.....Jasper Deeter
An Old Native Woman.....Christine Ell
Lem, a Native Chief.....Charles Ellis

See page 299.

"JUST SUPPOSE"

A comedy in three acts by A. E. Thomas, produced at the Henry Miller Theater, New York, November 1, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Kingsley Stafford.....George Pauncefort
Hannibal.....Lawrence Eddinger
Mrs. Carter Stafford.....Mrs. Thomas Whiffen
Montgomery Warren.....William J. Keighley

Linda Lee Stafford.....Patricia Collinge
Hon. Sir Calverton Shipley.....Leslie Howard
George.....Geoffrey Kerr
The Marquis of Karnaby.....Fred Kerr

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Stafford Drawing Room, Fairview. An Evening in May. Act II. — The Same Next Afternoon. Act III. — The Stafford Garden. A Fortnight Later — Evening.

George (who may have been the Prince of Wales) "ditches" a dinner given him by the American Secretary of State in Washington and goes motoring through Virginia. With him is his old Eton chum, Calverton Shipley, who happens to know the Staffords of Fairview and stops to pay his respects. George, following Shipley into the house, meets Linda Lee Stafford, and thereupon refuses flatly to motor back to Washington. Not, at least, until the next day. It is love at first sight with Linda Lee and her prince, and he will gladly give up his royal job if she will say the word. But she knows that he belongs to his people and sends him back, knowing that all her life she will remember the thrill of his handclasp and be haunted by the smile in his eyes.

"THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER"

An adaption of the Mark Twain story by Amelie Rives in four acts, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Booth Theater, New York, November 1, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mistress Canty.....Mary Rehan
Nan Canty.....Madeleine King
John Canty.....Reginald Barlow
Tom Canty / Prince Edward.....Ruth Findlay
Hugh Gallard.....Lowden Adams
Princess Elizabeth.....Clare Eames
Sir Thomas Seymour.....John Anthony
A Guard.....Frank Howson
Mistress Margery Mallow.....Harda Daube
Francis.....Harold Webster
Ralph Hendon.....Walter Sherwin
The Earl of Hertford.....Montague Rutherford
Miles Hendon.....William Faversham
Hodge.....Frank Howson
A Landlord.....Philip Samson
Mad Anthony.....Cecil Yapp
Moll.....Gertrude Davis
Andy.....Harry Kittredge
Captain of Troopers.....Ernest Grant
Lord Crammer.....Alexander Loftus

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — The Canty Home in Offal Court. Scene 2 — Outside the King's Palace. Act II. — Scene 1 — A Street in London. Scene 2 — Miles Hendon's Lodging. Act III. — The Barn at Southwark. Act IV. — Scene 1 — A Hall in the Palace. Scene 2 — The Throne Room. Staged by William Faversham.

Beginning with the adventures of Tom Canty, the beggar's son, who likes to play at being a prince because folks have told him he looks enough like the heir apparent to be his brother, Tom escapes a beating by running away from Offal Court, finds himself outside the palace gates, and is invited in by the prince he so much resembles. Then the boys change places and the young prince, venturing into the city on a lark, has many thrilling experiences, being saved finally from rough treatment only by the bravery of Miles Hendon, the soldier, and returned to the palace just barely in time to save young Tom from being crowned a king.

"THE HALF MOON"

A musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by William Le Baron, music by Victor Jacobi, produced by Charles Dillingham at the Liberty Theater, New York, November 1, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Harkins ..... Herbert Sparling
Mrs. Francis Adams Jarvis ..... Edna May Oliver
Grace Bolton ..... Ivy Sawyer
Joe Beckett ..... Charles W. Lawrence
Anne ..... Virginia Shelby
Mary Bolton ..... May Thompson
John Copley Adams ..... William Ingersoll
Henry Hudson Hobson ..... Joseph Cawthorn
Bradford Adams ..... Oscar Shaw
Charlie Hobson ..... Joseph Santley
Estelle ..... Elaine Palmer
Maggie Green ..... Maude Eburne

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Garden of Hobson's House. Act II. — At Mr. Adams's, Brookline, Mass. Act III. — 36 Lower Fifth Avenue, New York. (Six Months Later.) Time — The Present. Staged by Fred G. Latham.

Henry Hudson Hobson, a Hollander grown rich in the provision business, is disgusted when his son, returned from France, is intent on marrying a snobbish daughter of the old *Mayflower* stock. He cuts the boy off at the pockets, but is finally won over when even this treatment fails to break up the romance.

"AFGAR"

A musical spectacle in two acts by Fred Thompson and Worton David, lyrics by Douglas Furher, music by Charles Cuvillier, produced by Comstock and Gest at the Central Theater, New York, November 8, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Wise Man of the East	Guy Collins
Don Juan, Jr.	Irving Beebe
Coucourli	Lupino Lane
Houssain	Paul Irving
Danasch	Guy Collins
Giafar	Philip Sheridan
Khasan	Glenn Gamble
Lord Afgar	W. H. Rawlins
Isilda	Frances Cameron
Messaouda	Violet Blythe
Hanifa	Fay Evelyn
Amina	Jean Caselle
Badoura	Jean Grey
Morgiana	Alyce Melzard
Belbali	Clara Burton
Seraphine	Vera Ruby
Marrima	Carolyn Reynolds
Zurudda	Lorette Lewis
Delona	Jacque Sage
Sylphine	Ana Miller
Antilas	Billie Dancha
Zaydee	Alice Delsia

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Courtyard of the Palace of the Moor, Afgar. Act II. — The Harem of the Palace. Staged by Frank Collins.

In a Moorish harem Don Juan, Jr., has been imprisoned within sight, but not within reach, of the ladies as a punishment for being too successfully flirtatious. Zaydee, the favorite of the harem, sympathizing with Juan, organizes a strike of the Harem Ladies' Union, their demands being the release of the prisoner, a shorter workday and one husband apiece. The strike wins and Don Juan is released in time for the finale.

"FRENCH LEAVE"

A comedy in three acts by Reginald Berkeley, produced by Marc Klaw, Inc., at the Belmont Theater, New York, November 8, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Corporal Sykes	Dallas Welford
Rifleman Jenks	Harry McNaughton
Mlle. Juliette	Mrs. Coburn

Madame Denaux.....Helen Tilden
Captain Harry Glenister.....Alexander Onslow
Brigadier-General, Achibald Root, C. B.....Chas. Coburn
Lieutenant George Graham.....Noel Tearle
M. Jules Marinier.....Arthur Klein

SYNOPSIS: Act. I. — Morning. Act II. — Evening. Act III. — Next Morning. Scene — The Mess Room of a Brigade Resting Out of the Line "Somewhere in France."

Dolly Glenister, wife of a captain in the English army, succeeds in making her way through the lines in France to the rest billet where her husband, as one of the divisional staff, is located. She is masquerading as the daughter of the Frenchwoman at whose house the general is staying. A clandestine meeting of the Glenisters is interrupted by the general, Dolly is suspected of being a spy, a court martial is ordered, and Captain Glenister seems likely to lose his commission. Learning the truth, and being charmed with Mrs. Glenister, the general relents and all is forgiven.

"THE MANDARIN"

A play in three acts and an epilogue by Herman Bernstein, produced by the Mandarin Play Producing Co., Inc., at the Princess Theater, New York, November 9, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Baron.....Brandon Tynan
The Artist.....Barry McCollum
The Man with Dog.....Cyril Raymond
The Painted Woman.....Edna M. Holland
The Stranger.....Mario Majeroni
The Servant.....Arthur Allen
The Model.....Louise Orth
The Lady.....Amy Dennis
The Opera Singer.....Halina Bruzovna
The Doctor.....Robert Tabor

SYNOPSIS: Prologue, Early Evening. Act I. — The Baron's Apartment Later That Evening. Act II. — Anteroom of a Box at the Opera. Act III. — Hotel Drawing Room of the Opera Singer. Epilogue — A Garden. Time — The Present. Place — Anywhere. Staged by W. H. Gilmore.

An unhappy baron, suffering a nervous breakdown, confesses to a stranger his desire to achieve happiness without a struggle. It can be done, promises the stranger, with the aid of a mandarin doll he recently has invented, a doll with supernatural powers of granting the possessor any wish he makes. The baron acquires the doll, which comes to life and offers to serve him as a faithful genii. The baron, wishing for the company of beautiful women, is soon surfeited with love and begins to realize that only the happiness that is earned by one's own effort is worth the having.

He seeks to be rid of the mandarin, and finds that, having once placed himself in his power, he is tied to him for life. He seeks to strangle his tormentor and recovers momentarily from his delusion. He is a patient in a sanitarium, and all the characters who have peopled his delirium are his fellow patients.

"HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

A play in three acts by Bernard Shaw, produced by the Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theater, New York, November 10, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ellie Dunn ..... Elizabeth Risdon
Nurse Guinness ..... Helen Westley
Captain Shotover ..... Albert Perry
Lady Utterword ..... Lucille Watson
Hesione Hushabye ..... Effie Shannon
Mazzini Dunn ..... Erskine Sanford
Hector Hushabye ..... Fred Eric
Boss Mangan ..... Dudley Digges
Randall Utterword ..... Ralph Roeder
The Burglar ..... Henry Travers

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Early Evening. Act II. — After Dinner. Act III. — Later the Same Night. The Action of the Play Takes Place in Captain Shotover's Garden in Sussex. Staged by Dudley Digges.

Into the home of Captain Shotover, known as Heartbreak House, there wander representatives of the varying social strata of England — the England that did not know how to live and found, when the test of the great war came, "that all that was left to it was the boast that at least it knew how to die. Thus were the first born of 'Heartbreak House' smitten, and the young, the innocent, and the hopeful expiated the folly and worthlessness of their elders." They all speak their minds on a variety of English themes, and the war, symbolized by a bombing airplane, leaves them stunned but basically unchanged.

"THY NAME IS WOMAN"

A play in four acts by Carl Schoner and Benjamin F. Glazer, produced by William A. Brady at the Playhouse, New York, November 15, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

A Woman ..... Mary Nash
A Man ..... Jose Ruben
A Soldier ..... Curtis Cooksey
A Frontier Guard ..... Edwin Maynard

The scene is laid in a tanner's house on the top of a mountain in the Spanish Pyrennees. The story is told in four episodes. Staged by Jose Ruben.

Pedro, living with his wife in a cabin on the top of a mountain in the Spanish Pyrenees, is a tanner by day and a smuggler by night. Thinking to trap him, the commandant of a neighboring military post sends a handsome soldier to make love to Guerita, his wife, which he does so successfully Guerita is willing to sacrifice her older and more anemic mate and fly with her lover. The husband, discovering the plot, kills the wife and is arrested by the authorities.

"SAMSON AND DELILAH"

A tragi-comedy in three acts by Sven Lange, translated by Samuel S. Grossman, produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Greenwich Village Theater, New York, November 17, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Peter Krumback ..... Ben-Ami
Dagmar Krumback ..... Pauline Lord
Sophus Meyers ..... Robert T. Haines
Laura ..... Marie Bruce
Munson ..... Thomas Meegan
The Director ..... Edward G. Robinson
Kristensen ..... Samuel Jaffe
Dukar ..... Robert Harrison
Pila ..... Stella Larrimore
Milka ..... Olga Olonova
Lundberg ..... Manart Kippen
Nagel ..... Alexis M. Polianov
Olson ..... Jacob Kingsberry
Frederick ..... A. W. Reno

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Home of the Krumbacks. Act II. — The Stage of the Thalia Theater During Rehearsal. Act III. — The Home of the Krumbacks. Staged by Arthur Hopkins.

Peter Krumback, a young poet dramatist, has written an allegorical drama called "Samson and Delilah" in which Art, as represented by Samson, is betrayed by the Theater (Delilah) to the Philistines (the public). His wife, Dagmar, who is secretly in love with Sophus Meyers, a furniture dealer, is to play Delilah. At the rehearsal of the play Peter, dissatisfied with the actor assigned to the role of Samson, reads the part himself and is much thrilled by the passion with which Dagmar reads her lines — until he discovers that she is playing over his head to Sophus, her Philistine lover. Disillusioned and hurt, Peter attacks Sophus and later, securing a revolver with the

intention of killing the guilty lovers, weakens at the thought of taking a human life, and sends a bullet into his own head.

"JIMMIE"

A musical comedy in three acts by Otto Harback, Arthur Hammerstein 2d, and Frank Mandel, music by Herbert Stothart, produced by Arthur Hammerstein at the Apollo Theater, New York, November 17, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Vincenzo Carlotti	Paul Porcasi
Madame Gambetti	Dee Loretta
Beatrice	Hattie Burks
Jimmie	Frances White
Tom O'Brien	Don Borroughs
Milton Blum	Harry Delf
Jacob Blum	Ben Welch
Jerry O'Brien	Howard Truesdell
Watkins	Tom O'Hare
A Dancer	Rita Owin
A Violinist	Irwin Rossa
Peters	Peter Mott
Henri	Raymond E. Oswald
Giuseppi	Jack Heisler
Antonio	George Clifford
Wanda Holmes	Betty Marshall
Rose	Mary Jane
Henrietta	Helen Neff
Blanche	Tess Mayer

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Private Dining Room above Carlotti's Restaurant. Afternoon. Scene 2 — Carlotti's Restaurant Evening. Act II. — Jacob Blum's Home. Eight Months Later. Act III. — Apartment of "The Little Gray Kitten." A Year Later.

Jimmie is the long-lost daughter of Jacob Blum. Knowing that she is to inherit a fortune, the Italian restaurant keeper who has brought her up substitutes his own daughter for Blum's daughter, a plot that is discovered in time to prevent Jimmie, who has become a successful cabaret singer, losing her inheritance.

"DADDY DUMPLINS"

A comedy-drama in three acts by George Barr McCutcheon and Earl Carroll, produced by Earl Carroll at the Republic Theater, New York, November 22, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Henry Daniel Dumplins	Maclyn Arbuckle
Sydney Danks	Percy Moore
Richard Watson	Louis Kimball

Florence ..... Florence Flinn
Alexander Napoleon ..... Andrew Lawlor, Jr.
Marie Louise ..... Helen Chandler
Percival Wilberforce ..... Gardner Lawlor
Harold ..... Leland Chandler
Betsy ..... Elizabeth Gulick
Rosemary ..... Georgine Haldorn
Ginger ..... By Himself
Dubbs ..... Isidore Marcil
Maurice ..... Franklyn Hanna
MacPherson ..... Dan Dawson
Eric ..... Percy Richards
Lizzie ..... Olive May
Stokes ..... Madeline Murphy
Quinn ..... Frances Murray
Priscilla Penn ..... Anna MacIntyre
Delia ..... Mary Crane
Lucindy ..... Betty Rutland
First Officer ..... Thomas Carey
Second Officer ..... Frank Hall
Matron ..... Margaret Donna

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Reception Hall of Mr. Dumplins' Country Estate. Christmas Eve. Act II. — Reception Hall of Mr. Dumplins' Country Estate. The following June. Act III. — Reception Hall of Mr. Dumplins' New York Apartment. Six Months Later. Staged by Earl Carroll.

Henry Dumplins, a fat and amiable bookkeeper, inheriting a fortune from his employer, proceeds to devote it to the care and upbringing of seven adopted orphans. The employer's son contests his father's will, and when the court takes the fortune away "Daddy Dumplins" is forced to send the children back to the home from which he has taken them. Then the son relents, the money comes back and Daddy's family is reunited on Christmas eve.

"WHEN WE ARE YOUNG"

A comedy in three acts by Kate L. McLaurin, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Broadhurst Theater, New York, November 22, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carey Harper ..... Henry Hull
Annie Laurie Brown ..... Alma Tell
Sam ..... George Marion
Robert Jamison ..... Frank Monroe
Mrs. Tanner ..... Grace Reals
Marcet Blair ..... Helen Gillmore
Halcyon Day ..... Dorothy Day
Leo Martin ..... Oliver Hall

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Carey Harper's Library in Mrs. Tanner's House. Afternoon. Act II. — Same. One Week Later. Evening. Act III. — Mrs. Tanner's Basement Sitting Room. A few days later. Staged by Edward Elsner.

Carey Harper is a rich young man who insists on wasting the fortune he has inherited and refuses to go to work when he loses it. He had rather commit suicide. But in a New York boarding house he meets Annie Brown, a honest shop girl, who inspires him with an ambition to amount to something. He accepts a job shoveling snow in the streets and, through work and a recovered joy of life, is completely regenerated in the last act.

"ROLLO'S WILD OAT"

A comedy in two acts and an interlude by Clare Kummer, produced at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, November 23, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hewston.....Ivan Simpson
Lydia.....Marjorie Kummer
Rollo Webster.....Roland Young
Mr. Stein.....Dore Davidson
Goldie MacDuff.....Lotus Robb
Mrs. Park Gales.....Edythe Tressider
Whortley Campderdown.....J. Palmer Collins
Thomas Skitterling.....Manuel A. Alexander
George Lucas.....Stanley Howlett
Aunt Lane.....Grace Peters
Horatio Webster.....J. M. Kerrigan
Bella.....Elinor Cox

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Rollo's Studio, Central Park West, New York City. Time — Twelve o'Clock on a Morning in Early Spring. Scene 2 — The Same, the Following Evening. INTERLUDE — Scene 1 — Rollo's Dressing Room, the Oddity Theater. Scene 2. On the Stage, That Very Moment. Act II. — Scene 1 — Sitting Room. Grandfather Webster's Home, Shelbrooke. Two Hours Later. Scene 2 — The Same, the Following Morning. Staged by W. L. Gilmore.

Rollo Webster, slightly eccentric, has a consuming ambition to play Hamlet. Escaping the restraining influences of his family, he spends his own money in engaging a company, hiring a theater and in staging a production of the tragedy. His Ophelia is Goldie McDuff, who would have been a success in a midnight frolic if she could only keep awake after twelve o'clock. The night of the performance word reaches the theater that Rollo's grandfather has died and Goldie, convinced the young man should be told, walks boldly into his best scene and breaks up the show. His butler is obliged to go on and finish the performance. It is discovered later that grandfather is only fooling Rollo to keep him off the stage. The boy decides to quit and marry Goldie.

"THE BROKEN WING"

A comedy-drama in four acts by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard, produced at the Forty-eighth Street Theater, New York, November 29, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

General Panfilo Aguilar.....Louis Wolheim
Basilio.....Joseph Spurin
Sylvester Cross.....George Abbott
Quichita.....Mary Worth
Inez Villera.....Inez Plummer
Luther Farley.....Henry Duggan
Captain Innocencio Dos Santos.....Alphonz Ethier
Jerry Waldron.....Walter F. Scott
Philip Marvin.....Charles Trowbridge
Marco.....George Spelvin
Cecelia.....Myrtle Tanehill
Babe Sundance.....By Himself

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Living Room at Farley's Home in Mexico. Later Afternoon. Act II. — The Patio of Farley's Home. Next Morning. Act III. — The Same. One Month Later. Afternoon. Act IV. — The Same. Later. Play Staged by Paul Dickey.

Inez Villera, a little Mexican girl, brought up by an American rancher in Mexico, prays for a "gringo husband" and believes the Lord has sent her one when Philip Marvin of New York comes crashing through the roof of her foster father's house in an airplane. Philip, who loses his memory in the crash, proves a romantic convalescent and falls desperately in love with Inez. A plotting Mexican bandit attempts to hold him for ransom, but is outwitted by the American secret service, and after Philip has recovered his memory he flies away to America with Inez in his rehabilitated airplane.

"THE YOUNG VISITORS"

A burletta in three acts dramatized by Mrs. George Norman and Margaret MacKenzie from the book by Daisy Ashford, produced by William A. Brady at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York, November 29, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Daisy Ashford.....Grace Doughtery
Ethel Monticue.....Marie Goff
Mr. Salteena.....Herbert Yost
Rosalind.....Ruby Gordan
Railway Porter.....Albert Shrubb

Footman	F. Serano Keating
Horace	Robert Brott
Charles	Bernard Savage
Minnit	Charles Hanna
Bernard Clark	Harold Anstruther
Railway Policeman	Wilfrid Cawthorne
Lady in Pay Desk	Peggy Harvey
Procurio	Frank Hollins
The Earl of Clincham	Lionel Pape
1st Menial	Stewart Kemp
2nd Menial	Roswell Lowry
The Prince	Leslie Palmer
The Earl of Tullyvarden	Marvin Rapp
The Archduchess of Greenwich	Mary Haswell
Lady Helena Herring	Kathleen Andrus
Lady Gay Finchling	Josephine Bernard
A Duchess	Florence Burdett
Bessie Topp	Fredericka Greville
A Stray Lady	Ruby Gordon

Staged by John Cromwell.

A literal staging of the novel written by nine-year old Daisy Ashford, in which are shown the adventures of Ethel Monticue, who goes to London with Mr. Salteena to enjoy the "gayety of the city," meets Bernard Clark, attends a levee at Buckingham Palace, and is finally wooed and won by Bernard.

"CORNERED"

A comedy-drama in four acts by Dodson Mitchell, produced by Henry W. Savage at the Astor Theater, New York, December 8, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Nick	Morgan Coman
Jerry	Edward Fielding
Sing Hi	Charles Tong
Lola Mulvaney	Nettie Bourne
Mary Brennan	Madge Kennedy
Flanagan	Joseph V. Tullar
Rose	Natalie Manning
Mrs. Wells	Amelia Gardner
Frank	Elmer Cornell
Margaret Waring	Madge Kennedy
George Wells	Leslie Austen
Leontine	Therese Quadri
Brewster	Robert Forsyth
Casey	Thomas Gunn
Updike	Tom Walsh
Dr. Emerson	Charles Esdale
Smithson	Timothy Kane
Maid	Edna May
Miss Watson	Edith Ford

SYNOPSIS: Act I.—The Pekin Pleasure Club. Act II. — Margaret Waring's boudoir, 82d Street. Two Weeks Later. Act III.—The Same. Twenty Minutes Later. Act IV.—The Same. Next Morning. Place—New York. Time—The Present. Staged by John McKee.

Mary Brennan, reared in crookdom, tries "going straight" on a shopgirl's salary, grows discouraged and disgusted when the floorwalker pinches her, quits her job and is lured back to the old life on the promise of her pals that they "will turn one more trick and quit." Mary looks enough like Margaret Waring, a rich young society woman, to be her twin sister and agrees to impersonate Miss Waring during the latter's absence and help her crook friends rob the Waring safe. In the Waring house she is able to fool the servants and all goes well until Miss Waring unexpectedly returns and is shot by one of the crooks. Failing to make her escape, Mary is effectively "cornered" and forced to go on impersonating Miss Waring during the latter's convalescence. Then she confesses and it is discovered that the girls are, in fact, twin sisters who were separated in their infancy during a wreck at sea.

"LADY BILLY"

A musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Zelda Sears, music by Harold A. Levey, presented by Henry W. Savage at the Liberty Theater, New York, December 14, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tom	Harry Lang
Dick	Lawrence Lee
Harry	Harry R. Webster
George	Ted Weller
Joe	Mack Kennedy
Anastasia Kosiankowski	Beatrice Constance
Bateson	Sydney Greenstreet
Mrs. Wallingford-Butler-Daventry	Jean Newcombe
Eloise	Josephine Adair
Lucia	Marion Barton
Elsie	Billie Wedgewood
Gladys	Harriet Arnold
Helen	Willa Renard
Hildred	Helen Halpren
Muriel	Betty Diggett
Mildred	Estella Birney
Edith	Gwendoline Lamb
Señor Manuel Montijo	Arthur Uttry
Mlle. Vicrica	Beatrice Collenette
Slavaka	Babe Stanton
Gaska	Eleanor Livingston

Mariaska ..... Anita Monroe
Vaska ..... Helen Paine
Countess Antonia Celestina-Elizabeth-Selana-Wilhelmina of Pardove (Billy Master) ..... Mitzi
John Smith ..... Boyd Marshall
Alphonse ..... Charles Gay

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Castle of the Countess — Rumania. Act II. — Studio of Madame Kosiankowski, Greenwich Village. Three Months Later. Act III. — John Smith's Apartment — Downtown. Same Evening. Staged by John McKee.

The Countess Antonia of Pardove, being something of a cut-up, is in the habit of dressing herself up in boy's things and pretending to the tourists who visit her castle that she is the son of the gardener. Being an impoverished countess, she finds it necessary to piece out a living by exhibiting her castle, which is well advertised throughout the Balkan country as being haunted. On occasion "Lady Billy" appears as the "ghost" to keep the rumors spreading. An American engineer, working in the vicinity, takes a great fancy to "the gardener's son" and advises him to go to America as a boy soprano. Lady Billy, knowing that she is at the end of her resources, and knowing, too, that she loves the American, follows this advice, with the result that in the last act she gets back into skirts and marries the engineer.

"MIXED MARRIAGE"

A tragedy in four acts by St. John Ervine, produced at the Bramhall Playhouse, New York, December 14, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Rainey ..... Augustin Duncan
Mrs. Rainey ..... Margaret Wycherly
Hugh Rainey ..... Rollo Peters
Tom Rainey ..... Barry McCollum
Micky O'Hara ..... Harmon MacGregor
Nora Murray ..... Angela McCahill

John Rainey, an honest Orangeman, is led, through the importunings of his friends and fellow workmen, to take the leadership of a strike of workmen in Belfast and serve as peacemaker. The masters have been trying, the workmen believe, to inject the religious issue into the strike, to set Catholic against Protestant, in the hope of dividing the men. Rainey fights bigotry with all the enthusiasm of a newly aroused zealot — until he discovers that his son has engaged himself to marry a

Catholic girl. At this his rage knows no bounds. He turns bigot himself, denounces the strike as a Papish plot, and throws the city into a succession of riots, during one of which the son's fiancée is shot by the soldiers.

"SALLY"

A musical comedy in three acts; book by Guy Bolton, lyrics by Clifford Grey, music by Jerome Kern and Victor Herbert, produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the New Amsterdam Theater, New York, December 21, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

"Pops" ..... Alfred P. James
Rosalind Rafferty ..... Mary Hay
Sascha ..... Jacques Rebiroff
Otis Hooper ..... Walter Catlett
Mrs. Ten Broek ..... Dolores
Sally ..... Marilynn Miller
"Connie" ..... Leon Errol
Colonel Travers ..... Phil Ryley
Blair Farquar ..... Irving Fisher
Jimmie Hooper ..... Stanley Ridges
"Babe" ..... Alta King
Fluff ..... Betty Williams
Tot ..... Barbara Dean
Kitty ..... Vivian Vernon
Pickles ..... Gladys Montgomery
Bobby ..... Mary McDonald
Richard Farquar ..... Frank Kingdon
Billy Porter ..... Wade Boothe
Harry Burton ..... Jack Barker
Ivan ..... Earl Barroy

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Elm Tree Alley Inn. Act II. — The Garden of Richard Blair's Home. Act III. — Scene 1 — Sally's Dressing Room. Before the Performance. Scene 2 — The Ballet in The Follies. Scene 3 — Sally's Dressing Room. After the Performance. Scene 4 — The Church 'Round the Corner. Staged by Edward Royce.

Sally is a poor girl who comes searching for a job as a dish-washer in a Greenwich Village restaurant. Serving in the same restaurant as a waiter is a Balkan duke. On one of the duke's Thursdays off a Long Island millionaire gives a garden party in his honor, at which Sally substitutes for the prima ballerina, who fails to arrive. This leads to her engagement for the "Ziegfeld Follies." It also puts the duke in the way of meeting Dolores, the favorite model, and she takes him out of the restaurant business.

"MARY ROSE"

A fantasy in three acts by Sir James M. Barrie, produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theater, New York, December 22, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Otery ..... Ada King
Harry ..... Tom Nesbitt
Mr. Morland ..... O. B. Clarence
Mrs. Morland ..... Winifred Fraser
Rev. George Amy ..... A. S. Homewood
Mary Rose ..... Ruth Chatterton
Simon Blake ..... Tom Nesbitt
Cameron ..... Guy Buckley

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Home of the Morlands. Scene 1 — As It Is To-day. Scene 2 — As It Used to Be. Act II. — The Island. Act III. — The Home of the Morlands. Scene 1 — As It Used to Be. Scene 2 — As It Is To-day. The action of the play, which covers a period of over thirty years, passes between a small manor house in Sussex and an island in the outer Hebrides. Staged by Iden Payne.

See page 196.

"DEBURAU"

A tragi-comedy in four acts adapted by Granville Barker from the French by Sacha Guitry, produced by David Belasco at the Belasco Theater, New York, December 23, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jean-Gaspard Deburau ..... Lionel Atwill
Marie Duplessis ..... Elsie Mackay
Monsieur Bertrand ..... Bernard A. Reinold
Robillard ..... Hubert Druce
Laurent ..... Joseph Herbert
Laplace ..... Rowland Buckstone
Justine ..... Margot Kelly
Madame Rebard ..... Pauline Merriam
Clara ..... Marie Bryar
Honorine ..... Isabel Leighton
Clement ..... Edmund Gurney
The "Barker" ..... Sidney Toler
The Money Taker ..... Helen Reimer
The Unknown Lady ..... Lylia Burnand
A Journalist ..... St. Clair Bayfield
The Lady with the Lorgnette ..... Eden Gray
Madame Rabouin ..... Rose Coghlan
The Young Man ..... John Roche
Maid ..... Sallie Bergman
Master Charles ..... Georgie Ryan
Charles Deburau ..... Morgan Farley
A Doctor ..... John L. Shine
The Promoter ..... Fred Bickel
Scene Shifter ..... Robert Roland

Staged by David Belasco.

See page 19.

"MISS LULU BETT"

A comedy in three acts by Zona Gale, produced by Brock Pemberton at the Belmont Theater, New York, December 27, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Monona Deacon.....Lois Shore
Dwight Herbert Deacon.....William E. Holden
Ina Deacon.....Catherine Calhoun Doucet
Lulu Bett.....Carroll McComas
Bobby Larkin.....Jack Bohn
Mrs. Bett.....Louise Closser Hale
Diana Deacon.....Beth Varden
Neil Cornish.....Willard Robertson
Ninian Deacon.....Brigham Royce

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — The Deacon's Dining Room. Scene 2 — The Same. Ten Days Later. Act II. — Scene 1 — The Deacon's Front Porch. A Month Later. Scene 2 — The Same. The Following Evening. Scene 3 — The Same. A Week Later. Act III. — Cornish's Music Store. Time — The Present. Place — The Middle-class. Staged by Brock Pemberton.

In the household of Dwight and Ina Deacon, middle-west, middle-class, small-town folks, Lulu Bett, Mrs. Deacon's spinster sister, works practically for her board and keep. Ninian Deacon, a "worldly" man, visits his brother Dwight and a little patronizingly makes up to Lulu. This greatly amuses the Deacons and in a spirit of levity Dwight Deacon solemnly reads a part of the civil-marriage ceremony to them and they as solemnly answer him. Then Dwight suddenly remembers that, being the village magistrate, Lulu and Ninian are, in effect, legally married. Ninian, being "game," takes Lulu on a wedding tour to Savannah, Georgia. They are there a month when he suddenly remembers that he already has one wife somewhere in Seattle. Lulu returns to the Deacons and drudgery, frankly, defiantly glad of her marital adventure, unfortunate though it was. Exasperated by the attitude of her relatives, she is about to leave the Deacons when Ninian returns with proof that his first wife is dead, and Lulu is triumphant.

"HER FAMILY TREE"

A musical comedy in two acts by Al Weeks and "Bugs" Baer, produced by Nora Bayes at the Lyric Theater, New York, December 27, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Nora Bayes
Florence Morrison
Jerome Bruner
Al. Roberts
Thelma Carlton
Randall Sisters

Julius Tannen	Frank Morgan
Una Fleming	Allan Edwards
Donald Sawyer	Henriette Wilson
Tom Bryan	Betty Stewart
Ray Vance	Dudley Wilkinson

Earl Mossman

Staged by Hassard Short.

"PASSING SHOW OF 1921"

A revue in two acts and twenty-six scenes by Harold Atteridge, music by Jean Schwartz, produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Winter Garden, New York, December 29, 1920.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Willie and Eugene Howard	Rosalie Mellette
Marie Dressler	Johnny Berkes
Harry Watson	Helen Mellette
Ina Hayward	Emily Miles
Janet Adair	Grace Keeshon
Irving O'Hay	Ruth Mills
Dolly Hackett	Harold Murray

Theo Zambouni

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA"

An operetta in three acts by Mr. Gay and Frederick Austin, produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Greenwich Village Theater, New York, December 27, 1920.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Peachum	Arthur Wynn
Lockit	Charles Magrath
Macheath	Percy Heming
Filch	Alfred Heather
The Beggar	William Eville
Drawer	C. C. Lewis
Mrs. Peachum	Lena Maitland
Polly Peachum	Sylvia Nelis
Lucy Lockit	Dora Roseli
Jenny Diver	Nonny Lock
Diana Trapes	Edith Bartlett

Macheath's Gang; Women of the Town

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Peachum's House. Act II. — Scene 1 — A Tavern. Near Newgate. Scene 2 — Newgate. Act III. — Scene 1 — A Street. Scene 2 — Newgate. Scene 3 — The Condemn'd Hold. Period 1728.

A revival of an eighteenth-century "hit," written by John Gay. Imported with its English cast following a considerable success in London. Its American reception was but lukewarm.

"DIFF'RENT"

A drama in two acts by Eugene O'Neill, produced by the Provincetown Players at the Princess Theater, New York, February 4, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Captain Caleb Williams	James Light
Emma Crosby	Mary Blair
Jack Crosby	Eugene Lincoln
Captain John Crosby	Alan MacAteer
Mrs. Crosby	Alice Rostetter
Harriet Williams	Elizabeth Brown
Alfred Rogers	Iden Thompson
Benny Rogers	Charles Ellis

Emma Crosby, engaged to marry Captain Caleb Williams, learns on the eve of their wedding that the captain, instead of being "diff'rent" from other men, as she believed, has had his affairs with the native girls of the south seas. She breaks her engagement and for thirty years she fights against the mating instinct of her sex. Then she weakly and pathetically throws herself at the head of the town rounder. Captain Caleb, overhearing her confession of love to the youth, hangs himself, and Emma, feeling responsible for the tragedy of both their lives, also resorts to self-destruction by way of expiation.

"THE CHAMPION"

A farcial comedy in three acts, by Thomas Louden and A. E. Thomas, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Longacre Theater, New York, January 3, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jane Burroughs	Lucy Beaumont
Mary Burroughs	Rosalind Fuller
John Burroughs	Arthur Elliott
George Burroughs	Frank Westerton
David Burroughs	Gerald Hamer
Lady Elizabeth Galton	Ann Andrews
Lord Brockington	Gordon Burby
William Burroughs	Grant Mitchell
Antoinette	Desiree Stempel

Simmons.....Robert Williamson
Mr. Mooney.....Robert Lee Allen
Mr. Coykendall.....Harold Howard
Earl of Chuffleigh.....Horace Cooper
Marquis of Harroween.....Robert Ayrton
Baron Halloway.....Henry Warwick
Mayor of Knotley.....A. P. Kaye
Frank Smith.....Tom Williams

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Late Afternoon. Act II. — The Following Morning. Act III. — A Few Days Later. The Action of the Play Occurs at the Present Time in the Living Room of the Burroughs Home in the Small Town of Knotley, England. Staged by Sam Forrest.

William Burroughs, having run away from his English home, settles in America and, as "Gunboat Williams," wins the lightweight pugilistic championship of the world. Retiring from the ring, he goes in for politics and is elected to Congress. Eight years later he revisits his old home in England. His father is still bitter, and when he learns of the prize-fighting career, is about to disown his son a second time. But the society of the neighborhood makes a hero of the "champion" and the snobbish father's resentment turns to pride. Burroughs gorges on fatted calf and wins the aristocratic Lady Elizabeth as a bride.

"ERMINIE"

A comic opera in three acts, book and lyrics by Harry Paulton, with revisions by Marc Connolly, music by Jakobowski, produced under the direction of George C. Tyler and William Farnum at the Park Theater, New York, January 3, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Cadeux.....Francis Wilson
Ravennes.....De Wolf Hopper
Marquis de Pomvert.....Francis Lieb
Chevalier de Brabazon.....Alexander Clark
Eugene Marcel.....Warren Proctor
Captain Delauney.....Madge Lessing
Dufois.....Richard Malchien
Simon.....Adrian Morgan
Vicomte de Brissac.....E. John Kennedy
Sergeant.....John H. Reed
Benedict.....John E. Douglas
Erminie.....Irene Williams
Princess de Gramponeur.....Jennie Weathersby
Cerise Marcel.....Alice Hanlon
Marie.....Angela Warde
Javotte.....Rosamond Whiteside

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Courtyard of the Lion d'Or. Act II. — The Ballroom. Act III. — The Corridor. Staged by Charles C. Fais.

"TRANSPLANTING JEAN"

A French comedy in three acts by de Flers and Caillavets, adapted by Hallem Thompson, produced under the direction of Arthur Byron and Benjamin H. Marshall at the Cort Theater, New York, January 3, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Jeannette Aubrin	Winifred Anglin
Jean Bernard	Richard Barbee
Bigoire	George Gaston
Aubrin	Jess Sidney
Catherine	Evelyn Chard
Naima Duval	Margaret Lawrence
Comte de Larsac	Arthur Byron
Charmeuil	George Graham
Abbe Jocas	Forrest Robinson
Pierre	Albert Marsh
Madeleine	Katherine Standing
Lucy Ramsey	Olga Lee
Vervier	John Moree
Madame Melcourt	Kathryn Keys

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Living Room in the House of Jean Bernard, Village of Lannemezan, in Languedoc, Foothills of the Pyrenees. Act II. — A Room in the House Comte de Larsac, Paris. Act III. — Same as Act I. Staged by Arthur Byron.

The Comte de Larsac, grown old and a little tired at forty-three, determines to "retire" from the boulevards and become a respected and useful citizen. First he will legitimatize his natural son, a lad of twenty, who has been brought up by a farmer's family in the Pyrennes. He finds the boy engaged to an attractive girl visiting a neighboring farm. Meeting the girl, the comte gradually comes to realize that he is in love with her himself, and she with him. He seeks honestly to withdraw, but the girl calls him back, and the son, Jean — who was to have been transplanted to Paris — elects to remain in the Pyrenees with another sweetheart.

"PAGANS"

A tragedy in three acts by Charles Anthony, produced by Max R. Wilner and S. Romberg at the Princess Theater, New York, January 4, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bill Pratt	Harold Vermilye
James Barlow	Frederic Burt
Doctor Gregory	David Glassford
Elise Northcote	Regina Wallace

Mrs. Judith Macknight.....Alice Fischer
Mme. Morelli.....Helen Ware
Richard Northcote.....Joseph Shildkraut

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Richard Northcote's Studio, New York, November. Act II. — One Week Later. Act III. — The Same Night. Staged by Bertram Harrison.

Richard Northcote, artist, meets and loves Sylvia in Paris. When she refuses to marry him he marries Elsie, who happens to be the first girl offering to cure him of his hurt. Elsie is loving but impossible, and Richard is slowly dying when his physician sends for Sylvia to save him. Sylvia has become a great opera singer, yet she is willing to give up her career to save her lover's genius to the world. Elsie, however, is unwilling to turn Richard over to her, begging pitifully for a second chance. Sylvia reluctantly withdraws and Richard dies.

"WAKE UP, JONATHAN!"

A comedy in three acts by Hatcher Hughes and Elmer L. Rice, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Henry Miller Theater, New York, January 17, 1921.

Jonathan Blake.....Charles Dalton
Marion Blake.....Mrs. Fiske
Helen Blake.....Helen Holt
Junior Blake.....Frank Hearn
Peggy Blake.....Lois Bartlett
Chippy Blake.....Nadia Gary
Bernard Randall.....Donald Cameron
Douglas Brent.....Fleming Ward
Adam West.....Howard Lang
Jean Picard.....Freddie Goodrow
Jennie.....Edith Fitzgerald

SYNOPSIS: Prologue — A Roadside in the Country. Five o'Clock on Christmas Eve. Acts I., II., and III. — The Living Room in Mrs. Blake's House, Near a Village, on the Same Evening. A Moment's Interval Between Acts I. and II., an Hour Between Acts II. and III. Staged by Harrison Grey Fiske.

Jonathan Blake, a captain of industry with a genius for making money, but none for making love, finds himself at fifty the homeless husband and father of a family. For ten years Marion Blake, his wife, has refused to live with him. Now he seeks a reconciliation. He discovers, to his dismay, that his children regard him as a sort of two-legged bear and that he

cannot even bribe them into loving him. The sort of father they prefer is Adam West, an unsuccessful literary man, who, as a boy, had been Jonathan's rival for Marion's hand. Now Adam is back from the war and visiting the Blakes. Jonathan tries first to bluster, then to bribe his way back to his rightful place in his neglected family, but is finally forced to confess his failure. Then he is put on probation.

"DEAR ME"

A light comedy in four acts by Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton, produced by John Golden at the Republic Theater, New York, January 17, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Wilbur Oglevie	J. K. Hutchinson
Herbert Lawton	George N. Price
Robert Jackson	George Spelvin
Gordon Peck	Mart E. Heisey
Joseph Renard	Robert Fischer
Mrs. Carney	Camilla Crume
April Blair	Grace La Rue
Anthony Turner	James G. Morton
Edgar Craig	Hale Hamilton
Shelly Willard	Max Frick
Manny Bean	Robert Lowe
Clarence	T. Kodama
Dudley Quail	Baker Moore
Maid	Eula Guy
A Pianist	Wm. Conway

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Amos Prentice Home for Artistic and Literary Failures. Act II. — A Studio, New York City. A Year Later. (Curtain lowered to denote lapse of ten days.) Act III. — Scene 1 — A Theater Dressing Room. Scene 2 — An Apartment. Staged by Winchell Smith.

April Blair, who had a passion for writing herself letters addressed "Dear Me," was living at the Amos Prentice Home for Artistic and Literary Failures with her father when her father died. April stayed on as a sort of maid-of-all-work. Comes a new inmate one day who is seedy, but young. He takes an interest in April, also in the home. Before he is through, and without anyone's knowing why, he establishes April as a musical-comedy star and all the other failures as successful men. Then he reveals himself as the son of the man who established the home. Also he marries April.

"THE GREEN GODDESS"

A melodrama in four acts by William Archer, produced by Winthrop Ames at the Booth Theater, New York, January 18, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Raja of Rukh.....George Arliss
Watkins.....Ivan F. Simpson
Major Antony Crespin.....Herbert Waring
Lucilla.....Olive Wyndham
Dr. Basil Traherne.....Cyril Keightley
Lieut. Denis Cardew.....Herbert Ransome
The High Priest.....David A. Leonard
The Temple Priest.....Ronald Colman
An Ayah.....Helen Nowell

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Temple Thursday Afternoon. Act II. — A Room in the Raja's Palace Thursday Evening. Act III. — The Raja's Snuggery. Friday Morning. Act IV. — The Pavilion. Saturday Evening. Place — A Remote Region Beyond the Himalayas. Staged by Winthrop Ames.

See page 124.

"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

A comedy in three acts by Oscar Wilde, revived by Butler Davenport at the Bramhall Playhouse, New York, January, 20, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Worthing J. P.....Butler Davenport
Algernon Moncrieff.....Edwin Strawbridge
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D.D.....Frank B. Hollins
Merriman.....Alvin Dexter
Lane.....J. Cleaneay Mathews
Lady Bracknell.....Charlotte Granville
Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax.....Helen Link
Cecily Cardew.....Eleanor Martin
Miss Prism.....Mabel Frenyear

An unimportant revival of the Oscar Wilde comedy.

"JOHN HAWTHORNE"

A tragedy in three acts by David Liebovits, produced by the Theater Guild at the Garrick Theater, New York, January 24, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Henry Smart.....Eugene Ordway
Joe Phoenix.....Robert Babcock
Laura Smart.....Muriel Starr
Ace Rogers.....Edgar Stehli

Jim Farrell.....Philip Wood
George.....George Frenger
John Hawthorne.....Warren Kreck
1st Acrobat.....William Franklin
2nd Acrobat.....Bert Young
Judge Harlan.....Franklyn Hana
A Man.....Jacob Weiser
Helen Macey.....Lian Stephana
A Girl.....Camile Pastorfield
Another Girl.....Sara Pierrin
Phil Boyerson.....Edgar Kent
Staged by Philip Moeller.

John Hawthorne, a young atheist, employed on the farm owned by a tight-fisted religious fanatic, finds himself in love with his employer's wife. Either he must run away from temptation or stay and suffer the stings of unrequited love. He stays, and, being discovered by the husband, kills him. He buries the body in the cellar, but when the law begins to close in he makes a run for the hills, taking the guilty wife with him. The woman turns again to her religion and tries to convert her lover. When she sees it can't be done she turns him over to the authorities with the promise that she and God will forgive him.

"IN THE NIGHT WATCH"

A melodrama in three acts by Michael Morton, adapted from Farrere and Nepoty's "La Veille d'Armes," produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Theater, New York, January 29, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lieutenant Brambourg.....Cyril Scott
Alice Perlet.....Margaret Dale
Eugenie de Corlaix.....Jeanne Eagels
Lieutenant-Commander Dulec.....Paget Hunter
Commander Fargasson.....Knox Orde
Lieutenant d'Artelle.....Edmund Lowe
Captain de Corlaix.....Robert Warwick
Chief Engineer Birodat.....Robert Thorne
Surgeon Ribot.....Harold de Becker
Dagorne.....B. Huntingdon
Le Duc.....Max Figman
Clerk of the Court.....Kenneth Lawton
Commander Mowbray.....Maclyn Arbuckle
Captain de l'Estissac.....John Webster
Rear Admiral de Lutzen.....Walter Walker
Rear Admiral de Challemont.....J. Morrison
Rear Admiral de Loubat.....Jefferson Murray

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The French Fleet Mobilized on the Eve of War in the Harbor of Toulon. Act II. — The *Alma* at Sea. The Same Night. Scene 1 — Lieutenant d'Artelle's Cabin. The Decks Cleared for Action. Scene 2 — The Bridge. Act III. — The Court Martial. The Hall of the War Council. Staged by Frederick Stanhope.

The night before the day on which France declared war a section of her battleship fleet is lying at anchor in the harbor of Toulon. Aboard the cruiser *Alma* a birthday party in honor of Eugenie de Corlaix, the young wife of the commander, is being given. Notified the fleet is to sail at midnight, Commander de Corlaix tries to get his guests ashore without their knowing. His young wife, smarting under his fancied neglect of her, agrees to stay aboard with her lover until a later boat. There is no later boat and before they know it the cruiser is at sea, with Eugenie locked in the cabin of her friend. The *Alma* is sunk by a German ship, the lover is killed, and, though the de Corlaixs are saved, the commander is court-martialed for the loss of his ship. To save him, Eugenie, who has overheard the plot, is forced to confess her presence on the ship, and risk of the loss of her husband's respect, which she bravely does — and is forgiven.

"THE NEW MORALITY"

A comedy in three acts by Harold Chapin, produced by Grace George at the Playhouse, New York, January 30, 1921.

Colonel Ivor Jones.....Warburton Gamble
Betty Jones.....Grace George
Geoffrey Belasis, K. C.....Ernest Lawford
Alice Meynell.....Lilian Kemble Cooper
E. Wallace Wister.....Lawrence Grossmith
Wooton.....John Gray
Lesceline.....Kathleen Andrus

The Action of the Play Takes Place on the Jones's Houseboat, *The Hyacinth*, the Wister's Boat *The Merry Mischief*, Being Near By. The Time Occupied in from 4:40 to 8 o'Clock on an Evening in a Record Summer.

Betty Jones and Muriel Wister are houseboat neighbors on the Thames. Betty, a bit of a spitfire, resents Muriel's flirting with Mr. Jones and frankly tells her so. A quarrel results which threatens to achieve the importance of a suit for criminal libel, but is finally settled out of court.

"NEAR SANTA BARBARA"

A melodrama in four acts by Willard Mack, produced by William H. Wellman at the Greenwich Village Theater, New York, January 31, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Sheriff "Tod" Wilson.....Howard Truesdell
Phil Yeager.....Joseph F. Sweeney
Mike McKenzie.....Charles Abbe

Nocka.....T. Tamamato
Ylario.....Luis Alberni
Ysobel.....Zola Talma
Bud Jenks.....Royal Stout
Mrs. Bill Trainor.....Clara Joel
Mr. Bill Trainor.....Willard Mack

The Four Acts of This Play Occur in the Trainor Ranch House, Near Santa Barbara, California.

In trying to conceal his losses at poker from his wife, Bill Trainor, a California ranchman, becomes involved in complications which point to his having shot the man to whom he owes a gambling debt of considerable size and which he is secretly trying to pay off. The mystery deepens as the plot builds, but is finally cleared up and the gambling husband forgiven.

"THE MIDNIGHT ROUNDERS OF 1921"

An annual revue in two parts; lyrics by Al. Bryan, music by Jean Schwartz and Lew Pollack, produced by Lee and J. J. Shubert at the Century Promenade, New York, February 5, 1921.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Gladys Walton
Arthur Donnelly
J. Harold Murray
John Guiran
Florence Rayfield
Tot Qualters
John Lowe
Bessie Clifford
J. Francis Dooley
Dora Duby
Ted Lorraine
Jessica Brown
Olga Cook
La Petite Marguerite
Ada Forman
Cleveland Bronner
Alemia Allen
Corinne Sales
Kitty Kelly
Pauline Dakla

Staged by J. J. Shubert.

"ZIEGFELD 9 O'CLOCK FROLIC"

The third of a series of annual revues; produced by Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., at the Danse de Follies, New York, February 8, 1921.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Oscar Shaw
The Fairbanks Twins
Anna Wheaton
Princess White Deer
Virginia Bell
Edythe Baker
Frank Farnum
Eleanor Griffith
Kathlene Martyn
Herbert Hoey
Jack Hanley
Oscar Shaw
Annette Bade
Herbert Hoey

Staged by Edward Royce.

"THE ROSE GIRL"

A musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by William Carey Duncan, music by Anselm Goetzl, produced by Anselm Goetzl under the direction of Lee Shubert at the Ambassador Theater, New York, February 11, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Filipard	David Andrada
Fleurette	Marjorie Gateson
Mme. Donay	May Boley
Colette	Beatrice Darling
Denise	Elizabeth Darling
Felice	Helen Lyons
Suzette	Virginia Wynn
Filipe Telicot	Fred Hillebrand
Count Henri de Guise	Stewart Baird
Adelle La Flamme	Marcella Swanson
Jeanne Du Verne	Beatrice Swanson
Ambrose Lollypop	Shep Camp
Oswald Pettibone	Louis Simon
Victor Marquis de la Roche	Charles Purcell
Mignon Latour	Mabel Withee
Nadine Bankoff	Zoe Barnett
A Gypsy Dancer	Rose Rolando
Louise	Aleta
Marie	Florence Gast

Time — The Present. Staged by Hassard Short.

Mignon Latour, threatened with having to marry the superintendent of the perfumery in which she is employed, runs away to Paris, whither she is followed by the Marquis de la Roche, an irresponsible youth, but a good singer and a persistent lover.

"PEG O' MY HEART"

A revival of the play in three acts by J. Hartley Manners, produced by A. L. Erlanger at the Cort Theater, New York, February 14, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

"Jerry"	A. E. Matthews
Alaric	Percy Ames
Hawkes	George Riddel
Brent	Thos. A. Braidon
Jarvis	George Sydenham
"Michael"	Michael
Mrs. Chichester	Maud Milton
Ethel	Greta Kemble Cooper
Maid	Mildred Post
"Peg"	Laurette Taylor

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Coming of Peg. Act II. — The Rebellion of Peg. Act III. — Peg o' My Heart. The entire action of the comedy passes in the living room of Regal Villa, Mrs. Chichester's house in Scarborough, England, in early summer. One month lapses between Acts I. and II. A night passes between Acts II. and III.

Margaret (Peg o' My Heart) Connolly, daughter of a ne'er-do-well younger son who has run away to America as a boy, is sent back to England by the will of an uncle who desires that she shall obtain the culture and training to which, as a member of her father's family, she is entitled. In England she is taken in as a paying guest by her excessively aristocratic aunt, and is able by her wit and her goodness of heart to save her catty cousin from a scandal and to win for herself the love of the attractive Sir Gerald.

"THE WHITE VILLA"

A drama in three acts by Edith Ellis, adapted from "The Dangerous Age" by Karen Michaelis, produced by The Players Fellowship in conjunction with A. H. Woods at the Eltinge Theater, New York, February 14, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Richard Lindtner	Edward Ellis
Dr. Rothe	Edward Reese
Director Schlegel	Philip Wood
Lillie Roth	Dothea Fisher
Elsie Lindtner	Lucile Watson
Magna Wellman	Olive Oliver
Joergen Malthe	Frank Morgan
Jeanne	Doris Kenyon
Torp	Anita Rothe
Nils	John Clements

Elsie Lindtner, married to Richard Lindtner for twenty years, suddenly achieves financial independence and determines to leave him. She builds herself a villa on an island and retires from the world of men. After a few months of glorious solitude she begins to long for company, and sends for a young architect who had been much in love with her. Finding that his views have also changed and that he is engaged to another, she is ready to make up with her husband, but finds him also enjoying his freedom and contemplating marriage with a younger and handsomer woman. Thus, the freedom for which she hungered turns to ashes and she is miserably unhappy.

"MACBETH"

A revival of the Shakespearean tragedy in three parts, produced by Arthur Hopkins at the Apollo Theater, New York, February 17, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Duncan	J. Sayre Crawley
Malcolm	E. J. Ballantine
Donalbain	Burford Hampden
Macbeth	Lionel Barrymore
Banquo	Sidney Herbert
Macduff	Raymond Bloomer
Lennox	Alfred Shirley
Ross	Lionel Hogarth
Menteith	Herbert Jaap
Angus	Bernard Savage
Caithness	Haviland Chappell
Fleance	Mary Hughes
Siward	John Washburn
Seyton	Guy Cunningham
Boy	Helen Chandler
Doctor	Henry Vincent
Messenger	Harry Winston
An Old Man	Albert Shrubb
Porter	Frank Sylvester
First Murderer	Stuart Black
Sergeant	Lawrence Cecil
Lady Macbeth	Julia Arthur
Lady Macduff	Helen Robbins
Gentlewoman	Marguerita Sargent
First Witch	Eleanor Hutchison
Second Witch	Nina Lindsey
Third Witch	Doris Fellows

The play is presented in three parts, with the first interval following the flight of Malcolm and Donalbain, and the second interval following the banquet scene. Staged by Arthur Hopkins.

"BLUE EYES"

A musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Le Roy Clemens and Leon Gordon, music by I. B. Kornblum and Z. Meyers, produced by Morris Rose at the Casino Theater, New York, February 21, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Goldberg	Ralph Robbins
Dawson Ripley	Andrew Tombes
Fifi	Dorothy Tierney
Steinberg	Philip White
Bobby Brett	Ray Raymond
Peter Van Dam	Lew Fields
Dorothy Manners	Mollie King
Kitty Higgins	Delyle Alda

Mr. Manners.....Carl Eckstrom
Mrs. Manners.....Lotta Linthicum
Stranger.....Leo Frankel
Doyle.....Judson Langill
Gypsy Girl.....Aline McGill

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Studio of Brett, Van Dam and Ripley. Gramercy Square. Act II. — The Manners' Home at Great Neck, Long Island. Staged by Clifford Brooke.

Bobby Brett, an impecunious writer of short stories, is run down by the automobile of Dorothy Manners, who has such beautiful blue eyes they fascinate him. When Dorothy calls to see how badly he is hurt Bobby's companions lead her to believe that he is a "count." She tells her father and he, eager to make a good match for his daughter, invites Bobby to his country place at Great Neck. Here it transpires that Dorothy's family is "bluffing" as much as Bobby, but the young people are true to their love.

"SMOOTH AS SILK"

A melodrama in four acts by Willard Mack, produced at the Lexington Theater, New York, February 22, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Nellie Daly.....Marie Chambers
"Boots".....Shirley Warde
"Snap" Graham.....John Sharkey
Mooney.....John G. Sparks
Johnnie Daly.....Mike Donlin
"Silk" Mullane.....Willard Mack
Frank Powers.....Howard Truesdell
Freeman Holding.....Joseph Sweeney
Bloggs.....Royal C. Stout
Rosie.....Ethel Von Waldron
"Taxi" Jimmie.....Maurice Barrett

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Uptown Apartment of the Dalys. 3 A. M. Act II. — The Daly Apartment. Three Weeks Later. Act III. — Home of Freeman Holding. 9 P. M. Next Night. Act IV. — The Daly Apartment. 11 o'Clock Same Night. Staged by Willard Mack.

"Silk" Mullane, a crafty but good-hearted crook, is permitted to break jail on the promise that he will recover certain incriminating papers the chief of police is anxious to get away from a certain "professional investigator." Out of jail "Silk's" skill as a thief is pitted against that of the investigator, who is finally revealed as a master crook himself.

"MR. PIM PASSES BY"

A comedy in three acts by A. A. Milne, produced by The Theatre Guild at the Garrick Theater, New York, February 28, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

George Marden, J. P. ..... Dudley Digges
Olivia ..... Laura Hope Crews
Dinah ..... Phyllis Povah
Lady Marden ..... Helen Westley
Brian Strange ..... Leonard Mudie
Carraway Pim ..... Erskine Sanford
Anne ..... Peggy Harvey

The Action Takes Place in the Morning Room at Marden House, Buckinghamshire, on a Day in July. Staged by Philip Moeller.

Carraway Pim, an absent-minded old man, passing by the Marden house in Buckinghamshire, stops in to get a letter of introduction to a friend. Recounting a recent adventure on an Australian steamer, he recalls having met a gentleman who was Mrs. Marden's first husband and for six years has been believed to be dead. It is like a bombshell in the Marden household, placing upon the somewhat fussy and ever so conventional British Mr. Marden the burden of having lived for five years with a woman not lawfully his wife. Mrs. Marden is not at all worried, but Mr. Marden is horrified at the thought of the publicity attending an annulment of the marriage. Still he is too much of a stickler for the laws of England to attempt any evasion. Fortunately, Mr. Pim passes by again and is able to help materially in relieving Mr. Marden of his worries.

"ROMANCE"

A revival of the comedy-drama in three acts, a prologue and epilogue by Edward Sheldon, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Playhouse, New York, February 28, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Thomas Armstrong ..... Basil Sydney
Cornelius Van Tuyl ..... A. E. Anson
Susan Van Tuyl ..... Miriam Elliott
Miss Armstrong ..... Isabelle West
Mrs. Rutherford ..... Esther Lyon
Mrs. Frothingham ..... Helen Tracy
Miss Frothingham ..... Dorothy Chase
Mrs. Grey ..... Verna Wilkens
Miss Snyder ..... Denise Morris
Mr. Fred Livingston ..... Lynn Pratt
Mr. Harry Putnam ..... Frank Dawson
Signora Vanucci ..... Florence Short
M. Baptiste ..... Harold Gwynn

François.....Gustave Rolland
Frank Burroughs.....Charles Romano
David Norman.....Bertram Hanauer
Louis.....Frederic Sims
Eugene.....William Davis
Servant at Mr. Van Tuyl's.....Edward Duane
Butler at the Rectory.....John Saunders
Mme. Margharita Cavallini.....Doris Keane

SYNOPSIS: Prologue — The Bishop's Library in His House on Washington Square. About 10 o'Clock New Year's Eve. Act I. — Over Fifty Years Ago at Cornelius Van Tuyl's House, 58 Fifth Avenue. A November Evening. Act II. — The Study in St. Giles' Rectory, East Eighth Street. The Afternoon of New Year's Eve. Act III. — Late That Night. Mme. Cavallini's Apartment in the Brevoort House. After Her Farewell Appearance as "Mignon." Epilogue — The Bishop's Library Again. Midnight. Place — New York. Time — Now and the '60's.

To dissuade his grandson from marrying an actress the Bishop of St. Giles' relates to the boy the story of his own youthful romance. The scenes fade from the present back to the New York of the earlier '70's, when the Bishop, then the rector of St. Giles' met and loved Lina Cavallini, a young and beautiful Italian opera singer. At the climax of his infatuation he discovers that she has had a past and fights valiantly to save her soul. Realizing that happiness is not for them, Cavallini sails away to Europe. The effect upon grandson is to fix his determination to marry the actress.

"BRIDGES"

A one-act comedy by Clare Kummer, produced at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, February 28, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Penfield Parker, Jr.....Sidney Blackmer
Wallie Breen.....Roland Hogue
Enid Birdsall.....Ruth Gilmore

Scene — Office of Parker & Son, Downtown, New York City. Time — About Five o'Clock of an Afternoon in Early Spring.

"THE CHOIR REHEARSAL"

A one-act miniature musical comedy by Clare Kummer, produced at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, February 28, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

William.....John Ryan
Esmeralda.....Sallie Fisher
Rev. Alan Wylie.....Stanley Howlett

Abigail.....Mary Ellison
Amos.....James Lounsbery
Enoch.....Walter Coupe

Scene — The Living Room of Esmeralda's House, Tuckertown. Time — Eight o'Clock of a Spring Evening in the Long Ago.

"THE ROBBERY"

A one-act comedy by Clare Kummer, produced at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, February 28, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Fielding.....George Spelvin
Edie Upton.....Ruth Gillmore
Robert Hamilton.....Sidney Blackmer
John Upton.....J. M. Kerrigan
Margaret Upton.....Mrs. Alice Chapin

Scene — The Living Room of the Uptons' House on West Seventy-sixth Street, New York City. Time — About Midnight.

"CHINESE LOVE"

A miniature musical comedy in one act by Clare Kummer, produced at the Punch and Judy Theater, New York, February 28, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mo Yen.....J. M. Kerrigan
Ah Mee.....Mary Ellison
Chan Fah.....Sallie Fisher
Ming Foo.....Dot Willens
Wong So.....Stanley Howlett
Hing Hi.....James Lounsbery

Scene — Garden of Mo Yen's Tea House. Time — A Summer Afternoon. Staged by W. L. Gilmore.

"EYVIND OF THE HILLS"

A tragedy in four acts by Johann Sigurjonsson, produced by Conroy and Meltzer at the Greenwich Village Theater, February, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Halla.....Margaret Wycherly
Kari.....Arthur Hohl
Bjorn.....Byron Beasly
Arnes.....Henry Herbert
Gudfinna.....Beatrice Moreland

Magnus.....Roy La Rue
Oddny.....Gwendolyn Piers
Sigrid.....Marguerite Tebeau
A Shepherd Boy.....Raymond Guion
Arngrim.....Lloyd Neal
A District Judge.....Charles P. Bates
Tota.....Elfin Finn
Jon.....Edward Begley
Jon's Wife.....Helene Russell
Jon's Children.....Eleanor Johnson, Helen Olcott
A Farm Hand.....Edmond J. Pardy
First Peasant.....Gus. Beuerman
Second Peasant.....Hallem Bosworth

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Servant's Hall. Act II. — A Resting Place Near the Sheep Folds. Act III. — In the Hills. Act IV. — A Hut in the Hills. The action takes place in Iceland in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. Staged by Frank Conroy.

An Icelandic youth of the eighteenth century is declared an outlaw because of his theft of a sheep. Making his way to a distant part of Iceland he is taken in by a widow who owns a farm. She falls in love with him, and when his crime finds him out she follows him again into the hills. For years they live in seclusion until finally, hounded by conscience and the knowledge that the sustaining strength of their great love has failed them, they walk out into a blizzard to die.

"NICE PEOPLE"

A comedy in four acts by Rachel Crothers, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Klaw Theater, New York, March 2, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Hallie Livingston.....Tallulah Bankhead
Eileen Baxter Jones.....Katherine Cornell
Trevor Leeds.....Edwin Hensley
Theodora Gloucester.....Francine Larrimore
Oliver Comstock.....Guy Milham
Scottie Wilbur.....Hugh Huntley
Margaret Rainsford.....Merle Maddern
Herbert Gloucester.....Frederick Perry
(By arrangement with L. Lawrence Weber).
Billy Wade.....Robert Ames
Mr. Heyfer.....Frederick Maynard

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Gloucester Apartment, Park Avenue, New York. An Evening in Spring. Act II. — The Gloucester Cottage in the Country. Scene 1 — The Evening of the Following Day. Scene 2 — Daylight — the Next Morning. Scene 3 — The Next Day. Act III. — Outside of the Gloucester Cottage. Afternoon. Three Months Later. The Play Staged and Production Made Under the Personal Supervision of Rachel Crothers.

See page 224.

"THE TYRANNY OF LOVE"

A domestic drama in three acts adapted from the French by Henry Baron, produced by Henry Baron at the Bijou Theater, New York, March 8, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. Georges Feriaud.....Charles Cherry
Madame Feriaud.....Estelle Winwood
Paul Cartier.....Brandon Tynan
Madeleine Villiers.....Lenore Harris
Madame Henriot.....Ethel Wilson
Suzanne.....Pauline Polk

SYNOPSIS: The Action Passes in Paris, in the Library of Dr. Feriaud. Staged by Emile Chautard.

Dr. George Feriaud, a Parisian scientist, married to a too-ardent wife several years his junior, wearies of the physical and mental tax her all-consuming love puts upon him. At her threat to turn for consolation to a younger lover he defies her to go as far as impulse may carry her. The wife takes him at his word and a domestic tragedy threatens until both the doctor and his young wife come to their senses and agree to be mutually forgiving.

"THE HERO"

A comedy in three acts by Gilbert Emery, produced by Sam H. Harris at the Longacre Theater, New York, March 14, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Andrew Lane.....Grant Mitchell
Hester Lane.....Kathleen McDonell
Sarah Lane.....Blanche Frederici
Andrew Lane, Jr.....Graham Lucas
Oswald Lane.....Robert Ames
Marthe Roche.....Jetta Goudal

Oswald Lane, a bad boy who ran away from home after wronging a girl and forging a check, leaving his father and plodding brother, Andrew, to bear the burden of his wrongdoing, joins the Foreign Legion in France and comes out of the war a decorated hero. Returning home, he promises to reform, but is soon again in trouble. Finally he wrongs another girl and is about to decamp with the church funds when he dashes into a burning kindergarten, saves the lives of several children, and dies a hero. But brother has to make up the stolen funds.

"THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST"

A tragedy in four acts by George Atkinson, produced by the author at the Greenwich Village Theater, New York, March 4, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Henry Willard	Grant Stewart
Will Reid	William Balfour
Jim Reid	George Le Guere
John Webster	Montague Love
Katherine Willard	Laura Nelson Hall
Betty Lyons	Winifred Lenihan
A Little Neighbor	Katherine Roberts

John Webster, representing the primitive or weedy type of human, finds himself on Long Island and in love with a lovely orchid of society, Katherine Willard, who is engaged to an anæmic youth of her own set. Ruthlessly John wades through the opposition and claims Katherine for himself, proving, as the author says, that "the struggle for life within the plant, animal and human kingdoms" has much in common.

"LOVE BIRDS"

A musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Edgar Allen Woolf and Ballard MacDonald, music by Sigmund Romberg, produced by Wilner and Romberg at the Apollo Theater, New York, March 15, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Arthur Harwood	Richard Bold
A Shopper	Betty Mack
Violet Morely	Evelyn Cavanaugh
Hal Sterling	Barrett Greenwood
Jennie O'Hara	Elizabeth Murray
A Shopper	Edna Luce
Mrs. Bronson Charteris	Grace Ellsworth
Allene Charteris	Elizabeth Hines
Mr. Bronson Charteris	James E. Sullivan
Mamie O'Grady	Marion Bent
Mr. Johnson	Vincent Lopez
Pat	Pat Rooney
A Porter	Tom Gott
Mme. Delaunois	Emilie Lea
Mons. Champvallon	Ramsey De Mar
Emire Nehmid Duckin	Harry Mayo
Allene's Maid	Patsy Delaney
Emir's Attendant	Harold Gieser
Velonka	Emilie Lea
Warrington Knight	Tom Dingle
Fatima	Eva Davenport
Saki	Sylvia Ford

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Stocking and Lingerie Department in a Fashionable Shop. Scene 2 — Salon in the Charteris Home. Act II. — Scene 1 — A Persian Garden of Emir Duckin's Palace. Scene 2 — Fatima's Boudoir. Scene 3 — The Persian Garden on Carnival Night. Staged by Edgar MacGregor and Julian Alfred.

Allene Charteris refuses to marry the man her mother selects for her, being in love with the floorwalker of a department store. To escape mother she runs away to Persia as a prospective member of the bass singer's harem, from which predicament she is rescued in time for the grand finale.

"THE RIGHT GIRL"

A musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Raymond Peck, music by Percy Wenrich, produced by the Gleerich Producing Company at the Times Square Theater, New York, March 15, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Anthony Stanton ..... Earle Benham
Henry Watkins ..... Robert Woolsey
John Freeman ..... Frank Munnell
Barry Darcy ..... Rapley Homes
Dera Darcy ..... Carolyn Thomson
Molly Darcy ..... Dolly Connolly
Arthur Cadman ..... Harry Redding
Valera Valador ..... Helen Montrose
A Bootlegger ..... Louis F. Spaulding
One of Anthony's Friends ..... Elma Decker
Messenger ..... Frank Hope

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Office of Anthony Stanton, New York City, About Five o'Clock, Saturday Afternoon, Summer. Act II. — Tea Garden of a Palm Beach Hotel, Afternoon During Season. Act III. — Living Room of Anthony's Palm Beach Home, Eleven o'Clock the Same Evening. Staged by Walter Wilson.

"THE GHOST BETWEEN"

A comedy in three acts and a prologue by Vincent Lawrence, Produced at the Thirty-ninth Street Theater, New York, March 22, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dr. John Dillard ..... Arthur Byron
Ethel Brookes ..... Laura Walker
Richard Hunt ..... Glenn Anders
Jenkins ..... Walter Brown
Nurse ..... Kathryn Keys
Dr. Jerome Buxton ..... W. Messinger Bellis

SYNOPSIS: A Prologue — A Room in Ethel Brookes's Apartment. Act I. — A Room Upstairs in Doctor Dillard's Home. Over Two Years Later. Act II. — Front Entrance Hall in Doctor Dillard's Home. Six Months Later. Act III. — Same as Act II. Five Minutes Later. Staged by W. H. Gilmore.

Ethel Brookes, a bride of a year, calls Dr. John Dillard to the bedside of her husband. After a three-day fight the husband dies. Two years later she again meets the doctor and he confesses his love for her. When she refuses to marry him, because of her devotion to the memory of the dead man, he begs the privilege of giving her the protection of his name and his home. She may become his wife in name only. Which she does. Six months later they are desperately in love with each other, but neither has the courage to confess it or to propose a readjustment of their living arrangement. A fascinating third party, Richard Hunt, brings them to their senses when he tries to elope with Ethel, thus convincing the doctor that at last she has forgotten the ghost of her dead husband that has theretofore stood between them.

"MARY STUART"

An historical drama in one act by John Drinkwater, produced by William Harris, Jr., at the Ritz Theater, New York, March 21, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

John Hunter ..... Charles Francis
Andrew Boyd ..... Russ Whytal
Mary Stuart ..... Clare Eames
Mary Beaton ..... Florence Johns
David Riccio ..... Frank Reicher
Darnley ..... Charles Waldron
Thomas Randolph ..... Leslie Palmer
Bothwell ..... Thurston Hall

SCENE: A Small Library in Andrew Boyd's House in Edinburgh, at the Present Time. When This Fades Away, We See Mary Stuart's Room in Holyrood Castle, Edinburgh, on the Evening of March 9, 1566. Staged by Lester Lonergan.

During a modern prologue an old man seeks to convince a younger that "great lovers" should not be held too strictly to account, and that it is perfectly possible for some wives to love loyally and devotedly more than one man. The spirit of Scotland's Mary appears to substantiate the argument. The act that follows concerns Mary's affair with her Italian secretary,

the unhappy Riccio, which stirs Darnley's jealousy and results in Riccio's assassination, and there is a brief reference to her later interest in the bold Bothwell.

"TOTO"

A comedy in four acts adapted from the French by Achmed Abdullah, produced by Lee Shubert at the Bijou Theater, New York, March 21, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Victor	Gustav Bowhan
Louise de Tillois	Phoebe Foster
Henri de Tergy	Orlando Daly
George de Pontillet	Clyde Veaux
Robert de Rivarol	Albert Brown
Pascaline	Belle Murry
Jeannette	Nellie Burt
Olivette	Ruth Thomas
Fanchon	Edith Rose Scott
Antoine de Tillois—"Toto"	Leo Ditrichstein
Baroness de Veriere	Paula Shay
Baron de Veriere	Lee Millar
Auguste	M. A. Kelly
Evariste de Merinville	Beach Cooke
Madame de Tillois	Frances Underwood
Madame Lanier	Josephine Hamner
Mlle. Colombe	Emma Knill
Severus Merinville	Edward H. See

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Room in Paris Apartment of de Tillois Improvised as a Refreshment Room for the Girls of the Ballet. Act II. — Reception Hall in the Château of Madame de Tillois near Blois. Two Days Later. Act III. — Garden of the Château of Madame de Tillois. Four Weeks Later. Act IV. — Same as Act III. The Following Morning.

Antoine de Tillois ("Toto") was full of life and worldly ambitions. Mme. Tillois was sedate and domestic. They separated. Toto moved to Paris and became a sort of "king of the Boulevardiers," with flighty chorus girls, amorous baronesses, and gay young men in his court. Mme. Tillois stayed on in Blois with her young daughter Louise. Years later, Louise, who divided the year between her father and mother, swore she would never marry unless her parents were reconciled. For the sake of his daughter's happiness Toto agrees to try living in Blois again. The experience is rather terrifying, but before it is over he has again fallen in love with his wife and is content to settle down in the country.

"IT'S UP TO YOU"

A musical comedy in three acts, book and lyrics by Augustin MacHugh, Douglas Leavitt, Edward Paulton, and Harry Clarke, produced by William Moore Patach at the Casino Theater, New York, March 24, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Ned Spencer ..... Charles King
Dick Dayton ..... Douglas Leavitt
Jim Duke ..... Harry Short
Freddy Oliver ..... Ray George
Col. Stephen Forrest ..... Albert Sackett
A Collector ..... Frank Michel
Sheriff McCabe ..... Royal Cutter
Harriet Hollistar ..... Betty Pierce
Ethel Hollistar ..... Ruth Mary Lockwood
Mrs. Van Lando Hollistar ..... Florence Earle
Lotta De Vere ..... Norma Brown
Hortense Gessitt ..... Florence Hope
Suzanne ..... Madeleine Dare

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — At Mrs. Hollistar's, Malba-on-the-Sound, Long Island. 11:30 P. M. on a May Evening. "Laying the Foundation." Act II. — Office of the Spencer Land & Realty Co., Near Fairhaven, L. I. Two Months Later. In the Morning. "Building." Act III. — A Year Later. An Evening Late in August. "The House Warming." Staged by Frank Stammers.

Ned Spencer and Dick Dayton, eager to promote a friendship with Harriet and Ethel Hillistar, object matrimony, pretend to be rich in order to gain the consent of the girls' parents. The fake real-estate boom which they launch in their desperation is a complete last-act success.

"NEMESIS"

A melodrama in four acts by Augustus Thomas, produced by George M. Cohan at the Hudson Theater, New York, April 4, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Purdy ..... Ethel Winthrop
Constance Wendell ..... Marie Goff
Marcia Kallan ..... Olive Tell
Grace Lonarby ..... Eleanor Woodruff
Dr. Simpson ..... Roland Bottomley
Mr. Jovaine ..... Pedro de Cordoba
Mr. Purdy ..... Frank M. Readick
Mr. Davis ..... John Craig
Mr. Kallan ..... Emmett Corrigan
James ..... John M. Troghton
Jeanne ..... Jennie Dickerson
Officer Conlon ..... Robert Cummings
Counsel for the Defense ..... Charles P. Bates

Witness.....Howard Nugent
The Judge.....G. Clayton Frye
A Warden.....Jerry Hart

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Library in the Kallan's Home. Act II. — Studio of Jovaine, the Sculptor. Two Weeks Later. Act III. — Scene 1 — The Boudoir. Ten Days Later. Scene 2 — Outside the Home. Scene 3 — The Boudoir. Act IV. — Scene 1 — Court of General Sessions. Eight Months Later. (The curtain is dropped one minute to indicate a lapse of ten months.) Scene 2 — The Gate at Sing Sing. Staged by John Meehan.

John Kallan, an elderly silk merchant, grows suspicious of his beautiful young wife's interest in Jovaine, a young sculptor. Satisfying himself it is a guilty interest he craftily schemes to be revenged upon the lovers. He secures, in clay, impressions of the sculptor's finger tips, from which he has rubber duplicates molded. Then he deliberately stabs his wife, sends for the sculptor, manages his arrest, and proves, by the false finger prints on the furniture, that the innocent man is the murderer. At the hour of execution he stands outside the prison walls and philosophizes on the infallibility of circumstantial evidence.

"IPHIGENIA IN AULIS"

A revival of the Greek tragedy by Euripides, produced by the Oratorio Society of New York at the Manhattan Opera House, New York, April 17, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Agamemnon.....Eugene Powers
Attendant.....Harry Barfoot
Menelaus.....Sydney Mather
Messenger.....Ralph Roeder
Clytemnestra.....Miss Anglin
Calchas.....Milton J. Bernd
Attendant of Clytemnestra.....Batsheba Askowith
Nurse.....Nell Vincent
Iphigenia.....Mary Flower
Torchbearer.....Byron Foulger
Achilles.....Maroni Olsen

"THE TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC"

A tragedy in four acts, translated from the French of Emile Moreau by Astrid Argyll, produced at the Shubert Theater, New York, April 12, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Delafontaine.....Joseph Matthews
William Haiton.....Byron Foulger
Massieu.....Maroni Olsen

Earl of Stafford.....Charles Webster
Jean Moreau.....Cameron Matthews
Tiphains.....Harry Barfoot
Chamberlain.....Greg Robbins
Winchester.....Eugene Powers
Earl of Warwick.....Henry Hull
Duke of Bedford.....Fred Eric
Page of Bedford.....William Street
Pierre Cauchon.....Albert Gran
Jean Beaupere.....Sydney Mather
Henry VI., King of England.....Kather Roberts
Queen Catherine.....Marion Barney
D'Estivet.....Lark Taylor
Loyseleur.....Ralph Roeder
Lemaistre.....Howard Kyle
Manchon.....William Henry
Ysambard.....Lenox Pope
Vernon.....William Street
John Grey.....Glenn Coulter
Jeanne D'Arc.....Margaret Anglin
DeLuxembourg.....Cameron Matthews
Goodale.....Harry Ashford
Berwoit.....Ralph G. Kemmet
Will.....Robert Bell
Leparmentier.....William F. Canfield

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — A Room in the Castle of Philippe Auguste. Act II. — A Hall in the Castle. Act III. — A Dungeon in the Castle. Act IV. — Hall, at the Chief Bailie's, Commanding a View of the Old Market Place. Time — 1431. Place — Rouen.

The assembling of her English inquisitors for the trial of the Maid of Orleans; the trial itself reported with historical accuracy; the dungeon scene preliminary to the execution, during which Joan, badgered by her enemies, at first admits the charge of witchcraft and then gloriously reclaims her sustaining faith; the scene of the execution reported by the crowd assembled within sight of the scaffold.

"THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD"

A satirical comedy in three acts by John Millington Synge. Revived by the Playboy Producing Company at the Bramhall Theater, New York, April 16, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Margaret Flaherty.....Gladys Hurlbut
Shawn Keogh.....F. S. Pelly
Michael James Flaherty.....Walter Edwin
Jimmie Farrell.....John Carmody
Philly Cullen.....Harry O'Neill
Christopher Mahon.....Thomas Mitchell
Widow Quin.....Rose Morison
Sara Tansey.....Sarah Enright
Susan Brady.....Helen Hutchins
Honor Blake.....Elaine Ivans
Old Mahon.....J. S. Crawley

The amusing adventures of Christy Mahon, who gains a great name in a distant neighborhood in Ireland by his boast of having killed his "da'," only to have the lie turned on him when the supposedly dead parent, bandaged but whole, comes boldly in pursuit of him.

"CLAIR DE LUNE"

A drama in three acts by Michael Strange. Based on "The Man Who Laughed," by Victor Hugo. Produced by Charles Frohman at the Empire Theater, New York, April 18, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Queen ..... Ethel Barrymore
The Duchess of Beaumont ..... Violet Kemble Cooper
Prince Charles of Vaucluse ..... Henry Daniell
Lord Arranton ..... Roy Cochrane
The Marquis of Trois Fleures ..... Dennis King
Mr. Pynge ..... J. S. De Wolfe
Madame Chevenix ..... Shirley Gale
Lady Brawford ..... Ina Rorke
Lady Jenny St. Wynne ..... Betty Carsdale
A Minister of State ..... Albert Tovell
Chiffon ..... Henrietta Goodwyn
Piccolo ..... Guy Standing, Jr.
Phedro ..... Herbert Grimwood
Ursus ..... E. Lyall Swete
Dea ..... Jane Cooper
An Indian Slave ..... Olga Borowska
Drummer Boys ..... { DeLoyle Johnson, Jerry Albra
Gwymplane ..... John Barrymore
Soldiers

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — In the Park of the Queen. Scene 2 — Another Part of the Park. Scene 3 — The Same. The Masque. Act II. — In the Bedroom of the Duchess. Act III. — Scene 1 — On the Deck of a Small Schooner. Scene 2 — In the Antechamber of the Queen. Staged by E. Lyall Swete.

A dramatization of Victor Hugo's story of "The Man Who Laughed." Gwymplane, the mountebank, and Dea, the blind girl who loves him, are permitted to give an entertainment in the gardens of the palace at the court of Queen Anne. It is at the time Anne is interested in preventing, if she can, the marriage of her sister, the Duchess of Beaumont, to Prince Charles. Into the plot Gwymplane and Dea are drawn, the former by the fascination his distorted face exercises on the degenerate duchess, and Dea through Charles' unholy interest in her. The escape of Gwymplane and Dea is followed by the girl's death and the mountebank's suicide.

"MACBETH"

A revival of the Shakespearean tragedy by Walter Hampden. Revived at the Broadhurst Theater, New York, April 19, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Duncan, King of Scotland.....Allen Thomas
Malcolm.....Ernest Rowan
Donalbain.....Roy Bucklee
Macbeth.....Walter Hampden
Banquo.....William Sauter
Macduff.....J. Harry Irvine
Lennox.....Arthur Fox
Ross.....Richard Abbott
Monteith.....Le Roi Operti
Fleance.....Geneva Harrison
Siward.....Allen Thomas
Young Siward.....Richard Highley
Seyton.....P. J. Kelly
Boy, Son to Macduff.....Sara Haden
A Doctor.....William Sauter
A Sergeant.....P. J. Kelly
A Porter.....Hannam Clark
First Murderer.....Edwin Cushman
Second Murderer.....Richard Highley
Lady Macbeth.....Mary Hall
Lady Macduff.....Netta Sunderland
Gentlewoman Attending on Lady Macbeth, Elsie Herndon Kearns
First Witch.....Le Roi Operti
Second Witch.....Elsie Herndon Kearns
Third Witch.....Hannam Clark

The scenes are laid in Scotland, except the scene between Macduff and Malcolm, which takes place in England.

"LILIOM"

A fantastical drama in seven scenes by Franz Molnar, produced by the Theater Guild at the Garrick Theater, New York, April 20, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Marie.....Hortense Alden
Julie.....Eva Le Gallienne
Mrs. Muskat.....Helen Westley
"Liliom".....Joseph Schildkraut
First Servant Girl.....Frances Diamond
Second Servant Girl.....Margaret Mosier
Third Servant Girl.....Annede Chantal
Fourth Servant Girl.....Elizabeth Parker
First Policeman.....Howard Claney
Second Policeman.....Lawrence B. Chrow
Captain.....Erskine Sanford
Plainclothes Man.....Gerald Stopp
Mother Hollunder.....Lilian Kingsbury
"The Sparrow".....Dudley Digges
Wolf Berkowitz.....Henry Travers

Young Hollunder.....William Franklin
Linzman.....Willard Bowman
First Mounted Policeman.....Edgar Stehli
Second Mounted Policeman.....George Frenger
The Doctor.....Robert Babcock
The Carpenter.....George Frenger
First Policeman of the Beyond.....Erskine Sanford
Second Policeman of the Beyond.....Gerald Stopp
The Richly Dressed Man.....Edgar Stehli
The Poorly Dressed Man.....Philip Wood
The Old Guard.....Walton Butterfield
The Magistrate.....Albert Perry
Louise.....Evelyn Chard

PROLOGUE—An amusement Park on the Outskirts of Budapest. Scene 1—A Lonely Place in the Park. Scene 2—The Tintype Shop of the Hollunders. Scene 3—The Same. Scene 4—A Railroad Embankment Outside the City. Scene 5—Same as Scene 2. Scene 6—A Court Room in the Beyond. Scene 7—Before Julie's Door. Staged by Frank Reicher.

"JUNE LOVE"

A musical comedy in two acts, book by Otto Harbach and W. H. Post, music by Rudolph Friml, lyrics by Brian Hooker, produced by Sherman Brown at the Knickerbocker Theater, New York, April 25, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tiny Golden.....Lois Josephine
Mrs. Martia Golden.....Martha Mayo
Bobbie Foster.....Clarence Nordstrom
Geoffrey Love.....James Billings
Jack Garrison.....W. B. Davidson
Eddie Evans.....Johnny Dooley
Mrs. June Love.....Else Alder
Belle Bolton.....Bertee Beaumonte
Thompson.....Lionel Pape
Miss Summers.....Billie Shilling
Miss Elisman.....Constance Madison
Polly Smith.....Doris Landy
Kitty Smith.....Alice Gordon
Butler.....Robert Heft

SYNOPSIS: Act I.—Porch and Garden at the Loves'. Act II.—Reception Room in Geoffrey Love's Country Home. Place—Somewhere Near New York. Time—The Present. Staged by George Vivian.

June Love, an attractive widow, is ready to marry again if she can meet a man "peppy" enough to make her forget her first husband, who was something of what the girls call a "prune." She finds her man in Jack Garrison, an amateur golf champion, and though he deliberately eludes her so long as he believes she is the wife of another, when he learns she is a widow he is there with the ring and a bear hug.

"JUST MARRIED"

A farce comedy in three acts by Adelaide Matthews and Ann Nichols, produced by Jules Hurtig in conjunction with the Messrs. Shubert at the Comedy Theater, New York, April 26, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Johnnie Walker.....Eleanor Ladd
Second Steward.....Robert Harrigan
Victoire Bertin.....Eliz Gergely
Ship's Officer.....Roy Foster
Mr. U. Makepeace Witter.....Jess Dandy
Mrs. U. Makepeace Witter.....Isabel O'Madigan
First Steward.....R. P. Davis
Mrs. Jack Stanley.....Dorothy Mortimer
Jack Stanley.....John Butler
Percy Jones.....Purnell Pratt
Robert Adams.....Lynne Overman
Miss Roberta Adams.....Vivian Martin
Taxi Driver.....Anton Ascher

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Pier of the "Compagnie Générale Transatlantique," Bordeaux, France, and Steamer "La Fayette" toward midnight. Act II. — Scene 1 — Stateroom De Luxe No. 76. The Following Morning. Scene 2 — Promenade Deck, outside Stateroom No. 76. Immediately following Scene 1. Act III. — Same as Act II., Scene 2. Time — The Present. Staged by J. C. Huffman and Clifford Stork.

Roberta Adams, returning from abroad with the Witters, occupies a stateroom for two with the understanding that the other bed is to be occupied by some other lady passenger. The first morning out she awakes in her pink silk pajamas to discover a strange gentleman wearing a boiled shirt and a mystified expression in the adjoining bed. His name, it happens, is Robert Adams, and as he was more than slightly alcoholic when he came aboard, and intimated to the steward he was married, the mistake was quite natural. But it takes two acts to explain it to the Witters — at the end of which time Roberta and Robert have decided to get married, anyway.

"THE SACRIFICE"

A tragedy in four acts by Morris Wittman, produced by the author at the Greenwich Village Theater, New York, May 2, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Tauber (A Rich Jew).....Royal Thayer
Gen. Benedict Arnold.....George McManus
Prince Ramiro.....David A. Leonard
Emil Rosen (A Rabbi).....Harry Stanley

Doctor Willard.....Myron Z. Paulson
General Gates.....Joseph Baird
General Conway.....Henry Oehler
Major Andre.....Robert Long
John (The Butler).....Joe Kennedy
Valet.....Garrison Sherwood
Camilla.....Yolan Wittman
Peggy Shippen.....Ann Bert
Anna Moury.....Laura Roberts
Esther.....Patricia Rand
Lady Constance.....Georgie Putman

A play that seeks to reveal another shady chapter in the life of Benedict Arnold. It seems that while he was dickering with the British about West Point he was also flirting with a Philadelphia Jewess named Camilla Tauber. And when he lost a lot of money at cards to the Spanish envoy he traded his chances of a secret meeting with Camilla for the return of his discredited paper. Camilla was too smart for the Spaniard, however, and escaped with her honor and a suit of regimentals with which she disguised herself and joined the army, later recognizing Major Andre and capturing Arnold. She let him go, however, after telling him exactly what she thought of him, and returned to the army to die a hero's death at Yorktown.

"THE SERVANT IN THE HOUSE"

A revival of the symbolical play in five acts by John Rann Kennedy, produced in repertoire by Walter Hampden at the Broadhurst Theater, New York, May 2, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

James Ponsonby Makeshyffe, D.D., the most Reverend the Lord Bishop of Lancashire.....Hannam Clark
The Reverend William Smythe.....William Sauter
Auntie.....Elsie Hernuon Kearns
Mary.....Mary Mabel Moore
Mr. Robert Smith.....Ernest Rowan
Rogers.....Le Roi Operti
Manson.....Walter Hampden

"TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE"

A musical comedy in three acts, book by Fred Jackson, music by Paul Lannin and Vincent Youmans, lyrics by Arthur Francis, produced by A. L. Erlanger at the Cohan Theater, New York, May 3, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Dolly Sartoris.....Madeline Fairbanks
Polly Sartoris.....Marion Fairbanks
Robert Barker.....Oscar Shaw

Jerry Lloyd	Fred Santley
Morgan Atwell	Olin Howland
Hariette Neville	Emma Janvier
Ninon La Fleur	Julia Kelety
Captain Morrow	George Mack
Jennings	Jack Tomson
Kennedy	Tommy Tomson
Newton Canney	Fred Hall
Maid o' the Mist	Vanda Hoff
Margie	Evelyn Law
Ophelia	Patricia Clarke
Mary Bird	Edith Decker
The Bride	Beulah McFarland

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — S.S. "Empress" Ready to Sail for India. Act II. — Scene 1 — Main Saloon. Scene 2 — Dolly's Cabin. Act III. — Off the Indian Shore. Staged by Ned Wayburn.

Dolly and Polly Sartoris want to get to India to claim an inheritance, but they have only sufficient funds to pay for a single passage. So, being twins, they decide to try and fool the captain, taking turns going to meals and walking on deck. On the steamer they meet two of the nicest young men who are constantly mistaking one twin for the other. They become engaged at the end of the voyage.

"PRINCESS VIRTUE"

A musical comedy in two acts by B. C. Hilliam and Gitz Rice, produced by Gerald Bacon at the Central Theater, New York, May 4, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Gautier	Jules Epailly
Pierre	Allen Fagan
Francine	Alice Maison
Mrs. Demarest	Sarah Edwards
Miss Leadbeater	Anne Page
Bourbon	Hugh Cameron
Bruce Crawford	Bradford Kirkbride
Carre	Earl A. Foxe
Hiram Demarest	Frank Moulain
Maxine	Sylvia Elias
Baron Transky	Robert G. Pitkin
Lane Demarest, "Princess Virtue"	Tessa Kosta
Sir Arthur Gower	Frank Greene
Claire Morin	Zella Rambeau
François	Charles Jerome
Charlot	Grady Miller
Chic	Leroy Montesanto
Poisson	Harold Goulden

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — The Maison Gautier, Paris, Act II. — Scene 1 — Sunken Garden Adjoining the Château of Sir Arthur Gower, at Deauville. Scene 2 — The Same. Evening. Staged by Leon Errol.

Liane Demarest, an American girl in France, pretty, rich and agreeably soprano, is in search of true love and properly suspicious of most of the actors she meets. After an evening's intensive investigation she settles on young Bob Crawford, who loved her when she was sweet sixteen on the home grounds.

"BIFF! BING! BANG!"

A soldier revue in two parts, presented by "The Dumbells" at the Ambassador Theater, New York, May 9, 1921.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Fred Fenwick	Jack McLaren
Jimmy Goode	Ross Hamilton
Al. Plunket	Arthur Holland
"Red" Newman	Ted Charters

One of the first soldier shows to tour the Canadian rest billets in France reorganized for a tour of the world.

"PHOEBE OF QUALITY STREET"

A musicalized version of Sir James M. Barrie's "Quality Street," adapted by Edward Delaney Dunn, music by Walter Kollo, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Shubert Theater, New York, May 9, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Phoebe Throssel.....Dorothy Ward
Susan Throssel.....Jessamime Newcomb
Valentine Brown.....Warren Proctor
Sergeant Terence O'Toole.....Shaun Glenville
Patty.....Gertrude Mudge
Miss Willoughby.....Muriel Tindal
Fanny Willoughby.....Mary McCord
Henrietta Trumbull.....Marie Pettes
Lieutenant Spier.....Lucius Metz
Ensign Blades.....Joe Tinsley
Charlotte.....Gertrude Blair
Harriet.....Lillian Wilck
Isabella.....Elaine McIntosh
Elizabeth.....Marie Farrell
Georgie.....Alfred Little
William Smith.....Thomas Victory
June.....Uarda Burnett

SYNOPSIS: Prologue — The Home of the Misses Throssel in Quality Street. Act I. — Same as Prologue. Five Years Later. Act II. — At the Ball in the Regimental Barracks. Evening of the Same Day. The Scene Is Laid in an English Country Town, During the Napoleonic Wars. Staged by W. H. Gilmore.

A musicalized version of Barrie's "Quality Street," in which Phoebe Throssel, whose sweetheart, Valentine Brown, is called to the wars just about the time he is ready to propose, faces spinsterhood as a school teacher. When her lover returns he thinks her a little old lady, but Phoebe, throwing aside her simple gowns and her prim ways, poses as her own niece and flirts outrageously with him, until she has him again at her feet. She is about to refuse him then, but changes her mind.

"THE LAST WALTZ"

A musical production in three acts, book by Julius Brammer and Alfred Grunwalk, adapted by Harold Atteridge and Edward Delaney Dunn, music by Oscar Straus, produced by the Messrs. Shubert at the Century Theater, New York, May 10, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

General Miecu Krasian	Clarence Harvey
Ensign Orsinski	Rex Carter
Captain Kaminski	John V. Lowe
Lieutenant Matlain	Ted Lorraine
Adjutant Labinescue	Irving Rose
Mariette	Ruth Mills
Vladek	Timothy Daly
Lieut. Jack Merrington, U. S. N.	Walter Woolf
Mat Maltby	James Barton
Vera Lizaveta	Eleanor Painter
Countess Alexandrowna Corpulinski	Florence Morrison
Annuschka	Beatrice Swanson
Hannuschka	Marcella Swanson
Petruschka	Gladys Walton
Babuschka	Eleanor Griffith
Baron Ippolith	Harry Fender
Grand Duke Hubenstitch	George Evans
Carmenina	Isabel Rodriguez
Dancers	Giuran and Marguerite
Prince Paul	Harrison Brockbank
Chochette	Rena Manning
Lolo	Nan Rainsford
Sylvette	Helen Herendeen
Babette	Carolyn Reynolds
Francine	Jean Thomas
Zadie	Amelia Allen

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Drawing Room in the Castle of General Krasian, Near the City of Vandalia. Act II. — Ballroom in the Castle of General Krasian. Act III. — Drawing Room in the Palace of Prince Paul, Regent of Vandalia. The Scene Is Vandalia, a Kingdom in the Balkans near the Russian Frontier. Time — The Present. Staged by J. C. Huffman and Frank Smithson.

Lieutenant Merrington, U. S. N., finding himself fn the Balkans and in danger of being thrown into prison, sings and

dances himself into the good graces of Vera Lizaveta, a lady of considerable influence, after which he is so set up that he defies all the Balkan armies and a few extra princes. In the interim he not only enjoys a last waltz, and several duets but finally her first engagement with Vera.

"THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

An operetta in two acts by Richard Temple, produced by the author at the Manhattan Opera House, New York City, May 19, 1921.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Charles Angelo	Leo Atark
Paula Temple	Leonard Booker
Edward Emery	Percy Carr
Winifred Verina	John Parsons
Jean Wilkins	J. Humbird Duffy
B. N. Lewin	Richard Temple
Edward Favor	Hedley Hall

A musicalized version of the Dumas romance written around D'Artagnan's adventurous journey from Paris to London to recover the queen's diamond studs (which she had given to her lover, the Duke of Buckingham) before King Louis can learn that they are missing.

"SHUFFLE ALONG"

An all-negro musical comedy in two acts, book and lyrics by Sissle and Blake, produced by the Nikko Producing Company at the Sixty-third Street Music Hall, New York City, May 23, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

At the Piano	Eubie Blake
Jim Williams	Paul Floyd
Jessie Williams	Lottie Gee
Ruth Little	Gertrude Saunders
Harry Walton	Roger Matthews
Board of Aldermen	Richard Cooper Arthur Cooper Arthur Woodson Snippy Mason
Mrs. Sam Peck	Mattie Wilks
Tom Sharper	Noble Sissle
Steve Jenkins	F. E. Miller
Sam Peck	Aubrey Lyles
Jack Penrose	Lawrence Deas
Rufus Loose	C. Wesley Hill

Soakum Flat.....A. E. Baldwin
Strutt.....Billy Williams
Uncle Tom.....Charles Davis
Old Black Joe.....Bob Williams
Secretary to Mayor.....Ina Duncan

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — Exterior of Jimtown Hotel. Scene 2 — Possum Lane. Scene 3 — Jenkins' and Reck's Grocery Store. Scene 4 — Public Square. Act II. — Scene 1 — Calico Corners. Scene 2 — Possum Lane. Scene 3 — The Mayor's Office. Scene 4 — Saunders Lane. Scene 5 — Ball Room of Jimtown's Hotel. Time — Election Day. Place — Jimtown in Dixieland. Staged by Walter Brooks.

"SUNKIST"

A revue in two acts, book and lyrics by Fanchon and Marco, produced by the authors at the Globe Theater, New York, May 23, 1921.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Fanchon and Marco
Arthur West
Daisey De Witte
John Sheehan
Al Wohlman
Nelson and Chain
Muriel Strycker
Donald Kerr
Eva Clark

A California revue with the moving-picture studios of southern California as the principal target for the travesties.

"THE TAVERN"

George M. Cohan's return engagement of his burlesque melodrama, presented at the Hudson Theater with the Chicago Company, May 23, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Tavern Keeper's Son.....Clyde North
The Hired Girl.....Virginia Irwin
The Tavern Keeper.....William L. Thorne
The Hired Man.....Joseph Allen
The Vagabond.....George M. Cohan
The Woman.....Rita Romily
The Governor.....Norman Hackett
The Governor's Wife.....Eugenie Blair
The Governor's Daughter.....Isabel Withers
The Fiancé.....Robert Gleckler
The Sheriff.....Edwin Walter
The Sheriff's Man.....Joseph Gutherie
The Sheriff's Other Man.....William Gaunt
The Attendant.....Joseph Selman

Staged by John Meehan and George M. Cohan.

"SNAPSHOTS OF 1921"

A travesty revue in two acts and eighteen scenes, produced by the Selwyns and Lew Fields at the Selwyn Theater, New York, June 2, 1921.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Nora Bayes	Delyle Alda
Lew Fields	Ernest Lambert
DeWolf Hopper	Phil White
Lulu McConnell	George MacKay
Alan Edwards	Gilda Gray

"GOLD"

A tragedy in four acts by Eugene G. O'Neill, produced by John D. Williams at the Frazee Theater, New York, June 1, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Abel.....Ashley Buck
Butler.....George Marion
Captain Isaiah Bartlett.....Willard Mack
Silas Horne.....J. Fred Holloway
Ben Cates.....Charles D. Brown
Jimmy Kanaka.....T. Tamanoto
Mrs. Bartlett.....Katherine Grey
Sue Bartlett.....Geraldine O'Brien
Danny Drew.....Charles Francis
Nat Bartlett..... E. J. Ballantine
Doctor Berry .....Scott Cooper

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — A Barren Coral Island on the Fringe of the Malay Archipelago. Noon. Act II. — Interior of a Boat Shed on the Wharf of the Bartlett Place on the California Coast. An Afternoon Six Months Later. Act III. — Exterior of the Bartlett House. Dawn of the Following Morning. Act IV. — Bartlett's "Cabin" — His Lookout Post — At the Top of the House. A Night One Year Later. Staged under the Direction of Homer Saint-Gaudens.

Captain Isaiah Bartlett, wrecked on a coral island in the Malay Archipelago with the crew of his whaling steamer, discovers what he believes to be a treasure chest and buries it for future recovery. Two of the crew are murdered to prevent them revealing the whereabouts of the chest. Picked up and returned to Maine, the captain begins the building of a ship with which he will sail back and find the treasure. Brooding over the murders on the island, for which he feels a personal responsibility, the old man's mind gradually gives away. His wife and son learn his guilty secret through his mutterings. His refusal to confess causes the death of the religious wife and inspires the son with such greedy dreams that he also goes mad. The old man dies and the treasure is discovered to be nothing but junk.

"THE BROADWAY WHIRL"

A musical revue, lyrics by Joseph McCarthy, Richard Carle, Bud de Silva and John Henry Mears; music by Harry Tierney and George Gershwin, produced by the Artists' Producers Corporation at the Times Square Theater, June 8, 1921.

PRINCIPALS ENGAGED

Richard Carle	Winona Winter
Blanche Ring	Jay Gould
Charles Winninger	Warner Gault
Maxon and Brown	Janet Sisters

"THE WHIRL OF NEW YORK"

An expanded version of "The Belle of New York," book and lyrics by Hugh Morton and Edgar Smith, music by Gustav Kerker, Al Goodman and Lew Pollock; produced by the Shuberts at the Winter Garden, New York, June 13, 1921.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Twiddles	Carl Judd
Fricot	Eugene Redding
Harry Bronson	J. Harold Murray
Cora Angelique	Dorothy Ward
Doc Sniffkins	Shaun Glenville
Count Rattsi	Frank Purcella
Count Tattsi	Raymond Purcella
Karl Von Pumpernick	Louis Mann
Blinky Bill	Joe Keno
Kissie Fitzgarter	Kitty Kelly
Icabod Bronson	John T. Murray
I. Ketchum	Joe Smith
U. Cheatham	Chas. Dale
Mingtoy	Mlle. Adelaide
Ching Foo	Johnny Hughes
The Spirit of the Vase	Kyra
Violet Gray	Nancy Gibbs
John Blinckerton	Al Martin
Maxa	Maxa McCree
Mamie Clancy	Rosie Green
Officer Jones	J. Colligan

SYNOPSIS: Act I. — Scene 1 — The Home of Harry Bronson, Riverside Drive, at 8 A. M. Scene 2 — The Garden of Harry Bronson's Home. Scene 3 — Office of the Blinkerton Detective Agency. Scene 4 — Chinese New Year's Eve in Chinatown. Act II. — Scene 1 — Sherries' Tiffin Shop, New York. Scene 2 — Law office of Bluff and Bluff. Scene 3 — The Garden of the Sound Proof Country Club. Staged by Lew Morton.

PLAYS THAT HAVE RUN OVER FIVE HUNDRED PERFORMANCES ON BROADWAY

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"Peg o' My Heart"	692
"East Is West"	680
"Irene"	670
"A Trip to Chinatown"	657
"Adonis"	603
"The Music Master"	540
"The Boomerang"	522

WHERE AND WHEN THEY WERE BORN

Adams, Maude	Salt Lake City, Utah	1872
Adelaide, Le Petite	Cohoes, N. Y.	1890
Allen, Viola	Huntsville, Ala.	1869
Ames, Robert	Hartford, Conn.	1893
Anglin, Margaret	Ottawa, Canada	1876
Arbuckle, Maclyn	San Antonio, Texas	1866
Arliss, George	London, England	1868
Arthur, Julia	Hamilton, Ont.	1869
Atwell, Roy	Syracuse, N. Y.	1880
Atwill, Lionel	London, England	1883
Bacon, Frank	California	1865
Bainter, Fay	Los Angeles, Calif.	1893
Barbee, Richard	Lafayette, Ind.	1887

Barrymore, Ethel	Philadelphia, Pa.	1883
Barrymore, John	Philadephia, Pa.	1880
Barrymore, Lionel	London, England	1878
Bates, Blanche	Portland, Ore.	1873
Bayes, Nora	Milwaukee, Wis.	1880
Beban, George	San Francisco, Calif.	1873
Beecher, Janet	Chicago, Ill.	1884
Belasco, David	San Francisco, Calif.	1862
Ben-Ami, Jacob	Minsk, Russia	1890
Bennett, Richard	Cass County, Ind.	1872
Bennett, Wilda	Asbury Park, N. J.	1899
Bernard, Sam	Birmingham, England	1863
Bingham, Amelia	Hickville, Ohio	1869
Binney, Constance	Philadelphia, Pa.	1900
Blinn, Holbrook	San Francisco, Calif.	1872
Brady, Alice	New York	1896
Brady, William A.	San Francisco, Calif.	1865
Brian, Donald	St. John's, Newfoundland	1880
Brooks, Virginia Fox	New York	1893
Burke, Billie	Washington, D. C.	1886
Byron, Arthur	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1872
Cantor, Eddie	New York	1894
Carle, Richard	Somerville, Mass.	1871
Carlisle, Alexandra	Yorkshire, England	1882
Cawthorne, Joseph	New York	1868
Chatterton, Ruth	New York	1893
Claire, Ina	Washington, D. C.	1897
Clarke, Marguerite	Cincinnati, Ohio	1887
Coghlan, Rose	Petersboro, England	1850
Cohan, George M.	Providence, R. I.	1878
Collier, Constance	Windsor, England	1882
Collier, William	New York	1866
Collinge, Patricia	Dublin, Ireland	1894
Conroy, Frank	London, England	1879
Corthell, Herbert	Boston, Mass.	1875

Courtenay, William	Worcester, Mass.	1875
Courtleigh, William	Guelph, Ont.	1867
Cowl, Jane	Boston, Mass.	1890
Crane, William H.	Leicester, Mass.	1845
Craven, Frank	Boston, Mass.	1876
Crews, Laura Hope	San Francisco	
Crosman, Henrietta	Wheeling, W. Va.	1865
Crothers, Rachel	Bloomington, Ill.	
Cumberland, John	St. John, N. B.	1879
Dale, Margaret	Philadelphia, Pa	1880
Daly, Arnold	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1875
Dawn, Hazel	Ogden, Utah	1891
Day, Edith	Minneapolis, Minn.	1899
De Angelis, Jefferson	San Francisco, Calif.	1859
Dean, Julia	St. Paul, Minn.	1880
De Belleville, Frederic	Belgium	1857
De Cordoba, Pedro	New York	1881
Dickson, Dorothy	Chicago, Ill.	1898
Dinehart, Alan	Missoula, Mont.	1889
Ditrichstein, Leo	Temesbar, Hungary	1865
Dixey, Henry E.	Boston, Mass.	1850
Dodson, John E.	London, England	1857
Donnelly, Dorothy Agnes	New York	1880
Dressler, Marie	Cobourg, Canada	1869
Drew, John	Philadelphia, Pa.	1853
Drew, Louise	New York	1884
Dunn, Emma	England	1875
Dupree, Minnie	San Francisco	1875
Eagels, Jeanne	Kansas City, Mo.	1892
Eames, Clare	Hartford, Conn.	1896
Eddinger, Wallace	New York	1883
Edeson, Robert	Baltimore, Md.	1868
Elliott, Maxine	Rockland, Me.	1871
Eltinge, Julian	Boston, Mass.	1883
Emerson, John	Sandusky, Ohio	1874

Errol, Leon	Sydney, Australia	
Ewell, Lois	Memphis, Tenn.	1885
Fairbanks, Douglas	Denver, Colo.	1883
Farnum, Dustin	Hampton Beach, N. H.	1875
Farrar, Geraldine	Melrose, Mass.	1883
Faversham, William	Warwickshire, England.	1868
Ferguson, Elsie	New York City	1885
Fields, Lewis	New York City	1867
Figman, Max	New York City	
Findlay, Ruth	New York City	
Fisher, Lola	Chicago, Ill.	1892
Fisher, Sallie	Wyoming	1883
Fiske, Minnie Maddern	New Orleans, La.	1867
Frohman, Daniel	Sandusky, Ohio	1850
Fulton, Maude	St. Louis, Mo.	1883
George, Grace	New York City	1883
Gillette, William	Hartford, Conn.	1856
Gilmore, Margalo	England	1901
Glaser, Lulu	Alleghany, Pa.	1874
Glendinning, Ernest	Ulverston, England	1884
Hackett, James K.	Wolfe Island, Ont.	1869
Haines, Robert T.	Muncie, Ind.	1870
Hajos, Mitzi	Budapest, Hungary	1891
Hale, Louise Closser	Chicago, Ill.	1872
Hamilton, Hale	Fort Madison, Ia.	1883
Hampden, Walter	Brooklyn, N. Y.	1879
Hayes, Helen	Washington, D. C.	1902
Hedman, Martha	Sweden	
Heggie, O. P.	London, England	
Heming, Violet	Leeds, England	1894
Herbert, Victor	Dublin, Ireland	1859
Herne, Chrystal	Boston, Mass.	1883
Hilliard, Robert S.	New York	1860
Hitchcock, Raymond	Auburn, N. Y.	1870
Hodge, William	Albion, N. Y.	1874

Hopper, DeWolf	New York	1858
Hopper, Edna Wallace	San Francisco, Calif.	1874
Holmes, Taylor	Newark, N. J.	1872
Huban, Eileen	Loughrea, Ireland	1895
Hull, Henry	Louisville, Ky.	1893
Illington, Margaret	Bloomington, Ill.	1881
Janis, Elsie	Delaware, Ohio	1889
Joel, Clara	Jersey City	
Jolson, Al	Washington, D. C.	1883
Keane, Doris	Michigan	1885
Kosta, Tessa	Chicago, Ill.	1895
Lackaye, Wilton	Virginia	1862
Larrimore, Francine	New York	
La Rue, Grace	New York	1882
Lawrence, Margaret	Trenton, N. J.	1894
LeGallienne, Eva	London, England	
Lewis, Ada	New York	1871
Mack, Andrew	Boston, Mass.	1863
Mack, Willard	Ontario, Canada	1873
Mackay, Elsie	London, England	1893
MacKellar, Helen	Canada	
Mann, Louis	New York City	1865
Mantell, Robert B.	Ayrshire, Scotland	1854
Marinoff, Fania	Russia	
Marlowe, Julia	Caldbeck, England	
McIntyre, Frank	Ann Arbor, Mich.	1879
McRae, Bruce	London, England	1864
Mercer, Beryl	London, England	
Miller, Henry	London, England	1859
Miller, Marilynn	Dayton, Ohio	1900
Mitchell, Grant	Columbus, Ohio	1874
Moores, Clara	Omaha, Neb.	1897
Murphy, Tim	Rupert, Vt.	

Nash, Florence		
Nash, Mary		
Nazimova, Alla	Crimea, Russia	1879
Olcott, Chauncey	Providence, R. I.	1862
O'Neill, Nance	Oakland, Calif.	1875
O'Ramey, Georgia	Mansfield, Ohio	1886
Painter, Eleanor	Walkerville, Ia.	1890
Pennington, Ann	Philadelphia, Pa.	1898
Post, Guy Bates	Seattle, Wash.	1875
Powers, Tyrone	London, England	1869
Rambeau, Marjorie	San Francisco, Calif.	1884
Reed, Florence	Philadelphia, Pa.	1883
Richard, Amy	Boston, Mass.	1880
Ring, Blanche	Boston, Mass.	1876
Roberts, Theodore	San Francisco, Calif.	1861
Robson, May	Australia	1868
Ross, Thomas	Boston, Mass.	1875
Rubens, Jose	Belgium	1886
Russell, Annie	Liverpool	1864
Russell, Lillian	Clinton, Iowa	1860
Ryan, Mary		
Sanderson, Julia	Springfield, Mass.	1887
Scheff, Fritzi	Vienna	1879
Scott, Cyril	Ireland	1866
Sears, Zelda	Brockway, Mich.	1873
Selwyn, Edgar	Cincinnati, Ohio	1875
Shannon, Effie	Cambridge, Mass.	1867
Shildkraut, Joseph	Bukarest	1896
Sidney, George	New York	1876
Skinner, Otis	Cambridgeport, Mass.	1857
Sothern, Edward H.	New Orleans, La.	1864
Stahl, Rose	Montreal, Canada	1872
Starr, Frances	Oneonta, N. Y.	1886

Stevens, Emily	New York City	
Stone, Fred	Wellington, Kan.	1877
Taliaferro, Edith	New York City	1892
Taliaferro, Mabel	New York City	1887
Taylor, Laurette	New York City	1884
Tell, Alma	New York City	1892
Tell, Olive	New York City	1894
Thomas, Augustus	St. Louis, Mo.	1859
Thomas, John Charles	Baltimore, Md.	1887
Tobin, Genevieve	New York City	1901
Tobin, Vivian	New York City	1903
Toler, Sidney	Warrensburg, Mo.	1874
Trevor, Norman	England	1872
Truex, Ernest	Denver, Colo.	1890
Tynan, Brandon	Dublin, Ireland	1879
Ulric, Lenore	New Ulm, Minn.	1897
Valentine, Grace	Indianapolis, Ind.	1892
Varesi, Gilda	Milan, Italy	
Victor, Josephine	Hungary	1891
Warfield, David	San Francisco, Calif.	1866
Warwick, Robert	Sacramento, Calif.	1875
Welford, Dallas	England	
Westley, Helen	Brooklyn, N. Y.	
Whiffen, Mrs. Thomas	London, England	1845
Whiteside, Walker	Logansport, Ind.	1869
Wilson, Francis	Philadelphia, Pa.	1854
Winant, Forrest	New York City	1888
Wise, Tom A.	England	1865
Wood, Peggy	Philadelphia, Pa.	1893
Wycherley, Margaret	England	1883
Wyndham, Olive	Chicago, Ill.	1886
Ziegfeld, Florenz, Jr.	Chicago, Ill.	1867

NECROLOGY

(June 15, 1920–June 15, 1921)

George Anderson Brown, actor, 81. Oldest member of Boston Opera Company. Died, Providence, R. I., June 18, 1920.

Joseph Conyers, actor, 60. Gained fame in "Our New Minister." Died, New York, June 26, 1920.

Clarence Holt, actor. Taken sick while playing in "Honey Girl" last season. Died, New York, July 5, 1920.

Charles E. Fitz, actor. Formerly leading man with Lillian Russell. Died, Philadelphia, July 10, 1920.

James H. J. Scullion. Treasurer of Wallack's Theater for forty-two years. Pres. Treasurers' Club of America. Died, New York, July 14, 1920.

Nera Rosa, actress, 80. Famed as Frochard in "The Two Orphans." Died, New York, July 19, 1920.

John P. Ritter, playwright, 62. Died, Newark, N. J., August 3, 1920.

James O'Neill, actor, 70. Father of Eugene G. O'Neill, the playwright. Died, New London, Conn., Aug. 10, 1920.

J. Walter Collier, manager, 60. Died, Long Branch, N. J., Aug. 20, 1920.

Charles T. Buckley, manager. Died, New York, Aug. 25, 1920.

Charles Butler, actor, 64. Fifty years on stage. Died, New York, Aug. 27, 1920.

Robert Harron, actor, 27. Gained prominence in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance." Died, New York, Sept. 5, 1920.

Linda Dietz, actress. Well known in '70's and '80's. Died, Poughkeepsie, Sept. 6, 1920.

Olive Thomas, actress. Died, Paris, Sept. 10, 1920.

Harry Wallace, manager. Died, St. Louis, Sept. 10, 1920.

Alf Gibson, minstrel, 60. Died, Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 10, 1920.

Joseph Barrington Dunn, actor, 58. Born, Grand Rapids, Mich.; died, Brooklyn, Sept. 12, 1920.

Egerton Castle, playwright, 63. Author of "Desperate Remedies," "The Pride of Jennico," "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," etc. Died, London, Eng., Sept. 17, 1920.

Ada Deaves, actress, 64. Died, New York, Sept. 18, 1920.

Harry A. Porter, actor, 52. Played for many years in "Little Puck." Died, Indianapolis, Sept. 24, 1920.

John W. Sergent, magician, 67. Founder of Society of American Magicians. Died, New York, Sept. 24, 1920.

William Young, dramatist, 73. Dramatized *Ben Hur* and wrote "The Rajah." Died, Burkhaven, N. H., Oct. 2, 1920.

William Lestoiq, actor, manager. London representative for Charles Frohman. Died, London, Oct. 16, 1920.

Oliver Doud Byron, actor, 77. Born, Frederick City, Md.; died, Long Branch, N. Y., Oct. 22, 1920.

La Rosa Herman, actress, 79. Member of original "Black Crook" company. Died, New York, Nov. 4, 1920.

George Giddens, actor, 75. Born, England; died, New York, Nov. 21, 1920.

Rachel Barton Butler, dramatist. Author of "Mamma's Affair" and other plays. Died, Greenwich, Conn., Nov. 24, 1920.

Kate Byron, actress, 75. Widow of Oliver Doud Byron. Died, Montclair, N. J., Dec. 21, 1920.

Frederick Belasco, manager. Brother of David Belasco. Died, San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 21, 1920.

Agnes Herndon, actress. Wife of Albert Andruss. Born, White Sulphur Springs, Va.; died, Whitestone, L. I., Dec. 31, 1921.

Charles M. Walcot, actor, 77. Member of old Lyceum Stock Company. Died, New York, Jan. 1, 1921.

William J. Fleming, actor, 83. Died, New York, Jan. 7, 1921.

Richard Dorney, manager, 79. Treasurer of Lyceum Theater for many years. Died, New York, Jan. 16, 1921.

Hugh Nixon, actor, 62. On the stage for forty-four years. Died, New York, Jan. 27, 1921.

James G. Huneker, critic, 66. Music critic for the New York *Times*, New York *World* and other papers; author of many books on music and the drama. Died, New York, Feb. 9, 1921.

Mary Emerson, actress. Died, Utica, New York, Feb. 11, 1921.

Sylvester Rawling, critic, 63. Music critic for *Evening World*. Born, Saltash, England; died, New York, Feb. 16, 1921.

Henry Stanford, actor, 49. Died Great Kills, S. I., Feb. 18, 1921.

Herbert Gresham, actor, director, 68. Born, London, England; died, Mount Vernon, Feb. 23, 1921.

Annie Louise Tanner, singer, 65. Died, New York, Feb. 28, 1921.

Hugh Brady, actor, 40. Formerly played with E. H. Sothern. Died, Greenwich, Conn., March 4, 1921.

Paul M. Potter, dramatist, 67. Dramatized *Trilby;* author and adapter of many plays. Born, Brighton, England; died, New York, March 7, 1921.

George W. Marcellus, actor, 80. Died, Philadelphia, Pa., March 8, 1921.

William Lawrence, actor. Played Uncle Josh in "The Old Homestead" over three thousand times. Died, Boston, March 17, 1921.

George Howard, manager, 55. Died, Vancouver, Wash., March 17, 1921.

Samuel K. Chester, actor, 87. Member of "Our American Cousin" company in Washington when Lincoln was shot. Died, New York, March 19, 1921.

Charles Haddon Chambers, dramatist, 60. Author of "The Tyranny of Tears," "The Idler," "The Saving Grace" and other plays. Born, Sydney, Australia, 1863. Died, London, March 28, 1921.

Julie Opp Faversham, actress, 50. Wife of William Faversham. Born, New York, 1871; died, New York, April 8, 1921.

Charles J. Rich, manager, 66. Dean of Boston showmen. Born, Boston, 1855; died, Boston, during week of May 13, 1921.

Julius Cahn, manager. Organizer of Cahn circuit. Publisher *Cahn's Theatrical Guide.* Died, Fort Lee, May 13, 1921.

Alf Hayman, manager, 56. One of the best-known managers in New York and reputed to be silent partner in the firm of Charles Frohman, Inc. Born, Wheeling, W. Va., 1865; died, New York, May 14, 1921.

Gustav Amberg, manager, 77. Builder of the Irving Place Theater (formerly the Amberg), New York, and formerly manager of German theaters in

Detroit and Cincinnati. Born, Prague, 1844; died, New York, May 24, 1921.

Frank Mills, actor, 51. Prominent as leading man for Olga Nethersole, Mrs. Fiske and Grace George. Born, Kendal, Mich., 1870; died, Michigan Sanitarium, June 11, 1921.

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